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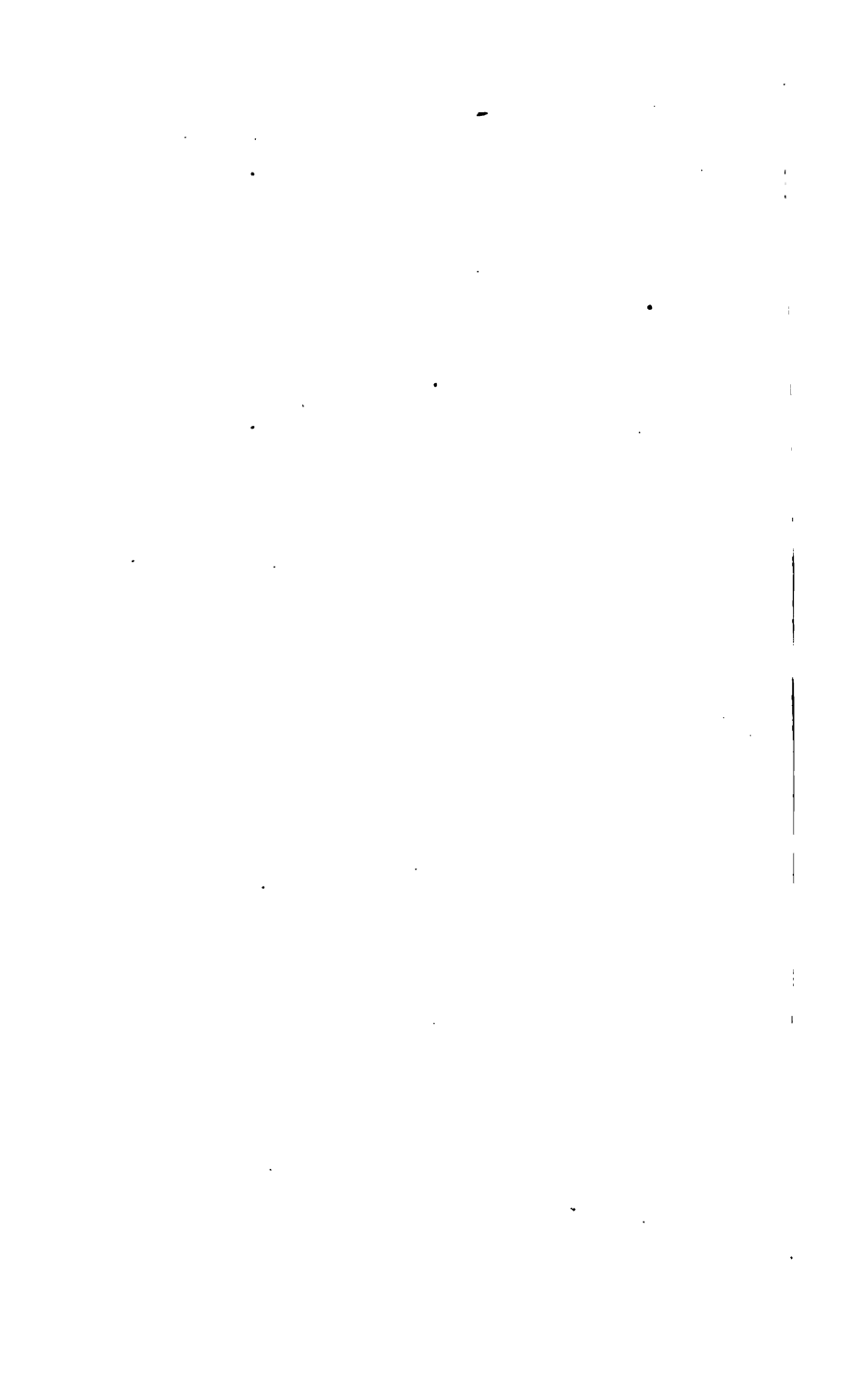
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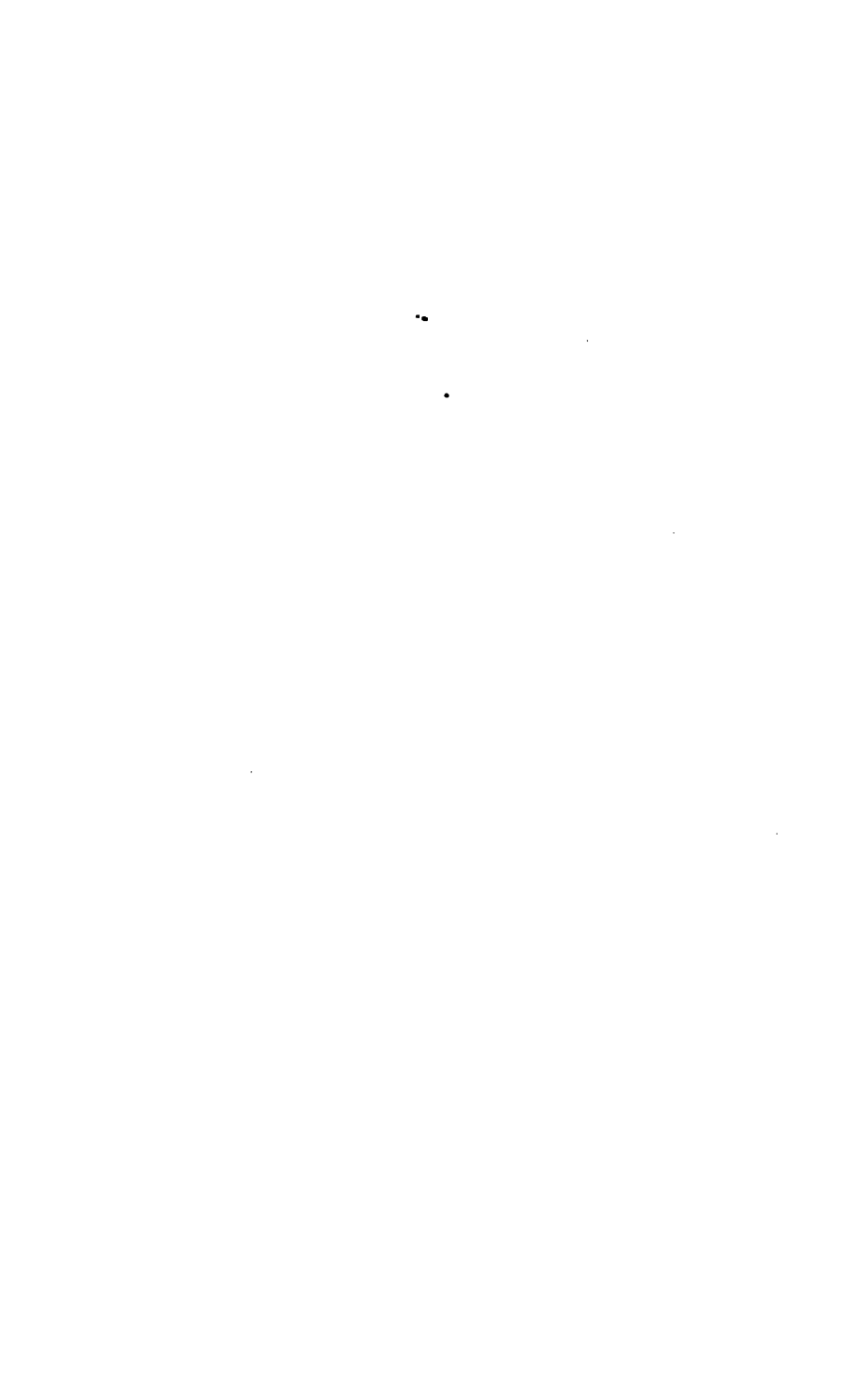
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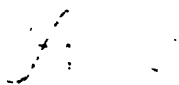


PHILIP RANDOLPH:

A Tale of Virginia.



BY
MARY GERTRUDE.



LONDON:
WHITTAKER AND CO. AVE-MARIA LANE:
AND
JOHN HUDSON, KENDAL.
—
1844.

JOHN HUDSON, PRINTER, KENDAL.



TO

JOHN JERDEIN AND STEWART OXLEY,

This Tale

IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED

BY

AUNT MARY.

A decorative floral ornament with symmetrical scrollwork and leaf patterns, framing the title.

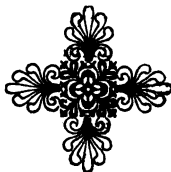
PREFACE.

THE incident on which this Tale is founded is one very common in the early history of America, and has been chosen by many Transatlantic writers as very suitable for an interesting Story. But, hitherto, the scenes and characters thus interwoven have been placed in New England, the home of the Pilgrim Fathers, and are illustrative of their peculiar and romantic position.

To the *English* reader, however, the more settled, but not less remarkable, condition of the earlier settlers of Old Virginia, presents details of equal interest; and, in adapting one of the many with which its history is so rife, the present Story-Teller has not aimed at copying or borrowing from sources generally known and deservedly popular.

This Tale is intended to convey a moral to the youthful reader, and to shew wherein true heroism consists ; exemplifying, in the conduct of Philip, that persevering self-denial and moral courage, without which elements the character of a hero cannot be formed, and, indeed, does not exist. The Writer trusts, that her Story may prove both amusing and instructive to those for whom it was especially and originally written.

July, 1844.



A TALE OF VIRGINIA.



CHAPTER I.

THE Discoveries of Christopher Columbus had filled the greater part of Europe with astonishment, and roused a spirit of curiosity and adventurous heroism in almost every nation of our Continent at all capable of appreciating the difficulties of his undertakings. In his day, maritime affairs were not conducted with the skill of modern times, and it was a perilous attempt to put to sea in a small vessel, with an ignorant and timid crew, to enter unknown regions and cross oceans hitherto considered boundless and unexplored. The great object in view in all the voyages of Columbus and his immediate successors, was the discovery of a north-west passage to India; nor does it appear that any of the navigators of the 15th and 16th centuries were at all aware of the impracticability of such an enterprise. The Spaniards gained so much by the discoveries of the great Genoese, and so large an

acquisition was made both of dominion and territory to their sovereign, that a spirit of emulation and jealousy arose among their neighbours, and others followed in the track they had pursued, so that Spain soon found that she was not to have all the good things of the New World to herself. The Portuguese had long been a seafaring people, and had made many successful voyages to Africa, India, and the Western Isles. Some of the Italian States also had a share in the glory that attached to maritime discovery, but the most backward of all the nations of Europe in affairs of this kind was England—finally destined to rule with an undisputed sway that element she was so slow to adventure upon. Henry VII., a wise prince, made some efforts to extend the commerce of the nation, and sent out one Cabot, on the usual route of voyagers of those days, in quest of the supposed nearer communication with the East. Two years after the return of Columbus from his first voyage, Cabot set sail from Bristol and reached the east coast of America. He sailed from Labrador to Virginia, but the expedition was fruitless, and, till the reign of Elizabeth, the discovery was never followed up. This sagacious queen had wisely improved her navy, and rightly judged it the most proper means of defence to her sea-girt realm. The enthusiasm for maritime adventure was so great in her reign, that private individuals fitted out ships at their own

expense, and whole towns furnished armaments for research and conquest.

It was now, for the first time, thought advisable to plant colonies in such parts of America as had been discovered by the English, and many a charter was granted empowering the licensed to make settlements on whatever lands they chose to select, and that all who thus settled themselves should hold their property from the sovereigns of England. All these privileges were conferred by Queen Elizabeth, without reference to the people or natives her subjects would probably find on these strangely-acquired territories. Sir Walter Raleigh had the honour of giving a name to a beautiful tract of country lying along the eastern shores of North America, between the latitudes of 31° and 42° , calling it VIRGINIA, in honour of his queen; but James I. divided this country into two parts, one of which received the name of New England, and the other, or southern, retained that of Virginia, which, says a great historian, was "the most ancient and most valuable of the British colonies in North America."

Tobacco was much cultivated: the English could not work in so warm a clime, and, therefore, to facilitate the growth of this and of other productions most in demand in Europe, they had recourse to the introduction of negroes. A Dutch ship laden with a living cargo from Guinea, was the first slaver

that approached the shores of *free* America for the purpose of carrying on this infamous traffic. This event was followed not long after by most painful circumstances, and it does not seem unreasonable to connect following events with such a cause, or to trace the hand of God in punishing the perpetrators of so great a crime.

The English Colonists founded James Town, on the James River, with various Settlements either in its immediate vicinity or higher up the same stream. Friendly relations were maintained with the natives, and a short time before our story begins, a young Englishman had married the daughter of the Indian king Powhowtan. The Settlement was rather populous, and the life of a settler found endurable, though undoubtedly it had its hardships, and to the indolent or fickle offered nothing attractive; but many of those who had perseverance and fortitude sufficient for the trial soon had the satisfaction of finding their situation comfortable and every difficulty fast vanishing before them. Indeed, as in most cases, invincible patience and good humour smoothed the way to contentment and ease. When their families grew up around them, and their plantations prospered, the colonists felt cheered and looked forward with hopeful hearts to extended improvements and success; many of them too, were blest with the light of religion in their dwellings.

As long as Powhowtan lived the English were

in perfect peace with their savage neighbours, and though a garrison was maintained constantly, no one seemed to think it would ever be required for the safety of the colony. James Town extended itself along the low bank of the river. It cannot be considered as the most favourable site of the first English town on the ample soil of America, but one of the highest spots within it had been appropriated for a church. That church is now a ruin; but pleasantly do those vestiges recall the days, when, as the only consecrated building there, the inhabitants of James Town resorted to the shelter of its rude but hallowed walls. It was a pretty sight to witness those crowds of happy simply-dressed people coming up from the little town and ascending the green slope on which the church was built. Many a friendly smile and cordial greeting were exchanged between the townsfolk and their neighbours from the Settlement; some of whom came from a distance in boats upon the river, or on horseback; and there were groups of smiling children, who preceded their parents, and gradually composed their pace and demeanour to gravity as they drew near the little gateway of the church-yard. As they reverently entered the porch they stepped aside and stood bareheaded while their elders passed, and then, with yet more sober manner, followed them to their respective places as noiselessly as their thick shoes permitted.

The Church Services never sounded more touchingly than on the morning of the —th of March, 16—. The clergyman of the Settlement and an assistant priest entered the church together. Many an eye glanced towards the countenance of the good Doctor Haverdean, and all seemed to love its kindly and holy expression. His long grey hair fell over his snowy surplice waving in shining locks upon his venerable shoulders, and the manner in which he read the offices was both fervent and impressive. How did those slightly-tremulous tones sink down into the hearts of the assembled congregation, arresting their attention and gradually leading them to a forgetfulness of all outward things, till every devout hearer became a spiritual worshipper! There was no clerk in James Town church, nor leading in response or psalm, nor pews, nor organ. The congregation, old and young, joined heartily in the service, the sweet voices of children now and then rising clear and shrill above the deeper-toned murmurs of their elders. All were provided with benches, except the governor's family, who sat in a more elevated position than the rest, and around whom the official personages of the colony had peculiar sittings appointed them, which was considered a fitting mark of respect towards those whom the subject is commanded to honour. It did not escape the observation of some enquiring eyes (that might have been better employed) that the governor's face

wore an unusually anxious expression. Instead of the open and agreeable aspect to be remarked at all times upon the manly countenance of Sir George Yearly, was now observed one of care and ill-concealed disquietude. Deep were the responses of his agitated voice, and after the Collect for peace no Amen was louder or more fervent than his own.

The sermon was plain and impressive ; for the greater part of the congregation left the church with an air of thoughtfulness most gratifying to their pastor, whose eye followed each group, his heart silently blessing them as they disappeared. Nor did the seriousness of the many merely continue till they were out of his sight ; but few words were exchanged at the gate, and they passed on to their respective destinations. Some indeed turned away to join those who had been absent from church but were now collected on the green, idling and stopping any who would be detained by them. Those who came from a distance took their several routes, some towards the woods, and others to the river side, where many little boats were moored.

Amongst the numerous parties taking the latter direction, was a group which would have been striking in any age or country, combining all that was most attractive in age, manhood, and youth. The foremost of the party was a woman whose rosy complexion and rustic dress betokened a recent introduction into the colony. She carried an infant

in her arms and had also two other young children in charge, who tripped hand-in-hand by her side; they looked as if they could have played and laughed very merrily had it been any other day, but now went quietly onwards, occasionally glancing back at their mother, who returned their smiles, but with a motion to go forwards. The appearance and dress of the matron was very simple: she had a sweet and gentle countenance, shaded but not concealed by the frills of her cap which appeared from beneath her brighter-coloured wimple. Her dark-brown mantle of broad-cloth was folded closely round her, its sombre hue enlivened by the snowy whiteness of her kerchief: her hair was parted on her forehead and turned back in rich braids beneath the plaited borders of her head-dress. On her arm was leaning an aged man whom from time to time she fondly regarded, and to whose slow pace she carefully regulated her own. On the other side, likewise supporting his grandfather, walked a youth whose resemblance to his mother was remarkable even in the amiable expression of her countenance. His attire was of the fashion of the day, and his hair fell over his jerkin in long and shining curls: his step was light, and his whole bearing cheerful, modest, and graceful. They were followed by the father of the family, a fine looking Englishman, on whose robust frame and complexion the sultry climate of Virginia threatened to make inroads, inas-

much as his brow and cheek were beginning to lose their freshness, and his lips their healthful hue: his shoulders too were rounder than when he left his native land, and his step less buoyant: he was leading a girl apparently some years younger than her brother, who rather bounded than walked by his side. Her flaxen hair fluttered over her shoulders, and with her merry blue eyes raised to his face she seemed coaxing her father to let her run onwards, when an unexpected greeting set her at liberty. As her father was walking on in pleasing reflection, his eye resting upon the interesting party before him, a hand was suddenly laid upon his arm, and on turning he recognized Mr. Rolfe, a young man of rank and condition in the colony.

"How now, Master Rolfe?" said he, returning the salutation of the other, but continuing his walk. "I thought you at Roanoke."*

"True, I was there this morning, but ill-tidings travel fast, and I came hither to enquire into those which reached me last night."

"Ill tidings!" said Henry Randolph, in a low and alarmed tone, "What news is this?—From the old country?"

* The manners and language of this period were extremely precise, and the above was a very common mode of address between grown-up men and gentlemen. The reader must transport himself in imagination to the scenes about to be described, in order to appreciate or enjoy them.

“No, no, far worse, I fear,” replied Rolfe, speaking in a still lower tone; “the Governor would have you come up to him as soon as possible: as soon as you have placed your family in the boat he would speak a word with you.”

“I am grieved to displeasure His Excellency, but it may not be,” replied Henry Randolph, gravely, “for this is not a day whereon to prosecute business, and I must accompany my wife and children home.”

“But, Master Randolph, half the colony will be at council to-day.”

“The less need then of my presence, but I will be with His Excellency to-morrow, please God; and now, Master Rolfe, excuse me, but I cannot depart without reminding you, that business transacted on the Lord’s day is not likely to prosper. My duty to the Governor: he will not miss me among so many.”

“Nay, nay, my friend,” said Rolfe, “these are mere scruples; the safety of those most dear to you may depend upon your reply: come with me.”

A slight sigh escaped Henry Randolph, but he turned to his companion with a firm countenance, and said, “Well, Master Rolfe, it may indeed be as you say; but I am very sure that He whose Sabbaths we honour will care for us. Farewell.”

CHAPTER II.

IN consequence of the frequent occasion they had to come to James Town, the residents on the distant Settlements had built a tolerably commodious landing-place, to which many little boats were now attached. In some of these were seated negroes already trained to service by the rigorous rule of their masters, but when the Randolphs hailed their boat they were answered by the hearty tones of a man who occupied the place of their farm-servant. The children and their attendant were first seated ; then Henry with great care handed in his father and his wife ; Philip took the helm, and Ralph Giles plied a vigorous oar, and the little boat made way in the water. The day was very lovely, and the spring more advanced than in England at that time of year. The blue waters of the James River sparkled in the sunshine, and many a ripple played around the boats that were skimming over it, creating a pleasing murmur most agreeable to the ear.

The children were gazing into the water, wondering how deep it was, and what made the banks fly away so fast from them. Philip sat intent upon the direction in which the boat was to be steered : the eyes of the old man were closed and his hands clasped upon the top of his staff, on which his chin rested ; the little Alice loved to look at his long silver locks blown about by the breeze, and admired, though she knew not why, the placid expression of his countenance. The eyes of the wife were fixed upon her husband's face with interest and enquiry. He was looking back towards James Town, and she observed that he appeared anxious and restless as if his mind were more than commonly occupied with careful thoughts. He was, indeed, considering the words of Rolfe, and could not refrain from watching the various groups of persons who were to be seen hurrying in the direction of the Governor's dwelling : then he glanced anxiously at his children, and, connecting the sense of danger with the mysterious communication he had so lately received, his disturbed imagination presented the most serious grounds of apprehension for those most dear to him, over whom some unseen calamity was impending. The rising trouble of the father's heart formed a sad contrast to their happy unconsciousness of its cause. He turned from them again to resume his observations upon the scene they were leaving, when a bend in the river caused their little boat to take

another course, and James Town was lost to view. He was roused from his silence by his wife's voice; she leant forward and whispered,—

“Something has troubled thee, Henry, since the morning: thou hast learnt unpleasant tidings.”

“I ought not to look sad,” replied her husband, endeavouring to smile; “the day is gay enough, and we have heard precious words this morning: truly, I never valued the worthy Doctor Haverdean more. Alice, my child, dost thou remember the text?”

The little girl blushed, but rose reverently and answered: “From the fortieth of Isaiah; ‘And all flesh is grass.’”

“Remember it, my child,” said the old man, opening his eyes and laying his hand upon her fair ringlets: “This world is very beautiful, but the fashion of it passeth away.”

Alice looked almost doubtingly around upon the bright sky and the sunshine, and even the low flat shore and dusky woods were pleasant things to her: she thought it could not be.

“My Alice, what grandfather says is true; it is written in the Scripture, and thou knowest we must believe what is written there,” said her father.

The man plied the oars, and after a sail of an hour or two the Settlement of the Fair Meadows became visible in the distance, and all turned to look at their home. The scene was tame but not

unpleasing: a large green meadow sloped to the river side, and one or two wooden dwellings were seen here and there peeping from out the trees, which were already budding; low thick woods stretched far on every side; the windings of the river formed the only picturesque feature in the landscape, but the children knew no other, and they thought their Virginian home the sweetest spot upon earth. On a few places upon its banks were pleasant dwellings, where but twenty years before had been an untracked woodland. The deer were seen in large herds coming down to drink, and as the several boats neared the shore, they would start, and tossing up their heads in alarm, flee to the shelter of the woods beyond. No human being was in sight, not even an Indian, and Philip, with acute observation, remarked this to his father, who did not appear to hear him.

“Why, Master Philip,” said Ralph Giles, the serving man, “it is, to be sure, uncommon strange; there’s no live things on the banks at all; I’s wonder where them Indian folk ha’ put themselves. May be they’re gone for good; aye, and a good riddance, say I, for they’re not like Christians seemingly; I’s sure I never see such down in Oak Hollow.”

“Because thou knowest they belong to America,” said the youth, laughing, “so it is not likely that thou shouldst have seen them in the old country.

Who knows but that they shall become a civilized people like ourselves?"

"Civil people, Master Philip! sure you be dreaming; they'll always be a rude ill-mannered set, or I'm mistaken. I don't think much o' their feathers and paint, not I; they look sharp, I'se warrant, when nobody's by."

"Thou hadst better move quickly, Ralph Giles," said his master, "or we shall arrive later than our neighbours."

Upon this seasonable hint, Ralph ceased his observations on Indian character, and used his oar so much to the purpose that they were soon at the landing place of the Fair Meadows. The settlers had wisely chosen the highest position they could find upon the bank, and had raised their simple dwellings under shelter of the wooded rising ground so as to be far from the damp of the river, which would have proved particularly noxious in such a climate. A well-beaten path had been made from the river to their habitations, and the Randolphs were very glad to tread it once more. A clearing had been made above, and a number of dwellings were built on an open space in the centre. They were of simple construction, but substantial, and the soil, susceptible of the slightest cultivation, yielded sufficient crops to the settlers. Altogether the Settlement of the Fair Meadows wore a very comfortable and neighbourly aspect.

As Philip Randolph opened the gate of their little garden for his mother, he looked around him with an air of happy satisfaction, and said: "Oh, mother, is it not pleasant to be at home again? I don't think any place looks better than the Fair Meadows."

Margaret Randolph smiled sweetly upon her son, and assented cheerfully to his remark, though she had known the comforts of a far more luxurious dwelling.

Sunday, with the Randolphs, was indeed a happy day; not that they spent it idly or in amusements, but they spent it so well, that it was felt to be the most pleasant of all days in the week. It was a day of rest from the business and conversation of other days, and was so well occupied that it did not pass gloomily; and though books were not plentiful, the children were carefully instructed to value those they possessed. The Family Bible, with its large silver clasps, the Book of Common Prayer, with Sternhold's Psalms, were the best known in the house, and these, with a few others, formed all their Sunday library. Henry Randolph, having received a good education in his youth, was anxious to impart the love of study to his son, though he had but little leisure to teach him. Philip, however, took such pains and was so desirous to learn, and thought it so kind in his father to attend to his lessons when he came home tired with his

daily labours, that he made progress, and though scarcely sixteen, could read a few chapters in the Greek Testament with a good understanding of the text. His duty on the Sunday afternoon was to instruct his sister Alice and to study the Scriptures. The father and mother taught and amused the younger children, and at five o'clock the neighbours of the Settlement assembled at one-another's houses in turn, for the purpose of reading the Evening Service. A Homily was read and a Psalm sung, the young people and servants catechised, and then the different families returned to their homes, and took their early and substantial suppers.

Tea and coffee were unknown to the English of those days, and three meals were considered sufficient to support nature through the day. A clean white cloth was laid upon the well-scoured table, and a maple platter and cup were placed for each of the family, the servants' table being spread in the kitchen, or back-room, as it was called, in the Randolph's dwelling. A bright fire of hickory blazed in the wide chimney and threw a cheerful light over every object; a screen, covered with the tidy patchwork of Margaret, excluded any air from the porch; the neat benches and plain high-backed chairs of walnut and bird's-eye maple testified to the ingenuity of her husband; a shelf contained their library; and in one corner stood a massive clock of elaborate workmanship,

reminding them at once of the flight of time and the country whence they brought it; the handsome loom of Margaret had a place; and these two articles of furniture were perhaps the only indications of refinement the apartment presented. A few fire-arms and swords were hung far out of reach upon the wooden wall. The supper was ample and of such as the farm supplied: a good ham (even then famous in Virginia), poultry, with dried venison, and the potatoe best liked as the greatest novelty already regarded as one of the many good things found in the New World. After the little ones and their grandfather had retired, Henry and Margaret Randolph drew near the fire, and Philip took his station between them. As it was not the custom for young people in those days to join in conversation, unless especially invited to do so, he thought it no hardship to listen to those he so much loved and revered. His father dismissed him earlier than usual, saying, that they must all be up in good time in the morning, as he must go to James Town as soon as the day broke. The boy rose without a word of remonstrance or entreaty to stay longer; he kissed his mother, received his father's blessing, and ascended the ladder that communicated with his sleeping-room.

His shutter was not closed, and the cool air came in with the moonlight, which illumined every object. The river was calm and glistening, though

the woods of the opposite shore flung their broad shadows over the waters, making the soft reflection of the moon more distinct and silvery, while those around the Fair Meadows were tipped with light, which floated, as it were, over the masses of impenetrable shade beneath. Philip at all times loved to gaze upon nature, and could scarcely tear himself from the delightful scene; everything seemed so peaceful and reposing, that he thought he could never feel unhappy, or dull, or vexed again, his feelings were so soothed and subdued by the tranquillity without; and his heart rose in spontaneous adoration to his Maker.

He was turning away, at length, to throw himself upon his knees, when his attention was suddenly arrested by a new object upon the scene. He saw a canoe emerge from the obscurity of the opposite shore, and enter the broad reflection of the moon in the water. The figures of two men, whom he conjectured to be natives, were discernable, and they appeared to be industriously using the paddle; for their little boat darted with great rapidity across the river, in the direction of the Fair Meadows, and was soon lost to sight in the shelter of its wooded banks. Philip still kept watch, and shortly after saw the same figures standing upon the top of the green hill which overlooked the Settlement, and screened it on the west side from the stream. It was so common a circumstance for the Indians to

roam hither and thither when they pleased, that it occasioned little surprise to Philip, though he felt a slight curiosity to know what they could be doing at so late an hour, in the vicinity of the Meadows.



CHAPTER III.

ON the following morning, soon after breakfast, Henry Randolph was again seated in his boat ; but before starting, he whispered to Ralph Giles to be watchful, and not leave the premises during his absence. The faithful servant seemed surprised, but answered with emotion,—“ Sure, master, I’se care for every one o’ them.”

Upon reaching James Town, Henry found the little place in much commotion, and the inhabitants making their way to the Government House. The green court was filled with people hurrying to and fro, and among them were seen a few stately Indians moving slowly and loftily in the crowd, as if they disdained its eager and bustling activity. Randolph made his way, and requested an audience with the governor. He was instantly conducted to the large hall where the councils were held, and in which the newly-formed House of Representatives met. It was spacious and lofty, lighted by several

long diamond-paned windows. A large fire was burning on the ample hearth ; large high-backed chairs, richly carved, were ranged round the room ; and a large table stood at the upper end of the apartment, covered with a crimson cloth. Above the head of this table was placed a canopied chair, on which the arms of England were embroidered ; and here usually sat the governor, when business was to be transacted, or audience granted. Portraits of James the First and of his queen adorned the walls, and full-length pictures of the princes Henry and Charles hung on each side of the fire-place.

Sir George Yeardley was standing in one of the deep window recesses, in earnest conversation with a gentleman of the colony, in military attire. His reception of the new comer was cordial, and he said, turning to his companion with a smile,—“ Here comes our delinquent ! Captain Preston must chide you, Master Randolph, for not joining our council yesterday.—Nay, I have your excuse already, and it is a much better one than we have to offer for ourselves ; for we did nought but quarrel, and that to no purpose. But we have other matters to speak of just now, and will draw towards the fire. You have had a chilling sail and a long one.” And he rang a little silver bell that lay upon the table.

“ A cup of warm canary for our guest,” said the governor to a servant who entered ; “ and tell those fellows to be sharp with the victuals for the Indians.”

The servant soon returned with a silver tray, bearing a massive silver tankard, which was proffered to Henry Randolph, who merely tasted the beverage, and set it down again.

"You pay a poor compliment to our wine," said the good-natured governor. "Come, pray refresh yourself, Master Randolph, after your long sail, and tell me if English comforts are quite banished from this barbarous clime.

"Nay, nay, Sir George, say not so; the climate is good enough for men who must earn their bread; and when the mind is made to bear, one place is as good as another," said Captain Preston, who took up the rejected tankard, and swallowed the contents at a draught.

"I have more appetite for news than for canary," replied Henry Randolph to the repeated invitation of the governor, "Your Excellency is hospitable, but must excuse me."

"Well, well, as you will; and now to business."

Sir George then proceeded to inform him of certain reports which had reached them from all quarters, of the hostile dispositions of the Chief Opecanoff, who was considered to be the king or head of all the tribes, from the southern border of Virginia, to the river Delaware,—a wide tract of country, and, under the power of one chief, might constitute a formidable neighbourhood to the English. The late king Powhowtan had been very friendly towards

them, and lived in amity with the intruders—pale-faces, as they were called, by his successor: but the policy of the new chief had differed from the first, from the peaceful character so long maintained; he had attacked the tribes supposed to be most intimately bound to the English, and never appeared at James Town, to share the bounties of the governor, or partake of his hospitality. The late reports had much alarmed them, and Sir George Yeardly had convened a council, as soon as he heard of them, but was really perplexed by the matter. They had so long enjoyed peace, that none appeared prepared or willing to court hostility, by making public their suspicions. A few tribes, to the south of James River, had come to ask protection from the grasping ambition of the new Sachem, and their dread of his power infused an infectious fear into the minds of the Colonists, which they had long been strangers to.

On the Sunday morning, the council had been divided, and no conclusion was arrived at; but, on the morning which we are speaking of, at a very early hour for such meetings, the whole Congress were assembled, and soon engaged in close confabulation, at the long table before mentioned. In the midst of the conference, a servant entered to announce the arrival of six Indian messengers, who brought presents with them from the Indian king to the governor. The countenance of Sir George

brightened at this intelligence, and he looked cheerfully upon his friends, saying, in an animated tone, "Admit them instantly, and let us assume all our dignity, gentlemen, for these savages have it to perfection, and will look sharply at us, depend on't."

The party of Indians were shortly announced, and the representatives were sitting with an air of dignified composure at the table. The embassy was received with suitable condescension by the governor, whose handsome attire and brave countenance seemed to impress the savages with momentary awe. They were headed by a man of majestic deportment, whose features were calm to rigidity, and whose dark eyes alone expressed the character of his soul. His piercing glance flitted from object to object with the rapidity of lightning, and then subsided into a cold and indifferent stare, as he fixed his eyes upon the governor, standing in silence, with his arms folded and his head erect. Their interpreter, who had been in the service of a former governor, gave the message of the Indian king, and described the presents in exaggerated terms, though they had been left in the court-yard. Sir George returned an appropriate reply, and requested them to take some refreshment with their countrymen without, but the offer was declined. Mr. Rolfe, who sat next the governor, and had attentively observed the scene, now whispered;—"Do not trust them—they refuse to eat with us:

they are spies, I am convinced. Let them not depart without examination."

"Nay, you had better seek into this matter yourself, Master Rolfe, for you are a scholar in their language, and I care not to question such subtle knaves;" and Sir George leant back in his chair of state, carelessly playing with the hilt of his sword, but keenly watching the group from beneath his dark and bushy eyebrows. Rolfe, thus sanctioned, without preface spoke in their figurative language, and interpreted their replies.

"Will not my brothers taste our bread and water? They must not return to their village hungry and thirsty. The Dahwyotts are at the feast; will not my brothers join them?"

The tall Indian raised his eyes to the speaker's face, and paused ere he replied in a low guttural tone: "We do not eat corn with the Dahwyotts:" accompanying his remark with a contemptuous expression of countenance and gesture.

Rolfe changed his mode of address, and said, haughtily: "The great king of the Yengees does not offer his food twice to the stranger: go back to your chief, and tell him to send those who will eat with us. Has Opecancanoff burnt the wampum?"*

A glance of intelligence was exchanged between the savage and his party at this name; and then

* The badge of peace.

the first speaker replied, as calmly as before : " Who knows where the dwelling of the eagle is ? Go ask for *Opecanoff*, and the forest will be silent ; the white man may never see his track."

" The great king of the Yengees was the friend of Powhowtan, and called him brother. He will call *Opecanoff* his son if he is wise towards his great white father ; but let not your chief deceive us. We are watchful."

" The great king knows well that we have buried the hatchet," replied the Indian : " the serpent of his tribe is wise ; he will not use them more."

" But the serpent has not kept his secret ; he is lying in the grass now, but he will rise to destroy. Go tell your chief that we will crush him if he dare to cross the boundary."

The Indian made no reply, and his calm demeanour appeared in direct contrast to the inflamed and excited countenance of Rolfe. His face betrayed no angry feeling, and he turned loftily away without acknowledging the salutations of the Council. No one thought of following them, and they quitted the hall and court-yard without molestation, not deigning to notice their countrymen, who were feasting upon the green, apparently enjoying the governor's good cheer.

After the departure of the deputies, much debate ensued in Council, and none seemed disposed to take the lead or give an opinion except Preston, who

urged caution, and reproached Rolfe in no measured terms for his imprudent expressions, which would, without fail, stir up strife. The governor entreated their advice and invited them all to meet him in the morning of the following day, deciding for the present to put the garrison in better defence, and to send messages to the neighbouring Settlements, to summon them on the very first intimation of danger to come up to James Town for shelter.

Henry Randolph returned to his boat with a quick step but heavy heart, and sailed homeward ill at ease, though on the whole considerably relieved of the burden which had weighed on his mind in the morning. He did not apprehend any danger to his own family from Indian hostility, for he had ever shewn the greatest kindness and hospitality towards those natives whose wanderings had brought them hungry or weary to his dwelling, and he did not fear their enmity as he knew them to be particularly grateful for favours of this kind. His wife's skill as a doctress had gained her some repute among the wounded or sick of the tribes who lived near them; and perhaps there was no English family throughout the whole of the colony so truly respected or so popular with the natives as the Randolphs.

While Henry was considering these advantages and deriving comfort from them, although he could not but feel apprehension for others, he was not

aware of the vicinity of a little bark which was following in the wake of his own boat, and the occupant, a solitary Indian, was making great efforts to overtake him by paddling with both arms ; and as the canoe was much the smaller and lighter of the two boats, he at length gained his purpose, and, shooting a-head of Henry Randolph's, intimated his wish to converse by resting upon his paddles and turning his head round so as to address himself more readily to his companion. Henry accosted him in a friendly manner and laid by his oar for a while, so that both boats came to a stand in the stream, and the Indian rapidly communicated his errand, informing his astonished auditor that he was one whom he had befriended in times past, and that he now came to tell him of a plot that had been formed to fall upon the English and destroy them. No sooner had the savage delivered his conscience of this burdensome secret than he darted away, and in vain did Henry attempt to pursue him. He paddled to such purpose that he soon attained the shelter of the bank, and, entering one of the numerous little bays thrown out by the woodland from the shore, was effectually hidden from his pursuer.

Henry promptly decided to return to James Town, but it occurred to him that the better plan would be to come in the morning, for the day was still short and the darkness always came on suddenly ; he should not have time to communicate his intel-

ligence to the governor so as to reach home by daylight, it was better, therefore, to defer it till the morrow; and he rapidly pursued his course, considering as he went this strange incident, in which so much of mystery and of danger mingled.

Philip was absent when his father reached the Fair Meadow, and it was almost dark when he made his appearance. The moon, which on the preceding night had shone so brightly, was clouded; masses of darkness seemed gathering over the sky, and the rain began to descend in torrents. Henry went forth to look for his son, and was much surprised to meet him just emerging from the wood which skirted the forest, accompanied by an Indian. The mystery was soon explained. Philip had gone in quest of some stray pigs, and, returning with them through the wood, had encountered the Indian, who was lying upon the ground at the foot of a tree much exhausted, with a broken arrow sticking in his leg, and apparently suffering great pain. Philip had assisted him to extract the weapon, and persuaded him to accompany him home to his mother, who, he felt sure, would soon cure the wound.

"Heaven be praised, thou art safe, my son!" cried his father, who, for the moment, could not help suspecting that the stranger was a spy; yet, upon after-thought, it seemed improbable that he could be such, as he would surely be better skilled in the arts of deception than to turn his weapons

against himself. Whatever were the character and intentions of the savage, humanity required that he should be well treated and his wants attended to. Margaret Randolph received him kindly, and was soon ready with water, salve, and linen to dress the wound, whilst Bridget prepared him some food, which he eagerly demanded. The Indian was exercising the stoical principle of his race, and betrayed by no expression of words or actions the exhaustion and pain he felt: his countenance and demeanour rather indicated the condescension of some haughty potentate who humbled himself to receive kindness at the hands of his slaves. In the midst of his native forests he would not have appeared out of keeping with the scene; but, in the large room of the Randolphs' dwelling with its accompaniments of civilization, surrounded by a hospitable family intent upon the charities of life, and in performance of the first of moral duties, he looked indeed *a savage*. And as Margaret proceeded with accustomed gentleness to cleanse and dress the wound his countenance lost much of its rigidity, and exhaustion elicited what native pride would have scorned to yield, a growing wonder at all he saw and heard; and by the time the kind office was fully performed he was so faint as to grasp Philip's arm and support himself to a seat. Without ceremony he threw himself upon a long wooden settle by the fire, and for a time seemed

incapable of motion ; but this apathy gave way when Bridget appeared with a well-broiled fowl upon a trencher and some smoking potatoes, which he eagerly seized, starting up from his hard couch and carelessly throwing down the bones as he picked them upon the well-scoured floor. . All this was done with a lightning-rapidity, and the bystanders marvelled at such sudden alacrity, and, above all, at his powers of swallowing large mouthfuls of the hot potatoes, which would have given them burnt palates for a week had they been so adventurous. Bridget, too, was especially shocked at his disregard of her clean floor, and heartily wished him away ; but having scrambled through his meal, he had the audacity to ask for more in very good English, which she could not mistake, and she held up her hands in amazement.

“ Bring him more, good Bridget,” said her master ; “ these people have large appetites, and he has fasted for days I doubt not.”

Thus ordered, Bridget tripped away, and could not forbear saying to her mistress as she returned with a further supply, “ Why, he will eat us out of larder at that rate !”

When the hunger of the famished Indian was appeased, he again threw himself upon the settle and closed his eyes, as if intending to sleep. Margaret retired with her children to the kitchen, and Henry followed her, saying to his son : “ Thou mayst

keep company with thy guest, Philip, and we will take up with Bridget this evening. Detain him till morning if he seem willing, and let the barn be his quarters to-night: this is an adventure to thy taste, so I leave him to thee."

It was, indeed, an adventure quite to Philip's taste, to have brought home a wounded and starving native to enjoy the comforts of an English hearth, to shew kindness to one of the dreaded but frequently-despised sons of the soil. He could not forbear indulging in a few suppositions about this stranger, and anticipated most happy consequences from the meeting. He thought there was something mysterious and almost sublime in his manner from the first moment of their meeting till that of his exhaustion during the process of his mother's doctoring, when the Indian had looked so much less of a savage than a human being—as capable of feeling as others of his species; but there was a sort of romance in the whole affair that pleased Philip more than any thing else, and he longed to know the history and circumstances of his guest, whom from time to time he regarded with a curious eye.

The Indian was restless and had turned from the fire, displaying more fully the contour of his swarthy figure, the outline of which his scanty robe of richly-dressed skins did not conceal. His limbs were strong and sinewy, his chest broad, and shoulders muscular; his head was bald with the exception of

one little tuft of hair, which seemed to have been carefully trained to stand upright on the top of his narrow but lofty forehead; his features were remarkably handsome, though with closed eyes his countenance wanted expression to be agreeable or interesting. Upon his bare and ample chest was delineated, by a process peculiar to his race, a flying eagle, the symbol of the tribe to which he belonged, and the same device also adorned his arms and hands. The tops of his moccasins were marked in porcupine's quills, and he wore a belt of the same round his hunting-shirt of the bright colours dyed by native art, at this day wrought amongst the Indians, and probably only known to them : to this belt was attached a large pouch of otter's skin, out of which protruded the head of a hatchet, and, as if by accident, a coronet of eagle's feathers hung carelessly from the girdle, betokening the high rank of the wearer.

The more attentively Philip examined the figure and dress of this Indian the less he felt attracted to him, and his first impressions gave place to a thrill of awe almost amounting to terror when the savage opened his eyes and fixed them steadily upon him. The gaze was so coldly searching and yet so fierce that the youth started to his feet and hastily quitted the apartment, but soon returned with a trencher of provisions for his supper, and, chiding himself for his foolish fears, he sat down again, resolving to

confront the stranger with an aspect as bold as his own. He scanned him once more, and again felt a thrill of apprehension at his gaunt and ferocious appearance. How dreadful, he thought, to lead such a life as this man's,—never to know the blessings of civilization or religion, the delights of a peaceful life! For some time he indulged in reflection, and was concluding with a rather proud self-congratulation that he was not born an Indian, when his companion abruptly arose, and, totally disregarding the state of his wounded limb, took a hasty stride across the room and approached the clock, which he examined and listened to with an expression of great surprise depicted upon his face. “Hugh!” he exclaimed, “Ugh! Ugh!” and then strode back to Philip’s side. He addressed him in the rapid and musical language of the Indians of the West, and on finding that his words were not understood, returned to the settle and again reclined. Once more Philip presented the trencher, but that was declined; he then opened the clock-case and endeavoured to explain its use, but this politeness was thrown away upon his guest, who deigned no reply, but sat with folded arms, evidently musing deeply. Philip resumed his chair by the fire-place and was silent. Some time passed in this manner, and the boy thought it dull and was beginning to regret his charge, when the Indian suddenly approached him. As he moved, his tall figure seem-

ed to dilate and acquire grandeur and majesty of proportions and carriage. With a graceful gesture he pointed to the door-way and said slowly but in tolerable English : " The red man makes night in the wig-wam of the pale face ; he will go and sleep under the dark trees."

" No, no," said Philip, eagerly : " Stay ! you shall have food and shelter : you shall sleep in our dwelling to-night."

The dark eye of the savage kindled as he gazed on the boy, whose manly demeanour he had doubtless remarked and admired : he hesitated, and Philip placed himself between him and the door, ready to open it if he persisted.

" The red man is alone ; will the pale face give him a mat in his wig-wam ?"

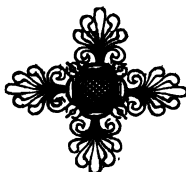
" Yes, yes," said Philip : " Come, I will take you to your quarters."

The Indian looked keenly at him. " The pale faces lie ; what are their children ? And he laid his powerful hand on Philip's arm. The boy's face flushed, and he shook off the hand that grasped him so tightly.

" My father is no liar ; if he wished to hurt you he would not have brought you into his dwelling."

The Indian slowly withdrew his eyes from Philip's open countenance and glanced at his wounded limb. After a pause, he said : " The pale face will laugh at the red man ; they will call him dog ! they will

say he makes the wig-wam very dark. He will stay, but he will not sleep with the pale face;" and again he pointed to the door, which Philip immediately opened and led him to the barn, where, after shaking down some hay, he made his guest understand that these were his quarters for the night, and then re-entered the dwelling.



CHAPTER IV.

ON the following morning the family assembled early, and, after exchanging their accustomed affectionate greetings, took their places round the room and prepared for their usual religious service. While the old man opened the bible and his mother selected a psalm, Philip stole out and quickly returned with the Indian, who, whatever surprise the novel scene might occasion in his mind, did not betray any; and, without regarding the salutations offered him, he took up his post in a corner, leaning against the wooden wall in an attitude of indifference, his eyes down-cast and his whole figure motionless.

The attention of the little Alice was much disturbed, and even her graver brother could scarcely repress the frequent inclination to look at their guest, and he was soon aware that from the moment the reading began, and when he supposed none of the family were regarding him, the Indian had never ceased to remark with rapid glances the furniture of

the apartment and every human being within it. The old man's voice was next heard in the beautiful language of the Morning Service; and could those who were then kneeling so devoutly have been conscious of the actions of another they would have seen the look of wonder and of irrepressible awe which overspread the countenance of their guest. After the prayers were ended they all rose and sang a morning hymn. Margaret Randolph had a sweet voice, and her husband and children followed her in a pleasing strain. Ralph Giles and Bridget did not hesitate to join in the harmony.

The breast of the Indian heaved, as it appeared, with a new emotion, which he was unable to controul: his rigidly-folded arms fell to his sides and he advanced some steps; then, ashamed of his want of self-controul, retreated. It was impossible for him to remain unaffected by the melody, and as this was probably the first time his ears had ever been greeted with any so sweet, it is not to be wondered at, that his fierce restless glance should subside, his dark eyes gleam with a softened expression, and his stern mouth relax; indeed, his whole countenance lost its habitual rigidity. When the Service was concluded, Henry Randolph endeavoured to explain to him the nature of it; and the Indian listened with attention, afterwards replying with grave dignity, and in his imperfect English idiom: "The white man has his Great Father, and the red man tells

the Great Spirit what he wants. The pale faces are birds, they sing more sweetly than the night-bird ; the sons of the eagle will not harm them."

"No, your young men must not harm us," said Henry, mildly : "We will always care for them and treat them well."

"Good, good," replied the Indian, turning an admiring gaze at Philip, who was approaching with the breakfast of their guest. The food was scarcely touched and more declined, for an Indian's meal lasts him many hours, and appetite had not yet returned. In the meantime Alice had become accustomed to the strange attire of the savage and seemed disposed to make his acquaintance, for she stole nearer and nearer, and by degrees gained his side, where she looked up into his face, regarding him with all the curiosity and interest her blue eyes could express. The Indian stroked her hair and gave her a piece of meat from his trencher, on which she offered him some of her homony and milk, which he liked so much that the little girl saw it fast disappearing, and her looks of undisguised dismay amused her associate, for he returned the empty bowl to her with a bow accompanied by a laugh so soft and musical that Philip was more than ever interested and thought him now positively handsome. At length, however, he rose and pointed to the door, which his young friend immediately opened and followed him into the garden.

"The red man remembers the white man's kind-

ness,—his shadow has not made night in his enemy's wig-wam."

"We are not your enemies," said Philip earnestly.

The Indian drew himself up loftily. "Are you my *friends*? Look at the dark forest and say,—When all is sky, when there is no forest there, then will the red man call the pale face friend: he remembers kind words: he says peace to my brothers of this wig-wam:" and he drew a curiously-wrought belt of wampum from his pouch and presented it to Philip. "We are friends."

"May we not know the name of our friend?" said Henry Randolph, joining them at this moment.

A flash of pride and exultation gleamed in the dark eye of the stranger as the lightning illumines the clouds of a stormy sky, appearing and instantly vanishing. He answered in a tone of forced coldness, though his words betrayed the proud scorn he felt through his assumed humility, pointing at the same time to the symbol upon his chest and arms:

"The son of the eagle is not known to the white man. Why should they ask his name? A great chief among his people is a woman, a little child in the council of your wise men. Go, go! a pale face hears my name to-day,—he will not remember it to-morrow."

"Nay," said Philip, imploringly, "tell us the name of our friend;" and he twisted the wampum

round his waist with such evident satisfaction that it won him a reply.

“When the white boy is in the forest let him call for Oneyda.” These words were said with some hesitation; and the Indian hastily turned to depart. He walked slowly towards the river, and they watched him till he disappeared behind the green hillock which intervened between their dwelling and the stream.

“Where have I seen him before?” said Henry musingly, as he re-entered the dwelling. “And now get thee to Ralph Giles, my son, and be busy till noon, when I hope to return.”

Philip obeyed with alacrity, and soon reached the spot where Ralph was clearing, or cutting down, trees, and it was his part to remove them to an open space for barking.

“Ye be long o’ coming, Master Philip, and we’ve all this row to bring down afore night fall.”

“Well, see if I don’t work as hard as thee, Ralph: give me my knife, and I’ll be busy as thou art.”

“The work *was* hard enough, and both frequently stopped to wipe the perspiration from their heated brows, but Philip persevered. His companion was not disposed to quiet reflection over his work, and chatted from time to time with his young master, for whose sagacity he had great reverence, nor had he at any time a more agreeable companion.

"I'se been thinking, Master Philip, how different things be since we stepped ashore on the place; then trees were thick enough, and there was neither sky nor ground for 'em; ye could n't ha' walked this far then. There must be a deal of forest to come at yet. Dear-a-me how the buds be come out, they're leaves pretty near; no sooner is winter done wi' than out pops summer."

"The spring is early," replied Philip. "Thou hast seen many changes since we came."

"Like enough, Master Philip, for we were first here; aye, and a toilsome time had we. I was a rosy-cheek'd lad o' seventeen when I followed Master Henry, and now I be as brown as one o' them Indians: ah, this sun's not like a good old English sun: why you that was such a bonny baby is near to be as red as any savage."

"Father does not like us to talk of the Indians just now; we might be heard."

"Well now, if one be not to speak 'tis a hard matter; who'll hear us but the birds, and they're too busy with their chattering to hearken unto us. Ah, if you could but hear the birds sing in England! I'se rather hear a nice piping blackbird than any of their popinjays."

"Yet these birds are beautiful to look at, and many have a sweet song," said Philip: "I like much to hear their melody of a summer afternoon."

Ralph shook his head. "That's just because

you never lived in Old England. I'd like to see you, Master Philip, of a fine June evening before sun-down in hay-making time, lying o' the bank at the end of our meadow under the bannat tree, and just when you're tired, cast up your eyes into the sky and hearken to the throstles and blackbirds singing their very hearts out; and in the morning when the sun's up, to go out to the corn-fields and see the fine twinkling water-drops upon the flowers, and the mists rolling themselves up on the hills, and ye'll hear such a twitter-twitter over your head, and there for sure you'll see a cloud of wee tiny black things up in the sky, and what should it be but the larks that sing so sweet and so high; and there they're at it all day, flying up so fast and then falling down all of a sudden into the furzy bushes. Oh! but it gladdens my heart to think of the fine fresh air and the meadows and the birds that were all so plenty down in Oak Hollow." And Ralph bent down to his work with redoubled zeal, but Philip saw that his hardy hand dashed off the big tears that were rolling down his bronzed cheek, for Ralph had a tender heart and loved his native land.

"It was kind in thee to follow my father, Ralph. We all think so, and we all wish you to be happy and comfortable with us in this strange land," said Philip, with a smile of cordial affection.

"I would not ha' stayed behind, I can tell you, Master Philip; for we were all brought up wi' you

and yours, and may be master could not ha' managed so well without me," replied Ralph, with a smile of gratified affection and self-complacency. "But wherever can them Indians ha' put themselves? They used to be popping in at all hours; howsomever I suppose they've no liking to see other folks in their places."

"But thou shouldst remember they were willing for us to come, and we hold their land by treaty. Besides, they never lived much in these parts; the red man loves the forest and prairies best."

"Aye, aye; but that's because he can get no better. It always puzzles me, Master Philip, to think what he's the better for our coming. I know we've a good bargain; but 'tis hard o' belief that any man should like to see another stand in his shoes."

"Well, but we hope to do them good, and that will make up for much; only, I would have thee remember, Ralph, that this bit of land is really ours, and that we bought it from the government."

"Master Philip, how should you know! *I* *se* no scholar; but I never could see who gave government the land at the first. Well, as you say, though its ours now, only," continued Ralph, wiping his heated brow, "I think many a time when striking at their timber, they might come and cry out, 'Hollos! what art thou doing with my wood?'"

Philip laughed heartily, and whatever he might

have said about treaties, unappropriated lands, and exchange of benefits, &c. &c., was interrupted by the arrival of his little sisters, who had wandered in search of him, and intended to spend the morning in his company till it was time to return home to dinner.

In the mean time Henry Randolph had proceeded with all diligence to James Town, attended Council, and informed the governor of the information he had become so singularly possessed of, and of his regret at not having been able to ascertain who and what his informant was. The affair created great sensation, and Mr. Rolfe felt especially interested, as he loved romantic adventure. His connection with the natives, as the husband of their late king's daughter, had given him many opportunities of studying their character; and he now gave it as his sincere opinion that they must have some deadly scheme on foot among them which it was most important to unravel; and, at the same time, he felt equally convinced that the colony had still a faithful ally if he could only be found out, as it was very unlikely that a solitary Indian should separate himself from his countrymen in a matter of such consequence. How were they to discover their mysterious friends, however?

Much debate ensued, and, as usual, the indecision of the governor, leaning upon the divided opinions of his counsellors, brought the matter to its original

indefiniteness. Sir George repeated his invitations to the settlers, assuring them of protection at James Town, and the meeting dissolved without any further arrangements being decided upon.

Henry Randolph departed, and, the wind favouring, soon reached his home. He deferred communicating his alarming suspicions to his wife till they were alone; and though she observed with concern the shade that had gathered on his brow since morning, she did not make enquiries, thinking it more discreet to wait for the fitting moment when her husband should think proper to tell her. When their children and the old man had retired, Henry unburdened his troubled mind and found great support and comfort in the opinion of his judicious helpmeet. She was sensible and strong-minded and did not take so gloomy a view of the matter as her husband. She thought that their neighbours should be told and consulted, and that a plan of defence ought to be immediately decided upon, since the safety of so many of the helpless and feeble depended upon the promptitude and prudence of the measure. She apprehended little danger to themselves as a family; but her gentle nature shrank from the horrors of an Indian warfare; and though she hoped everything for the Fair Meadows, she trembled for the weaker and more remote settlements, which seemed to lie so much at the mercy of their unknown foes. They both agreed in thinking it wiser

not to communicate the matter to Philip or their father, whose age and infirm health rendered him a very unfit subject for the anxiety it would occasion him. And they took their troubles in prayer and faith to their God, who could bring good out of evil, and to whose Fatherly protection they desired humbly to commit themselves.



CHAPTER V.

THERE was little variety in the life of a settler in Virginia in the days of which we are reading: it was one of toil rather than of enjoyment, yet not without its pleasures. Winter and spring were seasons of labour; but summer brought rest, in the necessity of retiring from the heat and glare of the day, while the evenings were generally devoted to recreation and exercise. The children of the Fair Meadows were very fond of their summer evenings' sports, more especially if one of the elders of the community would devote his leisure to them. They liked to sit by the river side to listen to tales of the Old Country, and ask questions about it, and indulge the hope of visiting it, though sure they should never like any place so well as the Meadows. There was one member of the settlement beloved by all, and popular with young and old. This was Rachel More, a delicate invalid, but one whose powers of mind fully compensated for that bodily

strength generally so much esteemed in the household of a settler. She had accompanied her brother and his family to their Virginian home, but the climate had farther disordered her weak constitution, and an active member of the community she could not be considered. But though she could neither scour nor bake, nor spin very long at a time, she found plenty of occupation in educating the children or nursing the sick; and the sick and aged were alike the objects of her patient care.

The young people loved to learn of Rachel, and her influence was so great with them that when the rod proved ineffectual, or the sternness of severe rebuke unavailing, a few words from her would subdue the most refractory, for she was continually watching over them, as it were, and never dropped the reins of quiet firm controul, though nothing harsh or unkind escaped her lips at any time. Weak and delicate as she often felt, none within the limits of that happy settlement filled a more useful or honourable position.

Towards the end of March the weather had become mild and genial, and one day when Philip returned from one of his woodland excursions he found, to his great delight, his kind friend Rachel More sitting in the porch engaged in conversation with his grandfather. She had been ill for some weeks, and this was the first time she had ventured beyond her brother's enclosure, and Margaret Ran-

dolph had brought her over to enjoy the sunshine of a bright afternoon and (what she valued far more) the society of the old man, whose piety and wisdom she could well appreciate.

Philip loved Rachel with a grateful affection, she had always been so affable and approachable to him, so ready at all times to enter into his feelings, and so able to explain many things most interesting to him. He congratulated her with an ardent sincerity upon her recovery, and this frank exhibition of his feelings gratified her own, for she valued Philip quite as much, though in a different way. It grieved him to see that she was paler than ever and more wasted. A change had taken place in her appearance since he had last seen her: her figure had become almost shadowy, and her dark eyes glowed with a fire that had never shone in them before; there was something death-like in those long attenuated fingers that hung so tenderly over the auburn ringlets of the little Margaret; and then, as she bent forward to listen to the trembling accents of the old man, there was such a strange expression on her brow,—it was one of singular beauty,—and the hair, parted upon it so meekly, was sprinkled with a premature colouring of grey; but sickness and sorrow had set their iron seal upon those features, and would have marred their beauty but for the calm and holy expression

of a soul at peace with God and filled with charity to her fellow-creatures.

Philip felt much interested in the conversation of these two excellent persons, and, though he did not join in it, stood near, endeavouring to understand and apply all he heard to the wants of his own mind. He felt sorry when called away by his father, who told him that he intended going upon the river that evening and should want the boat. As some of the neighbours were to accompany him, Philip found more than one little vessel unmoored, and, as soon as he had prepared their own, ran back towards the house. He was met by Ralph Giles, whose countenance betrayed much excitement, and he seemed breathless with agitation or haste.

“It’s uncommon strange, Master Philip, but I’s sure I seed a round dozen of those Indians lurking about the wood, and I don’t like their looks at all; so I came up to find master, and tell him a piece o’ my mind: ——

“Come, come then, quick!” cried Philip; and he flew into the garden. His father was just taking leave of Rachel, and was surprised to see his son in such agitation. Philip was too considerate to alarm the weak and delicate, and he beckoned to his father, saying that he wished to speak to him. Henry Randolph hastened to the gate, and his son was just about to tell him of what Giles had in-

formed him, when suddenly there arose a cry so terrible and unearthly that it struck awe into every heart. The children screamed, and their mother rushed out of the house and instinctively caught them to her bosom. The old man looked around mournfully, but stirred not. Bridget snatched the infant from its cradle; and Ralph darted into the dwelling to seize the arms from the wall; but Henry Randolph stood for a moment overwhelmed and paralyzed,—the blow was about to fall upon his helpless family, and nothing had been done to avert it. So he thought in the first terrible instant of his agony.

Another cry arose, and Rachel More started to her feet; the colour rushed to her pale brow, and with a desperate effort she cried: "To the boats, to the boats! The Indians are upon us," she added, in a lower tone, and then sank back horror-stricken in her chair. The old man groaned and bent his feeble steps towards the threshold.

Margaret Randolph recovered her self-possession, and with her two little ones fled with lightning-speed down the garden towards the river; Bridget was soon by the side of her mistress with the baby; and Henry endeavoured to bear away his father. He took him in his arms, but the old man was heavy and resisted the effort of his son, commanding him to take his children and to leave him to die. The alternative was fearful, but Henry, in whose

heart so many feelings were conflicting, persisted in his filial duty and bore him from the garden.

"Fly, Master Philip!" cried Ralph Giles; "now or never—fly! Take the little girl with you—they're upon us; but we'll see, my masters, come on and you dare;" and he posted himself at the little gate with a drawn sabre, menacing the still distant foe. The party he had observed were busy at their horrid work on the neighbouring farm, and as the yells arose in the air with the screams of the flying or expiring, the little group drew closer, and Rachel, half fainting, ejaculated feebly: "Oh, Father of Mercy, look down and save!"

"There's no time for nonsense," said Ralph, bluntly; "so you must get along, Master Philip, right sharply, and I'll take Mistress Alice." So saying, he caught up the little girl, and Philip assisted Rachel to rise. She could scarcely stand. "Lean on me, dear Rachel, lean, lean; we have time—we shall escape." He led her on as quickly as he could move, following Ralph through the house that they might get out of sight before pursued; but their purpose was baffled. The sturdy Giles had to place his little charge upon the ground, and bade her fly the other way; but the poor child, bewildered and terrified, clung to Rachel, for she thought she should then be safe. Two gaunt and ferocious savages approached, their weapons smeared, just as the little party were crossing the door-

way of the kitchen, and Ralph alone was armed to defend them. A desperate struggle ensued, and the foremost was overcome and lay at the feet of his sturdy antagonist.

“Now,” cried Ralph Giles, “fly all of ye; this is the time.” But Philip still lingered. Rachel had fainted, and he could not leave her. The valiant yeoman drove back his second assailant, who retreated, probably going for more aid; and then they made another attempt to escape the dangerous spot.

“Here, Ralph, do you take Rachel in your arms; I can carry Alice. We shall escape,—go forwards.”

Ralph took up the insensible Rachel as if she had been a baby and proceeded, but again they were assailed, and an Indian laid his powerful hand upon Philip, and bound him in an instant with withes. Alice was next made prisoner, and again was the worthy Giles compelled to relinquish his charge. As the shouts grew louder and the confusion increased they were separated, and a band of savages intervened between the captives and the faithful friend who would have defended them with his life. Philip shuddered as he was borne along with the struggling crowd, and a cry of horror escaped him as he beheld the prostrate body of Rachel More. He saw her suffering countenance paler than ever: the ashy hue of death was on it, and her dying glance rested upon him as he passed with an expression of

fond solicitude ; a stream of crimson was flowing from her side, and he knew that the fatal knife had been there. This spectacle was agonizing, and every present danger vanished into nothingness at a sight so shocking ; but he was dragged along among the pursued and pursuers, the work of slaughter going on around him.

The quiet and peaceful settlement had suddenly become the abode of demoniac rage and cruelty ; dwellings were already smoking from the fire just applied, and the groans of the dying were yet mingling with the cries of those still fighting or in captivity. Many were defending themselves with desperate bravery, and fighting their way towards the river side. Amongst them Philip thought he saw his father and Ralph Giles, and would have raised his voice to call them but his tongue was parched and tied with horror,—he could not utter a word. In his hurried progress he stumbled over a body that lay in the path,—it was that of his aged grandfather ! His face was still calm, but his white hair was discoloured ; the fatal scalping-knife had been there also, and that hoary head shorn of its crown. His hands were still clasped, and from the position in which he lay it was evident that he had been struck down at a blow. Oh ! what a sight was this for Philip ! The agony and horror were too much for him, and he fainted.

We know not truly what an hour may bring

forth ; but half an hour previously they had been a happy and united family. The Fair Meadows had become the scene of a dreadful massacre. On that day the savages of the West had fallen upon every defenceless settlement in Virginia, and numberless were the victims of their cruelty. A day memorable in the annals of Virginia, a lasting memorial of the natural ferocity of the Indian tribes, and a sad lesson to a careless government ; but, as far as the Randolphs were concerned, the hand of God may be traced and His providence acknowledged, who, though He permits evil for a time, alone knows how to bring good out of evil.

CHAPTER VI.

WHEN Philip awoke to consciousness and misery he felt that his arms were unbound, and that he was lying upon grass under trees. He soon recognised his position as a captive. Dark figures were moving round him, and at a little distance sat a group conversing in low tones, and from their frequent glances towards the spot where he lay, he conjectured that he himself was the subject of their conversation. He turned from them at length, and gave himself up to the dreadful realities of his situation : he doubted not that he had been in a swoon, and for a moment wished that he had never awoke from it. To be carried into the wilds by savages, far from succour, without hope of rescue,—to become, as too probably, the victim of an ignominious and cruel death. These thoughts merely floated through his mind, leaving the scenes he had so lately witnessed vividly impressed upon it with fearful distinctness. He could not banish the image

of the murdered Rachel; her countenance of agony, or the solicitude of her last fond gaze which spoke the prayer she could not utter; and the ghastly spectacle of his aged grandfather stretched lifeless on the ground: all this was before him, and he could forget none of the terrible details of that hour of horror. Where too, were his father and mother, his little sisters, and the faithful Giles! and at the thought of their fate Philip became almost frantic: he groaned, and the scalding tears chased each other down his cheeks, his hands instinctively clenching the long grass by his side, and sobs of anguish escaped him.

But he was recalled from the absorbing influence of his grief by the plaintive weeping of his little sister, who had been placed at the foot of a tree not far from the spot where he was lying. Philip started up and his heart smote him for having forgotten the weaker companion of his misery. The Indians watched him narrowly, but did not intercept his approach to her. The little girl's hands were unbound, and she was wringing them in a piteous manner; but when her brother spoke, and laid his finger upon her arm, entreating her to look up, she turned, and, with a scream of joy, threw herself into his arms, exclaiming:

"Oh Philip, you are alive! I thought you were dead. I thought you would never speak to me any

more! Take me home, Philip: let us go; ask them to let us go."

"My precious Alice, they will not let us go, but thou wilt be with me. See, Alice, we are prisoners; but I think they will not harm thee. Thou art not afraid with me?"

"Oh no, no," said the poor child, "I am not afraid with thee, Philip; but they look so bad! Oh, if these red men take us they will kill us too, Philip. See, they are coming—they are coming—save me, Philip!" and she clung in terror to him, trembling violently.

"They will not harm thee, my sweet Alice; but we must go with them, and I shall be very near thee. Thou must pray, Alice, and ask God to take care of us. We cannot help ourselves."

Alice still trembled, but her feelings were soothed. There was protection in the voice of Philip, and she submitted patiently to be taken from him when one of their captors approached and lifted her in his arms to resume their toilsome journey. The party marched in file, one leading and the others carefully following in his footsteps. Philip felt scarcely able to move, but was compelled to go alone without even the satisfaction of being near his sister, but occasionally he caught sight of her long hair streaming over the shoulder of her bearer, and, though but a poor consolation, he derived a slight satisfaction from it and did not feel so desolate.

The way was weary, and in many places the path so obscured or obstructed by brushwood that even the leader appeared at a loss how to proceed ; and at times the trees were so lofty and clustering that, though budding, they admitted but little light through their tangled branches. The Indians walked in silence, and nothing was heard save the crackling of the strewn branches and yielding underwood, which some of them seemed scarcely to touch, so light was their tread. As Philip followed them onwards, all hope of returning died within him : he could never thread his way back through such a labyrinth. He had never known so hard a trial as this, and must not be condemned as weak and cowardly for shedding tears at every step which took him far from all that was dear to him on earth.

At length, after a fatiguing progress of two or three hours, they gradually emerged from the tangled path, and entered a more open track, taking the direction of the river, the brink of which they soon reached and unmoored several canoes. How did Philip's heart ache as he stood upon the bank and turned to take a farewell glance of the green hillock which he thought he perceived to the eastward, and recognized the tall trees crowning its top, under whose shade he had spent so many happy hours, and from which he had so often surveyed the distant hills and forests where he was probably going to linger out his days ! He saw, too, a cloud

of smoke hovering over that quarter, occasioned, doubtless, by the burning ruins of his home! Alice, who had fallen asleep in the arms of her bearer, was laid in the bottom of the first canoe: three Indians entered it, and Philip was rudely pushed into another. He sank down exhausted and more miserable than ever. It was now that the Indians seemed to fear pursuit, for they rowed with all their might and soon left the green hill far behind them: one bend after another in the winding river was passed, and still their exertions relaxed not. When the shades of evening rendered the objects on shore increasingly obscure, they slackened speed and drew up to consult. Philip heard the voice of his sister; she called for him, and he hastened to assure her that he was near, and hoped they should soon land. Indeed his fears for her were not groundless, as she was both cold and hungry, and found her position at the bottom of the canoe very uncomfortable.

The moon had just risen when the boats were drawn ashore; and though as yet she shone coldly and hazily upon the landscape, it was relief to land. They entered a little creek and moored the canoes under a shelving bank of rock, and the party all stepped forth and scrambled up the acclivity. Alice flew to her brother, who carried her to the top, and the poor child would not quit the protection thus delightfully restored to her. She was trembling

with cold, though one of the savages had so far cared for her as to throw a few furs around her.

The spot chosen by the Indians for their night's encampment was evidently one well known to them, for there were traces of its having been visited before, and the ashes of a recent fire yet remained upon the sylvan hearth. They brought out from some place of concealment the remains of a deer which had been left from a previous meal, with a quantity of maize already prepared after their fashion. Soon was a fire lighted, diffusing a heat and glow that were cheering to the captives. The Indians offered them food and clear water in a calabash, and the fare being seasoned with appetite was not unpalatable. Alice revived, but her brother felt anxious that she should take rest, and persuaded her to lie down with her head upon his knee. The Indians had the considerateness to furnish them with a few more furs and buffalo robes, in which Philip carefully wrapped his sister, and then reminded her to say her prayers before she slept; but when she commenced the simple petition her mother had taught her, the grief of the little girl was renewed, and she could not speak for sobbing. Philip wept, for he knew the cause of her trouble, and for some time could not find voice to pray for her. He laid his cheek to hers and kissed her tenderly, and Alice at length cried herself to sleep. But it was long ere Philip could compose himself to rest. The

events of the day returned to haunt the dreamy moments of exhausted nature when fatigue and misery gained the mastery over his reason, and whilst he felt scarce able to control the wanderings of fancy and of memory he almost feared to sleep, lest the tragedy should be re-enacted in his dreams, and often started up wildly with a cry of horror as the dreadful scenes of the morning recurred to his bewildered recollection. In one of these awakenings he opened his eyes upon the dark features of the savage who was posted as a guard to the party; he was bending over him with an expression of awe and wonder upon his swarthy countenance considerably heightened by the flickering glare of the fire-light which played upon its fierce lineaments, giving to them an effect so malignant and threatening that Philip exclaimed, in the confused language of his dreams, "Kill me, then, now : kill me ; but spare my little sister !"

The Indian only replied by heaping fresh fuel on the fire, and throwing additional covering upon his captive. Philip sank back and slept more quietly, but the rest of the savages had been disturbed by his cries, and all sat up to enquire the cause, which their companion explained with an air of mystery ; and, after discussing so strange a circumstance for awhile, they too lay down again and were soon slumbering as soundly as before.

But Philip did not long repose, though he awoke

again without a start, and calmly surveyed the new and striking objects which surrounded him. The scene was indeed highly picturesque. The Indians, to the number of ten dark figures, lay stretched upon the earth wrapped in their buffalo robes: their guard stood upright against a tree, perfectly motionless and rigid as a statue, the restless glances of his dark and gleaming eyes alone betokening life and animation in him who stood there. The captive gazed mutely upon the savage, struggling with the flood of misery which seemed swelling up from the very depths of his soul, threatening to overwhelm and engulf him. How dreadful the thought, even if life were spared, to pass it with such beings as the petrified ferocity he there beheld! How unbearable their society, their cruelty, and how dreadful their revenge!

“ Oh my God! my Father!” cried Philip, while the tears again gushed forth and sobs of anguish choked the half-uttered prayer: “ Forsake me not; for thou art mighty to save! Oh my Saviour! Thou hast suffered, aid me and be near me in this dark, dark hour!” After this earnest but broken ejaculation, he was calmer; a sweet sense of the care and providence of God returned to his heart; he was led to consider the sad bereavement and trials of this day as forming one of the numberless events which are only to be viewed as ordered or permitted by the Almighty for good purposes, and

as such, to be left in his hand, that the end of all may be well. Philip recalled the lessons he had so lately learnt from his friend Rachel More—lessons of obedience and faith—whereby he might strengthen his drooping courage and fortify his soul in every coming trial. He fell asleep again with the words of the Psalmist on his lips: “I will say of the Lord, he is my refuge and my fortress; my God; in Him will I trust.”



CHAPTER VII.

It were tedious to dwell much longer upon the journey of Philip and Alice Randolph to the west. After two days of equal toil and misery, we find them again in the canoes sailing up the river.

Philip, still sad and mournful, was permitted to be with his sister, and if ought could have diminished the weight of the burden which oppressed him, his heart had felt lighter and less bereaved when he saw Alice gradually reviving from the effects of the terrible blow which had fallen upon her with the suddenness of a thunderbolt, crushing her spirit as does the chill blast of winter when it sweeps over the nodding snow-drop, levelling it for a brief moment; but when the storm is past the sun shines forth again, the flower lifts up its drooping head and nods once more upon its verdant stem, joyously greeting the lighter breeze, with not a vestige of the ruthless blow that laid its fragile loveliness so prostrate. Alice was too young to cherish sorrow; she naturally banish-

ed it from her heart as an unwelcome guest who would mar all the enjoyment she so loved, and she was too ignorant of the perils to which she was exposed to anticipate evil of any kind. She often turned to her brother with the animation of renewed hope beaming in her bright countenance, and besought him to cheer up, for she was sure Ralph Giles or father would soon come after them, and take them home again. She had lost her terror at their ferocious captors, and found herself an acceptable companion to those who had probably children at home; and being permitted the use of a paddle whenever she pleased, she amused her many idle moments in learning to row and manage the canoe.

As they sailed onwards, Philip found some relief to his oppressed spirit in the scenery which every hour unfolded. It was more beautiful than any he had ever seen or imagined. They were sailing westward, and the river had entirely lost the dull tame character of its banks round James Town. A deep azure-coloured range of mountains were visible in the distance; a few wreaths of snow still crowned their lofty peaks; and on each side of the stream rose dark and majestic headlands covered to their summits with wood. The windings of the river displayed so many and such varied scenes, each of surpassing beauty, that Philip wished the canoe a fairy bark, and the river's banks the land of dreams from which he should never awaken. Yet,

with all his repugnance to his savage companions, his imagination was unconsciously gratified by their picturesque and suitable relation to the scene, and he thought the effect would be marred by their expulsion from the picture.

Early one afternoon they landed, and the canoes were drawn ashore as if no further use were to be made of them. Alice was again elevated on the shoulder of an Indian, and the party commenced an inland journey. They followed the course of the river on a high level above its banks as far as the path admitted, and then struck off in a northerly direction, their route lying across an undulating plain rather savannah, intersected by many tracks, which, from their appearance, had been frequently trodden of late. The savages walked less regularly, and with the careless manner of those who have ridden themselves of an irksome restraint not to be resumed if possible; and even the habitual dignity of Indian reserve seemed to have been thrown aside, or, it might be, replaced by exultation at their anticipated triumph when they should return to their villages with the news of their glorious victory over the defenceless pale face, and exhibit the wondrous beings whom their arms had made captives. At a late hour they encamped, as it appears, for the last time, and some of the party commenced the operation of painting afresh and decorating their really noble persons with the spoils of

the ravaged settlement. The bright light of the fire which they had kindled displayed their ill-assorted finery, and Philip could not suppress a smile at the first effect of their appearance. They were totally ignorant of the uses of the various garments they had possessed themselves of, and their grotesque arrangement of drapery and colour made them even more hideous than before in the eyes of Alice, who clung in great alarm to her brother, scarcely reassured by his attestations to their identity. He felt but a momentary amusement at their expense, and shrank back in disgust and aversion as they claimed his assistance in disposing of their ill-gotten apparel.

Morning returned, and with it new trials for the captives. They commenced their march, however, and on the way Philip sought to calm his fears of future evil by firm and composed reflection. He thought it useless to anticipate sorrow by suffering in imagination what might in the good providence of God be averted; and, bidding Alice take heart and be cheerful, he stoutly followed his captors with almost as much alacrity as if he too were returning home to his friends and family.

They ascended a hill which gradually became so steep and difficult that Philip conjectured they must now be upon one of the Blue Ridge, those azure-coloured mountains he had seen from the river. The fatigue of ascending depressed him,

and, weakened by previous suffering of mind and exposure to hardships he had never before encountered, he found his strength greatly diminish every mile, and often paused for breath. He sought relief in looking upon the scene which lay below and around him, stretching far and wide in *loveliness* unparalleled. It was evident that *they had made* a gradual ascent to the place of their last night's encampment, and their present station was so elevated that he could overlook a large tract of country at a glance. Low in the valley, like a silver thread here and there gleaming from dark and sheltering banks, the river flowed in many a winding, till lost in the misty distance; the shadowy outline of far-off hills formed a mysterious boundary to the cloud-like landscape, which had not yet freed itself from its vapour-veil. The mouth of a broad stream at its junction with the river was just discernible as it caught the sunlight, shining like some sea of amber; a few cataracts were foaming and sparkling in a dark ravine, and the sound of their free and snowy waters made Philip's heart ache as he contrasted the joyous liberty of all natural objects with his own captive condition. But still he could rejoice that so beautiful a world had been made, and loved to dwell in thought upon the enjoyment of millions of living creatures whose instinct at that moment was happiness. He did not wish others to be sad because he felt unhappy, and could scarcely

blame Alice, whose volatile spirit, under the influence of new scenes and the exhilarating air of morning, was singing as she journeyed on the shoulder of her bearer, looking about her with evident pleasure, and occasionally turning to ask Philip if this was not the garden of Eden, it was so very beautiful. And thus they proceeded till after a toilsome walk of a few hours the party halted, and a young man, who seemed to be their leader, took the prisoners under his care. He was fierce-looking, and had a most malignant expression in his eye, though, as he scanned the manly proportions of Philip, it relaxed into one of approval and admiration. After he had despatched one or two of his party as heralds to announce their approach, he set forward with the rest, and as they now began to descend the hill, their progress was rapid, and the change proved agreeable to all. They were apparently entering one of the green and secluded valleys of the west of Virginia. The side of the hill was covered with rhododendrons and other flowering shrubs; and the smoke of a neighbouring village was plainly seen rising from woods already bursting into leaf, and a fair clear stream flowed through the vale at a little distance from their dwellings. Several huts of rude construction were scattered amongst the trees or in the midst of green and open glades with which the plain was interspersed.

Philip was much interested in looking for the

first time upon an Indian village, and felt surprised at the general air of neatness and comfort it presented. He had often thought, with more romance than reason, that a woodland life would surely prove a happy one, and that savages had many advantages over the civilized world in the primitive simplicity of their mode of living, and in the few wants with which they were acquainted. He now felt differently. A transient curiosity yielded to the dread of unknown trials, and the dangers of his situation returned to his recollection. He knew not the character of the tribe whose habitations were now in sight; but, from all he had lately witnessed, he could only suppose them to be as barbarous as other savage people. And what treatment could he expect from their hands more merciful or humane than their usual mode of dealing with their prisoners? Philip would have felt it difficult to look calm had he not glanced at Alice, whose blanched cheek betrayed the fear with which she regarded her present conductor, who had placed her upon the ground, and was rather dragging than leading her, as he strode along with triumphant pace to the village. The sight of her fear, recalled Philip to his present duty, and he was enabled to walk in the steps of his captor with an air of dauntless firmness that could not fail to attract his notice and win his approbation.

The savages raised their war-song. It was a low

irregular chaunt, without melody or harmony, remarkable only for its uncouth monotony. In response, a cry was heard; and then came rushing from the wood a crowd of children to hail the return of the war party. As they proceeded they were met by the old men and women of the tribe; for most of the warriors were absent, and no others remained to welcome the victors. Great seemed to be the joy of the whole village at the sight of the two captives. Even the gravity and dignity of the old men gave way to an uncontrollable expression of wonder at the complexion and attire of the young strangers. Alice was regarded as a being of higher skies: they did not approach her, but gazed upon her fairy figure and long golden ringlets with something of awe and adoration. Alice's countenance was usually mirthful, and her eyes arch and roguish; but now she trembled, and seemed to shrink within herself from their rude and alarming stare. Philip made unceasing efforts to occupy her attention, talking to and encouraging her, and telling her what she was to do if they were separated.

When they had made the round of the village, they reached a large building in the centre, constructed of logs, more neatly put together than the huts, which were chiefly made of poles covered with bark and clay. In this lodge the old men sat to deliberate upon the fate of their prisoners, for the warriors led in their captives to stand before them.

Philip threw his arm fondly around Alice, who began to cry and sob, for she could not look upon her judges without terror, and clung to her brother as if safety were only to be found with him. It was, therefore, a hard trial to poor Philip when she was taken from him and given up to some women, who, however, received her with kindness, and in whose hearts better feelings seemed stirring at sight of her grief. But for him was reserved another fate. After a few moments deliberation and scrutiny, he was led away to a space before the council lodge and bound to a tall stake; and before he could recover from his surprise at this sudden proceeding, he was surrounded by a crowd of boys. Hooting and yelling at him, they assailed their defenceless victim with sundry missiles; but presence of mind did not forsake him,—he retained his firm demeanour, though his heart beat fearfully. After indulging their malice for a while in this manner, they withdrew to a distance, and, taking their bows and arrows, made him a mark for practice. Had they been more expert, his sufferings had soon ended; but as yet their arrows passed him harmlessly. At length an elder boy, who grew impatient that the sport should be so dull, took better aim and shot him in the arm: the pain was extreme, and the blood began to flow. The prisoner, already exhausted by fatigue and anxiety, sickened at the sight which brought with it so many associations of horror to his recollection,

and, ere the shout of savage triumph had passed away, he drooped fainting at the stake, and his tormentor, who had greatly admired the brave bearing of the white boy, was the first to fly to his aid, and with his own knife cut the bonds that bound him. Philip sank to the ground perfectly insensible, and in this state was carried into a hut appropriated for prisoners. As they intended to try his courage another day, the young savages left him to the care of an old woman, who set about recovering him from his swoon.

When Philip revived, the first object that greeted his languid eye was the interesting countenance of an Indian woman, who was bending over him with solicitude. Her features were soft and feminine ; and, though her dress was wild and disorderly, there was an indication of natural taste in its arrangement which rendered her less savage-looking than those who stood near her in the back ground. Her hair, which hung in waving luxuriance over her shoulders, was adorned with beads and gold plates curiously strung together. She wore a collar of the same precious metal round her neck, and her arms and ankles were similarly ornamented. She had, moreover, a shawl of foreign manufacture folded as a mantle round her person ; and this circumstance led Philip to suppose that she was a chief's wife or daughter, whose father or husband might have been in alliance with the colonists. She presented a

pleasant beverage to the prisoner, which greatly refreshed him, and then quitted the hut, leaving some directions with the old woman, who proceeded, not unskilfully, to dress his wound. Her kind office performed, the squaw thought herself entitled to a more particular examination of the stranger, and annoyed him much by lifting up his long curls and feeling the texture of his dress. Not satisfied with this, she took up her post at the foot of the mat on which he lay, and fixed her eyes upon his face with a determination to watch every movement and expression; but the prisoner, though exhausted and for a time enfeebled, did not gratify the secret longing of her savage heart:—his countenance betrayed not a symptom of anguish, and she had not the Indian's pleasure of witnessing an enemy's weakness. After annoying him for some time with her inquisitive gaze, to which he only replied by calmly regarding her, she hobbled out of the wigwam, and, hastily closing the door after her, left Philip to his pain and misery.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE morning light penetrating the chinks of his rude prison, aroused the sleeping Philip, who, after a restless slumber, awoke to realize the danger and dreariness of his situation. It was not immediately on first opening his eyes that he recognized his position, or the strange character of the place in which he lay ; but as soon as consciousness returned, he sprang from the mat, and threw himself upon his knees in earnest prayer. Life was still precious to him ; its instincts warm within him, and the thought of the peril to which he was exposed, as a captive amongst savages, was almost too horrible to be borne : yet Philip knew it was still in the power of God to save him, and he prayed for deliverance in the first thrilling moments of his terror. He was afraid and unmanned by the anticipation of torture, and wept and wrung his hands, and implored the protection of his Heavenly Father more earnestly than he had ever done in his life ; but soon this pa-

roxysm of fear subsided, and he became gradually calmer. The words of the beautiful collect he had so often repeated rushed to his recollection, and he uttered them aloud with a fervor that seemed to restore moral courage to his soul. He committed himself, his fears, his perils, his life and death, to the keeping of Him who could order all things well. And he arose at length from his knees in strength and in spirit, and almost content with his lot.

In this temper, and outwardly calm, he was found by the old squaw, who peeped in to see that all was safe. He hoped that she had brought him some food, but this was not the case; and he would have fared very ill at her hands, but for the kindness of the young woman who had visited him on the previous evening. She came to see the captive, and sent one of the women who attended her to procure refreshment; and she presently returned, bearing a calabash with honey and corn. Philip relished his breakfast, and found it invigorating. The young woman looked at his wounded arm, then giving further directions to the squaw, withdrew, and left him once more to his companion. She did not trouble herself to bandage it, but after bestowing a hasty glance upon the herbs and leaves she had so carefully arranged the day before, abruptly quitted the hut, leaving the prisoner to his meditations. The cause of this very sudden departure was soon explained, for he heard loud shouts

as of triumph, rending the air, and then a crowd hurried past the wig-wam. Philip went to the door and opened it, for, to his surprise, it was not fastened; the squaw, in her haste, having forgotten to secure it. He found that the hut faced the square or centre-ground of the village, and it seemed as if a multitude now thronged it. A war party, just returned, were leading two prisoners in the dress of the colony's service up to the stake to which Philip had been bound the day before; and boys, women and children, old men and youthful warriors, were testifying their savage exultation at the near prospect of a glorious torture.

One of the prisoners was a tall man, whose rich uniform attracted the attention and covetousness of the Indians, for many a hand was stretched out greedily to snatch at the torn embroidery and gold lace that so profusely adorned his crimson surcoat. His bearing was bold and dauntless, though cautious and watchful; and he drew his crushed beaver over his face, as it appeared, to avoid the gaze of the savage multitude who were yelling at him, endeavouring by their clamour to bewilder their captive, whose provoking calmness they much admired but resolved to ruffle.

His companion was less in stature, and so worn and feeble that it seemed scarcely possible for him to sustain the torrent of abuse and menace that assailed him. He leant on his companion's arm in

evident helplessness, and drew his breath with difficulty, frequently pressing his side as if in extreme pain : but, with all this bodily exhaustion the countenance of the prisoner was perfectly serene. Philip remarked, with emotions of horror and disgust, how eagerly the savages fastened upon their victims. When they had bound them to separate stakes, they paused for a few moments to consult among themselves. The result of the debate was the immediate summons to Philip to join them. He was still standing with his wounded arm unbound at the door of the wig-wam, and hastily obeyed the messenger who was dispatched to conduct him to the place of torture ; but no one bound him ; he was permitted to stand unmolested and almost unnoticed opposite the stakes of his countrymen. Philip could not bear to witness their sufferings, and turned his head away ; but upon hearing his name uttered in feeble accents by the exhausted prisoner, he hastily advanced towards him, nor was he interrupted by the bystanders.

“ Oh Master Morton, I knew you not ; I grieve to see you here.”

“ Nay, grieve not, Philip, for my hours are numbered : please God, I shall not live long under torture. I rose from my bed of sickness to aid our suffering countrymen, and was captured, as you see ; but I must tell thee, while I may, the good news of thy father’s safety. I saw him and his family in

James Town on the evening of the massacre. They are in no danger there."

"So, this is Henry Randolph's hope, is it?" said Marton's companion. "Well, my lad, I'm sorry to see thee in this case, but they'll not harm thee. No, no, take my word for it, they'll make a warrior of thee, and thou canst help the king and colony all in good time. Hast thou a knife about thee? for those noisy imps should not hinder me if I could but cut these bonds. Come nearer, boy, and do me this service."

Philip's heart was in a tumult of joy and thankfulness, thus assured of the safety of those so dear to him; but he complied with the prisoner's request, and slipped a little clasp knife into his pocket so adroitly as not to be detected by the savages, who were busily preparing the torture fires.

"William Morton," said his companion, "if thou art wise thou wilt take some of the powder I spoke of, which will send thee off quickly, I warrant thee on the word of a soldier; and, therefore, 't will only serve to shorten thy sufferings, so thou wilt be better off than I could have hoped for thee."

"I tell you, Captain Preston," said his companion, in hoarse and broken accents, "hope is vain for both; you had far better take to prayer than indulge in any scheme so delusive. Provoke not the cruelty of yon savage crowd: you are helpless! Why not yield, like a brave man, to the will of the

Almighty? He has brought us into this strait, doubtless that we should glorify Him. And as to the means you propose of shortening my sufferings, I should be unwilling to try them; more will not be laid upon me than I can bear,—God's will be done!"

Captain Preston answered, sternly, "I have given you my best advice, Master Morton, and since you reject it, I must fain follow my own and make a push for myself; but, for the sake of this boy, I could wish to know the tribe of these tawneys. Yet harkee, lad, wilt take thy chance and run for it? Come, a few good blows at these urchins and we'll clear these woods in no time. Follow me, boy, if thou lov'st freedom."

"I have a little captive sister, and I cannot leave her," replied Philip, calmly retiring from the spot to a little distance, to avoid the crowd of boys and children who were heaping fuel and rubbish around the pile. Captain Preston looked on warily from under the slouching front of his beaver, and he perceived that the elders and warriors were about to withdraw for their weapons of torture, and felt well assured that no gentle death of mercy was in store for him. He stood still, apparently unheeding the yells and insults of his young tormentors; but he had contrived to free himself from the withes that bound him, and, snatching a hatchet from the nearest foe, sprang over the mass of wood and straw so busily collecting around him, and with lightning-

speed ran toward the river and instantly disappeared.

The boys were so astonished by this unexpected movement, that they were at first unable to communicate the intelligence ; but ere five minutes had elapsed the whole village was in commotion and the warriors all in suspense. The feat was so daring and unforeseen, and its accomplishment so rapid, that they were lost in amazement at the subtlety and courage of their foe ; regarding him as one whose powers of head and limb far surpassed any they could have conceived it possible for a white man to possess. In the sight of their women and children, just as they were returning with their weapons of torture and destruction, he had contrived to effect his escape. However, they did not remain inactive. Men, boys, and warriors set off in pursuit, and when Philip observed the speed at which they ran, and how they took different sides of the wood that lay between the village and the hill, he trembled for Captain Preston. All he could hope was, that he would use the greatest prudence in his flight ; and, when he remembered the reputation of that officer as so well skilled in Indian tactics, he trusted that he might yet escape.

For more than two hours did the other prisoner linger at the stake unharmed, but not unheeded, by the rest of the savages. He was fast drooping, and Philip's heart yearned towards him with com-

passionate interest, that he drew near to speak a few words of comfort to his departing spirit. The dying man regarded him gratefully, and, after many efforts, murmured a few words, interrupted by frequent sighs and violent coughing, which seemed to shake every bone in his frail body: his bound arms struggled for a moment, but he had not strength to break the fetters that confined his hands. Philip could not bear to see him in this posture, and, regardless of all that might befall, rushed to his side, and gently taking his head between his hands supported him, whispering a few texts in his ear. The savages did not prevent him; their eyes were eagerly fixed upon the woods, from which their companions were just issuing, rage and disappointment depicted upon their countenances; for Captain Preston was not to be seen, and their pursuit had been unsuccessful.

They turned with menacing gestures towards their remaining captive. Philip rejoiced at heart that they would exert their vengeance vainly. He held the dying Morton's head, and having broken a few of his cramping fetters, he felt that every breath he drew became more feeble. When they came up with tomahawk and hatchet unsheathed and uplifted, he pointed expressively to the closed eyes and rigidly-set features of their intended victim. They gazed in mute astonishment one instant, and then set up a howl of mingled despair and rage.

They glanced at Philip, and a few hasty words were exchanged between the foremost of the party, two ferocious-looking savages, who appeared to dispute some matter in which he was concerned. The contest grew loud, and another advanced, whose dignified demeanour announced him as a chief. He laid his iron-grasp upon Philip's shoulder, and turned to address his companions. His language was not understood by his captive, but Philip saw that its effect was to make them all more fierce. Their regret and anger were so great at losing their other victims, that they thirsted for his blood. A hundred knives gleamed in the air, and they all thronged round him, each snatching at some article of dress, and mercilessly tearing the sleeve from his wounded arm, left him half destitute of clothing, and exposed to all their relentless vengeance. Philip still clung to life, and in this moment of peril thought of all or of any thing he might do to save it. The name of Oneyda flashed across his mind, and he thought of the wampum belt presented by the stranger Indian on the morning of his departure from their dwelling. With the urgency of one whose life is indeed at stake, he drew the curiously-wrought band from the pocket of his jerkin, not yet rifled by the greedy hands around him, and, holding it up, called loudly upon the name of Oneyda.

There was a long and portentous silence. Every

brow grew darker, but not a hand was stirred, and Philip felt the tiger-like grasp of the savage relax : he was free at length, and stepped forth boldly into the circle of old men, holding up the belt to their view. They looked gravely at one another, and addressed a few words to the warriors, who lowered their shining weapons ; but murmurs still went round the assembly, and Philip saw that he had yet much to dread from their dangerous vicinity. But a friend appeared in this moment of suspense and apprehension. To the yells of rage and murmurs of disappointed vengeance, succeeded shouts of triumph and of rapturous joy.

Another war party entered the village, laden with spoils and trophies of their barbarous victory over the detested Yengees. The warrior in advance appeared to be their leader ; for his dress was rich, and, for an Indian chief, almost magnificent. The skin which composed his frock or hunting-shirt was emblazoned with various hieroglyphics, probably the history of his own exploits in war : he wore many rude ornaments of the precious metals, and a large plume of eagle's feathers nodded over his dark but handsome features. Philip could not think himself mistaken : he had seen that majestic figure before, and knew it could be none other than Oneyda. The chief was greeted with extraordinary manifestations of joy, and even the old men quitted their stations to do him homage. The women held up

their little ones to behold him ; and the young men and boys approached eagerly, and as near as they dared to the spot where he stood. The captive was soon summoned to the presence of the great warrior, who scarcely returned his courteous salutation, but instantly laying his hand upon his shoulder, Oneyda addressed the surrounding crowd in rapid but singularly musical language. It seemed to carry persuasion with it ; for every countenance became calm, every knife was sheathed, and every hatchet thrown to the earth ; not a murmur was uttered, but all stood attentively listening, and in attitudes of submission and respect. Philip was surprised at the extraordinary change produced in those around him : a few words from this stranger had stilled their turbulent spirits, and transformed these resentful savages into the tractable subjects of a despotic chief. Oneyda concluded his oration by baring his wounded limb, and displaying the scar which was still visible. This last appeal was unanswerable, and its eloquence reached the best feelings of his auditors. They extended their hands to Philip, and endeavoured to shew him how much they approved his conduct ; and their gratitude was as troublesome as their rage had been importunate. He shrank back from their rude attentions, and, passing his arm hastily through that of his deliverer, said earnestly, " Oneyda, take me to your wigwam ; I am weary ; let us go ! "

The chief complied, and the crowd divided to let them pass. On their way Philip stopped before the lifeless body of William Morton. He turned to Oneyda, and summoned resolution to request that it might be buried. A dark shade passed over the brow of the Indian as he replied haughtily, and in better English than he had condescended to use in the dwelling of Henry Randolph :—

“ My young men are the children of the eagle ; they must have their prey ; they hold fast ; they never give back. The son of the pale face shall come to Oneyda’s wig-wam, and he will forget the dead dog that dies at the torture-stake.”

The last words were uttered with an expression of strong contempt, and the chief hurried onwards, as if to avoid contamination from the inanimate body of a cowardly enemy.

Philip mournfully followed him. It seemed a sad thought that the remains of Morton should be consumed and scattered to the winds of heaven by the wretches who would have murdered him ; that the body of a christian man should be denied christian burial. But no time was left him for further reflection than the one consolatory hope that the spirit of the sufferer was in rest more blessed than ever had been the happiest hours of his earthly existence.

Oneyda’s wig-wam was the largest in the village, and contained four or five apartments, all construct-

ed and arranged with greater regard to neatness and comfort than was usual among the Indians of the west. The young woman who had visited Philip in the hut was sitting upon a richly-dressed mat upon the floor. When they entered she instantly arose with gladness and delight in her eyes, and yet timidly advanced to greet her husband, who, like others of his race, hardly condescended to notice his wife, and carelessly throwing off the weapons that encumbered him, and presenting her with the surplus ornaments he had taken from the ravaged settlements, turned away to look for his companion, who had made his way to another apartment, and was now standing with his little sister clinging to his neck crying aloud for joy. Philip had caught a glimpse of Alice upon entering the wig-wam and rushed forwards, calling her by name, to announce his approach. She was playing with an Indian baby, whose swarthy fingers were busily travelling through her long bright hair, and very much pleased did she appear with her plaything. However, when she heard her brother's voice, down rolled the baby on the floor, and, regardless of its screaming, she flew into his arms and almost strangled him in her embrace. She was for some moments quite overcome with ecstasy and surprise ; but when she found voice to speak, she poured forth such a mingled strain of joy at present happiness and misery endured in his absence, that Philip, smiling, bade her be silent

awhile and tell him all by and by when she had recovered breath. Alice was indeed supremely happy while looking into his face and safely sheltered in his arms. She thought of nothing but the present felicity, and was only recalled to other recollections by the appearance of the chief, who came to take up the crying infant, soon soothed by his father's caresses.

"Oh Philip, I dare say that Indian man is that kind woman's husband. Dost thou know she sang me to sleep, and gave me the baby to play with; and I dare say she'll coax him to let us go."

"Do you remember giving that man some of your porridge? He slept in our barn, and you played with him at breakfast."

"Oh, *that's* the man!" cried Alice; "then I'm sure he'll be kind to us. Dost think he will speak to me, Philip?"

"Certainly; come with me and talk to him." So saying, he led her into the presence of the chief, who smiled as she gave him her hand, and patting her upon the head as he would have caressed a dog, bade her be seated upon a mat at his feet. At a sign from her husband, the young woman brought out the best provision of her simple larder, and set them before their guest. The grateful Oneyda seemed bent upon showing him their Indian hospitality, and urgently pressed him to eat *much*; but Philip could scarcely taste the food so warmly

commended, not being able to relish the mess of corn, vegetable, homony, and venison which Oneyda piled upon his platter. He observed with surprise that knives and spoons of English manufacture were offered him, and his manner of using them occasioned equal astonishment to the squaw, who regarded him from time to time with looks of interest and curiosity.

The meal was despatched in silence, and the afternoon wore away heavily to poor Philip, whose pleasure at meeting his sister could not make him entirely forget their captive condition; and though he felt an indefinable interest in their host, the sensation was too transient to sustain his flagging attention to the detached sentences addressed to him by Oneyda, who could not or would not converse in the language of the pale face. Weary and sad, Philip longed to be alone, and thankfully retired to an adjoining hut, where an hour after he was peacefully sleeping.

CHAPTER IX.

MONTHS passed away, and the summer had reached its prime, and the trees of the forest were thick and sheltering, but their hues were changing fast, and nothing could be more beautiful than their rich and varied colouring. The days were still warm, but the mornings were bracing, and evening came with its cool breezes to refresh the weary brow of Philip, wearied of a life of comparative idleness, and sad at heart under his long captivity. He could with difficulty conform to the habits of the people with whom he dwelt, and the thought of spending life amongst them grew the more insupportable, as it appeared daily more probable that such would be his fate: for though the chief continued to treat him in a kind and friendly manner, he invariably waved the oft-repeated request of his protégé to send him back to his friends and kindred, with an evasive protestation that he and the golden hair, his sister, were welcome to stay in their new home as long as

they pleased. Philip feared that he only held his safety upon the uncertain tenure of caprice, or at best, the terms of perpetual captivity. He felt it a present duty to appear reconciled to circumstances, as Alice was as much concerned in the result as himself, though she did not suffer equally. She had discovered her importance amongst her savage playfellows, and had little difficulty in tutoring them to her will, in all sorts of games and pastimes, at which children are singular adepts in the art of ruling. She had a particular pleasure in being the object of their admiration, as undisguised as it was excessive, as she frequently stood at the door of Oneyda's wig-wam, with the baby in her arms, receiving their homage with the most unembarrassed gratification. But her affection for Philip was more influential than any other feeling of her heart over her conduct and temper, and as he dreaded the effect of such association upon her impressible character, it was his constant endeavour to attract her by the pleasure of his own society from theirs; and Alice loved him too well not to come readily when he called her to the woods or to the river side. Early every morning he took her aside to say her prayers and to repeat Scripture, but the keeping of the sabbath was more difficult to accomplish. Every day was spent so much alike, and the power of habit is ever so influential, that, from disuse of its observances, he feared lest Alice should lose the reve-

rential regard for it which had been so early inculcated by parental principle and example. He made a point of frequently repeating to her, upon that day, the impressive command, *Remember the sabbath day to keep it holy*; and led her into the wood to pray and sing psalms. His memory furnished him with many precious stores from the Bible and Prayer Book, and the Church Catechism was not forgotten. Thus he carefully instructed his little sister in all that he himself remembered, and felt it a privilege to have been thus enabled, by his uniform attention at church, to render all he had heard and learnt there available for the good of Alice. And thus the sabbaths were felt to be happy days amongst the many of monotony and restraint passed in the village. Philip became a favourite with all: the men felt flattered by his respect and attention to them, and, above all, by his earnest endeavours to learn their language; and the warriors and young men of the tribe admired the readiness with which he learnt to manage their weapons. His dexterity as a marksman, and his fleetness in the race, for to run fast, was esteemed a great accomplishment among the Wyannows. The women liked him because he was so kind and obliging to them, performing many little offices of domestic drudgery, which their husbands and sons never condescended to do for them. Though the arrangements of Oneyda's wig-wam were superior to those of any other in the village,

and adorned with the spoil of many a ravaged settlement, the uses of these articles of furniture and clothing were not understood by himself or his young wife, who, though attended on some occasions by all the rude pomp of savage rank, was obliged to perform the greater part of her household work, though her dignity exempted her from the more fatiguing labours of the field and plantation. Indeed, she would have led a life of most monotonous idleness but for these employments, and aided by her new son, as she styled Philip, Meeahmee endeavoured to make more comfortable and orderly arrangements in her dwelling. He taught her to dispose of the wooden chairs and settles, some of them well carved and polished, which had been strangely transported to the wig-wam of an Indian chief. He felt a melancholy satisfaction in thus arranging them, so as to give a more natural and habitable appearance to the house of his captivity. He also suggested, with great success, the more abundant use of clean water; and the various improvements he made were so acceptable to the squaw, that she treated him with greater kindness than ever, and presented him with several articles of clothing for himself and Alice out of the same stores.

The weather became so sultry, as the summer advanced, that Philip found his cloth dress unbearable, and had thrown it off, though he had nothing to supply its place but the light hunting-shirt of

the savages, which did not accord very well with his dark hose and doublet. The first day he appeared in this motley attire before Alice, she laughed heartily, and was very sure mother would not have known her neat boy, as she always called him. Oneyda, who was present, took occasion to recommend a still greater transformation, which was nothing less than to metamorphose Philip into a young warrior. "My son is a brave; he has the heart of an eagle under his pale skin; he shall wear the paint of my young men, and lead in the hunting grounds of the Wyannows; the sun of the red man is hot; it warms him more than the white man's sun; Philip shall look as brave as he is."

Poor Philip was most unwilling either to look or act the part of a *brave*, but the chief would take no refusal, and upon this occasion manifested the high and resolved tone of command which he had before used to rescue his protégé from the thirsty knives of his warriors. His will was law, and he did not condescend to express it twice. With his own hands he painted and dressed Philip, who was so disguised that even Alice would not have recognised him, but for the thick clustering curls which yet adorned his ample forehead, and the pleasant voice in which he always addressed her. He had lost the long shining locks which his mother had thought so beautiful; but would not permit Oneyda to shave his head. He was the more reconciled

to the change in his attire, from finding it lighter and cooler than his cloth jerkin, and his limbs were more free. Altogether, the effect was so good that he found himself an object of much admiration to the Indians; and if their compliments could have atoned for his captivity, Philip had felt happier on that day than he had done for three months past: but as he folded up his rejected attire, he could not forbear sighing deeply, and acknowledged that now he had filled up the measure of his misfortunes, and made himself more than ever their prisoner, by thus assimilating his external condition to theirs. Yet, upon calmer reflection, he felt a degree of solid consolation in the recollection, that, though in appearance he might be as savage as his captors, his inward being was stamped with a different impress, as distinguishing as light from darkness. It was not that he considered himself made of better material than they, or, that in the sight of God he was more important. But though he acknowledged their superior physical endowments, he recognized within himself a power which raised him infinitely above them. He had higher aims and motives in existence, and had been nurtured in civilisation, and the principles of a revealed religion, whilst these poor uncultivated beings presented a constant and actual memorial of man's fall from purity; many of them scarcely removed from the degrading level of the brute—its superior only in the power of plan-

ing and executing evil. The savage had his enjoyments, but they were chiefly of an inferior kind; and disappointment, toil, and pain were his portion in common with the whole human race. He had, however, no consolation for the diseases of the mind. To bear torture unflinchingly, to cultivate a stoical indifference to the hardships of his lot and the fatigues of his wandering mode of life, to hate his enemy and accomplish a revengeful purpose, were the characteristics of an Indian, his principles, and the aim of his existence. The highest object of his ambition was to be distinguished as a fierce warrior and an inveterate foe. As Philip drew the contrast between his own character and attainments and those of his present associates, his heart relented of many of its proud and self-gratulating thoughts, and he became humbled under a deep sense of his own responsibility. Having been blest with so many and great advantages, it was his duty to regard their deficiencies charitably, and also to endeavour to lead them to a better and safer mode of life. But, was it possible for him, a poor helpless prisoner, ignorant of their language, and detesting their customs; was it possible for him to effect anything for their permanent good? If such might be the result, he should never regret having been torn from home and kindred; and the suggestion infused new energy into his mind. He resolved to cultivate every occasion that should pre-

sent itself to this end, and went forth from the wigwam of Oneyda to mingle in the sports of his young companions, with the calm and settled purpose of a benevolent heart.

Oneyda was much flattered by the urgent request of Philip to be taught his language. He doubted not that he was becoming reconciled to his situation ; and as he really felt grateful to the kind English family from whom he had received such unlooked-for hospitality, he was quite ready to repay it with an Indian's measure of recompense, which, in the scale of vengeance, far exceeded value received. Philip had great difficulty in acquiring the simplest sentences of the language, it was so figurative, depending much upon intonation and the imitative powers of the learner. But he persevered in conversing with Oneyda, and, at the same time, the chief improved in his English, though from increased facility in expressing himself, his translations from his own language became more and more extravagant in idiom and figure. His captive (for in fact Philip was nothing else) could not help feeling much interested in him ; his affectionate heart, prone to crave objects for its ardent emotions, turned towards this child of the forest with the impulses of purest benevolence. There was a rude grandeur in the thoughts and expressions of Oneyda that accorded well with the majestic dignity of his person, and through all appeared a perfect freedom

and independence that could only belong to one conscious of power. It seemed as if he had never been thwarted; and though nothing despotic or tyrannical ever escaped him, there was an evident sense of authority which led him to exact homage and deferential submission from all *who approached him*. This manner, accompanied as it was by many tokens of superiority to his savage subjects, invested the chief with a species of mystery in the eyes of Philip which heightened their romantic relation towards each other, and Oneyda was probably disposed to regard his protégé with an unusual portion of admiration, as he saw nothing in his manner of the servile and complete submission with which he was usually addressed by the young men of his tribe. The candour and independent bearing of an upright mind, indisposed to fraud and cowardice, gained the respect and silent homage of a man who had probably hitherto been a stranger to so worthy an influence.

In pursuance of his intention to gain information of Indian life and customs, Philip went much among them, and was always treated kindly by the people of the village, who regarded the protégé of their powerful chief as a friend, and one to whom they were bound to pay the most hospitable attention. In many of these visits Alice accompanied him, for he liked to hear her simple and often acute remarks upon all she saw in the strange scenes to which he

introduced her. One evening about sun-set they went together to visit a place which he had only lately discovered to be the burial-ground of the tribe. In many spots large mounds of earth had been made, covered with long rank grass, which added much to their melancholy and wild aspect. Here were no flowers or shady trees ; no tombstones such as they had seen in James Town church-yard, with their holy inscriptions and ages of the deceased ; here all lay heaped together, unmarked, unhonoured, and many unremembered.

“ Oh Philip !” said Alice, imploringly, “ do come away. I like not this gloomy place at all, it is so dismal ; and that woman does make such a frightful noise I am like to be deafened with her screaming.”

“ Poor woman !” replied Philip, “ she is mourning for her dead. We are in the burial-ground of the Wyannows. How different from the spot where our darling brother lies in the green above James Town, within the shadow of the chancel !”

“ And do the dead Indians lie here ?” asked Alice, drawing closer to her brother’s side. “ Oh Philip, do you think they are gone to heaven ?”

“ I cannot answer thee,” replied Philip, solemnly ; “ these Indians had no knowledge of God ; they never saw a Bible ; they were not baptized as we were into the Church of Christ ; they cannot therefore know the will of God. If we had been born

Indian children, we should never have had any of these privileges. How thankful should we be, Alice, that we were allowed to be children of christians!"

Alice looked grave, and a tear came into her bright eye as she said, hesitatingly, "Philip, then don't you think the squaw will go to heaven? And the little red baby, will he never hear the word of God; and can't he be baptized as our baby was?"

"Well, Alice, let us pray for them every day, that God will be pleased to bring them to the knowledge of His grace; that He will teach us what to say to them. When we can speak their language we must tell them of Jesus Christ."

They knelt down, and Philip immediately offered up a prayer in the language of the Collects for Good Friday—words which Alice was familiar with and had committed to memory.

As they quitted the burial ground to return home, they heard mournful cries from a number of women collected at the door of a hut, and Philip stopped to enquire the cause. They made way for him to pass, but he bade Alice wait for him whilst he went on to ascertain the cause of such distress. A young man, apparently in the last stage of consumption, and almost insensible, lay upon a mat; two conjurors were exercising all their arts to recall him, and as these consisted chiefly in shaking over the prostrate sufferer a variety of charmed snake skins and bear skins, Philip much feared that suffocation would be

the speedy result. The patient was passive from weakness or insensibility, but his long-drawn respirations attested his struggles and need of fresh air. Whilst his tormentors were performing their antics, his aged father and brothers stood upright against the rude wall of the wig-wam with fixed and resolute countenances, their feet close together and their arms folded. The eye of the old man alone betokened sense or emotion betraying the inward strife of nature with stoicism: it glanced restlessly from his dying son to the conjurors, as if to chide their mockery or want of skill, but he spoke not. Philip gazed compassionately upon all, and turned sadly away, aware of his inability to relieve or prevent the catastrophe so speedily approaching.

He led Alice from the spot, and hastened to Oneyda's dwelling. The following morning, when Philip entered the wig-wam to breakfast, he found Oneyda busily engaged in painting a number of black and white lines upon his arms and legs; his plume was resumed, and an attendant Indian presented him with two or three additional black feathers, and assisted his chief in the disposition of a few of his arms, some of which, being of English manufacture, neither of them knew how to wear. However, when his toilette was completed, Oneyda looked and moved a savage, and Philip could not glance at him without a shudder. The chief explained that they were about to bury a warrior, and

gave orders to his attendant to draw the same lines upon Philip, who did not venture to refuse ; and as there appeared a great diminution in their numbers the process was shorter, and he was soon released. When their morning meal was concluded he accompanied Oneyda to the burial-ground which he had visited on the preceding evening.

Many warriors were already assembled, and the chief took the place of honour among them. The old men stood with down-cast looks, awaiting the arrival of the dead. At length a mournful train appeared ; the body of the young man Philip had visited lay upon a bier borne by six of the stoutest youths. His brothers followed, but not with the step of mourners ; they walked firmly and erect, without paint or weapons, but as proudly as if they were accompanying some triumphal procession rather than the body of a brother to an early grave. The father had already taken his post among the group of old men, undistinguished from them by any outward mark of sorrow ; but as the young men set down the bier, he gazed fixedly upon the countenance of the dead. Worn by suffering and emaciated by disease, the shrunk and wasted form contrasted sadly with the arms and ornaments which so profusely decked its rigid limbs, and seemed but the mockery of life in death. But now a party of girls approached, strewing flowers, fresh gathered from the hill side spangled with the dew

of early morning, and scattered them abundantly upon the bier and corpse. One of them addressed the dead warrior as if entreating him to return ; she tore her long black hair, and clasped her hands, and wept and screamed in her frantic energy ; then, as if upbraiding him for his silence, turned away with a haughty air and flashing eye. Again she approached, and again bent over him, addressed to his lifeless ear tones of exquisite tenderness, and seemed to entreat his return with the gentleness of most patient affection ; then, as if she had found all unavailing, she drew back and rejoined her companions ; they commenced a chaunt, in which the praises of the youthful warrior were sung,—his swiftness in the race, his skill in the hunt, his valour in the fight, and his vengeance at the torture-stake.

Oneyda next addressed the assembly. His manner was by no means so urgent as when he pleaded for Philip's safety ; and after speaking for a short time in a cold and monotonous strain, he returned to his place. All eyes were now turned towards the father of the young man, who answered the appeal by slowly quitting his station amongst the elders of the tribe, and tottered rather than walked to the foot of the bier. He regarded the inanimate face of his son for some moments earnestly and in silence, the muscles of his throat were seen to work convulsively, as if essaying to do their office, but in vain ; and he bent forwards from momentary weak-

ness ; but however powerful might be the pleadings of natural grief within the father's heart, the stern requirements of a barbarous custom prevailed. It was his duty to relate the actions of his son, of the wounds he had received in battle, of the scalps he had won, of the captives he had made, of the scars he had brought home, and how long he had struggled with death. The old man found voice for all this, and went through the recital unhesitatingly till he came to the farewell address, which the funeral rites prescribed as the best dismissal of the dead to his new and last abode ; then his voice faltered, gradually losing its power and pathos till it reached a faint shrillness, when, at length totally overcome by emotion, the aged and heart-broken father abruptly buried his face in his mantle and retired. The body was laid in its grave, and the weapons of the deceased placed by his side in token of those he would need on his arrival at the happy hunting-grounds. When the earth had quite concealed his remains, the friends of the deceased withdrew, and the whole assembly quitted the burial ground as noiselessly and with the same order as they had entered it.

CHAPTER X.

How sad was Philip to lose the sunny days of autumn, the rich bright-colouring of the woods, and the balmy air of the *Indian summer* ! How would he linger in an evening with Alice by his side upon the banks of the stream and watch the sun set, to mark every cloud that moved across the gorgeous sky, clustering at length in such brilliant masses round the west ! How reposing every object ; how sheltered and how void of care ! As he thus gazed up into the pure heavens, he could not repress the yearnings of his soul to be far away ; to flee on the wings of a dove and be at rest. But even amidst such emotions and longings as these, his active conscience reproached him ; for why should he wish to be any where whither the providence of God had not led him ? He must not wish, or murmur, or question any thing beyond the probable. Some youths of his age would have worn themselves out in vain repinings and discontent ; but, though Philip

yearned for the rest of heaven, he blamed himself for desiring any thing which it was manifestly not the will of God that he should have. It was God's will that he should for the present be a captive amongst savages and endure privation and bereavement; and he felt it to be wrong to indulge, even for a moment, in any train of thought which might tend to weaken his resolution and fortitude. He began to reflect that he was now in a situation which, rightly considered, was one of trial and improvement; where it was a duty to profit by every circumstance that arose for his own good or that of others, and, with the help of God, he determined to submit cheerfully and resignedly to all that might befall him. He returned to the wig-wam on the evening of his seventeenth birth-day, after such reflections as these, strengthened for duty and comforted in mind, though the day had commenced sadly, bringing with it so many dear associations of his home and parents, and the fond recollection of his mother in particular, whose kind voice had always greeted him on awaking with words of love and solicitude. But now he was a prisoner, free indeed to be idle, to do all but leave his captors; however, he felt sure that his mother would not forget him, and thought with delight that she at least was free, and might at that moment be praying for his deliverance from captivity.

But thoughts of home were to be banished by a

hunt, and Philip anticipated a degree of pleasure from change of scene and occupation, as Oneyda had invited him to accompany them in their intended excursion to the prairies. On setting out, Philip gave Alice a strict charge to devote herself to the baby and Meeahmee, which she promised to do; and though she looked pensive for a few seconds after receiving his parting kiss, when he looked back he saw her laughing merrily at his expense; for, it must be confessed, Philip's attire rendered his whole appearance rather grotesque. The weather had become sufficiently cold to render a return to his former dress very desirable, and, painted like an Indian, he resumed his jerkin, which accorded little with the moccossins of deer skin and the rainbow hues with which his legs were adorned; and the skirt of his buffalo-skin hunting-shirt falling below the cloth jacket, gave a very singular effect to his figure, which excited the overflowing mirth of Alice. He answered her laugh by a smile and wave of the hand, and was soon lost to sight, though she stood looking towards the wood into which the party had plunged with the eager activity of men who are just commencing an agreeable expedition.

The party consisted of fifteen or twenty persons, and each was provided with arrows and long spears pointed with flint, more than one pair of moccasins, and a quantity of parched corn. The chief talked much to his followers, laying aside his usual

dignity of demeanour for the familiar tone and manner of a companion. Nothing could be more musical than his laughter, or more animated than his countenance in conversation, or more playful than his sallies, which were received with undisguised raptures by the rest, who seemed delighted to converse thus freely with their leader, and threw aside all their reserve and indifference, though none stepped beyond the line of deference so strongly defined by their relative stations. Philip had often heard of the obedience of the Indian tribes to their sachems and wise men, but he felt much surprise at the invariable submission manifested by the Wyannows for their chief, resembling rather the tutored deference of courtiers than the discipline of native warriors. Oneyda's manner had also on many occasions indicated the consciousness of power with the tone and spirit of a despot. He was certainly of high rank, and Philip was curious to know his real position and office, and especially his relations with English Virginia.

They marched westward and pursued the course of the stream, keeping upon its wooded banks as long as the path permitted; gradually, however, the trees thickened on both sides, and they went farther into the forest; but Philip had yet to learn the wandering and capricious plan of an Indian journey. They were not long in the wood, but emerged from it rather suddenly by a by-path

upon the banks of a river whose current was so rapid that Philip could not suppose it to be the same as that they had just quitted. Here the party lowered the bark canoes which they had borne upon their shoulders, and launched them; two entered at a time into each boat, and Oneyda beckoned to Philip to come with him. The invitation was gladly accepted, though he felt some alarm upon finding himself for the first time in such a mere cockle shell; but slight as these rude barks appeared, they skimmed over the surface of the turbulent waters, to which they were better suited than boats of heavier construction. They flew with extraordinary swiftness, and a few strokes of Oneyda's arm impelled his canoe with a velocity which carried it far ahead of its companions.

The chief looked enquiringly into his protégé's face, as if to ascertain what he thought of his novel position; and it was so new that Philip could not conceal the emotions of surprise and apprehension which it occasioned; but these feelings changed to awe and admiration at the scenery which presented itself at every turn. Now they entered a deep and dark enclosure of wild rocks forming a gigantic wall on each side and dimming the light of day; then suddenly shooting into a smooth basin, they beheld valleys opening before them smiling in all the beautiful luxuriance of nature, untrodden perchance by the step of man. Now they sailed under woods

whose thick boughs overshadowed the stream ; then turning another promontory, they came upon high and verdant banks, whose terraces were crowded with shrubs and trees, amongst which many a foaming waterfall was sparkling. Pine and fir intermingling crowned the loftier heights, whilst here and there the naked rock stood forth in defiance of Nature's bounty, its graver colours blending with the rich foliage above and beneath ; and in the back-ground towered the peaks of distant mountains, appearing in their lonely grandeur as so many presiding genii of the scene. The canoes bounded lightly over the small cataracts that sparkled in their way, and they approached the head of a rapid. Oneyda rose and guided the boat skilfully to the top of the fall, then, suddenly sinking, grasped its sides, and in an instant they were precipitated. The little vessel soon regained its equilibrium and the chief resumed his oar. Philip was much surprised as he measured the height of the rapid, and it alarmed him more to see the canoes in their wake falling with such amazing rapidity down the same descent. They resembled rather some pieces of cork thrown upon troubled water than boats capable of conveying two men safely over such perilous places. Oneyda was too busy guiding and managing his canoe to talk to his companion, but his eye still rested upon Philip's countenance, and he secretly enjoyed the surprise and apprehension it expressed.

At length, when the chief paused in his exertions, Philip ventured to ask him a few questions respecting the country and the people to whom it belonged.

Oneyda's lip curled at the latter enquiry, and his gaze dwelt proudly upon the magnificent scene, as he replied—"The land of the sun is the land of the red man; my fathers hunted from the great salt lake to the place where night is; they followed the chase from the shores of the big river to the hills where the sun sleeps, every night: and their children are free; they kill the deer in the woods, where the pale-face dwells, and the buffaloes on the prairies; and none say the land is mine. Why, does my son ask if the land is ours; we hunt where we will."

"You sold your land to the white man, did you not?"

Oneyda answered in a tone of disdain, "Our fathers never lived long by the shores of the salt lake, for they loved not those flat shores; they were warriors and hunters, and left their land to the pale-face; their heart was in the forest and on the prairies; Oneyda never took their presents."

Philip saw plainly that the Indian would scorn to acknowledge any deed of obligation between his race and the detested pale-face; he therefore changed the subject, and talked of something else. The chief seemed pleased with the courtesey, and gave various rude sketches of the history of his people, which his listener endeavoured to understand, though the language was often so figurative as to be to-

tally incomprehensible. But Oneyda was evidently gratified at the interest of his young friend, and in this way cordiality and intimacy were gradually ripening into confidence and affection. The second day of their expedition found them again in their canoes, and Philip was once more conversing with his captor on terms of perfect amity.

Encouraged by Oneyda's affability, he resolved to ask a question that had long trembled on his lips, and, though it cost him many efforts, he at length ventured to say, drawing nearer to his companion, and with an earnestness of tone and countenance that at once commanded attention, "Oneyda, were you of the party that destroyed my home and drove my father from his dwelling?"

The Indian did not immediately reply, but turned his head haughtily away like one who was not accustomed to be interrogated; but Philip remarked that his breast seemed heaving with irrepressible emotion, and it was some moments ere he replied, in a tone of sadness and with an air of injured dignity, his head still averted from Philip: "When Oneyda ate bread and drank water with your father he spoke words of friendship. An Indian will not sleep in the wig-wam of the white man and take his scalp on the morrow. My young men did foolishly; they knew not the resting-place of their sachem."

"Then you would have hindered that massacre

had you been there ; yet why should your young men have been without a leader,—they should surely have waited for their chief ?”

Oneyda resumed his former attitude, and bent such a gaze of scrutiny and severity upon the youth that Philip’s eye sank under it for a moment ; but, ashamed of thus quailing before his captor, he recovered his self-possession and said firmly, “Oneyda, you are a brave chief, and will not be angry if I ask you that question again, for I have long wished to know by whose authority I was torn from my home ?”

“We talk of these things at the council fire,” replied the Indian, gravely, “and why should my son ask ? When the hatchet of the warrior tastes blood it cries for more ; and why should my young men stay their hand ? They knew not that their sachem had a friend among their enemies, and why should they not strike ?”

Philip shuddered, but quickly answered, “If you count my father your friend, then I know you were not of that war party ; but, Oneyda, since you would have spared his dwelling had you been there, why will you not send me home to him ? He thinks me dead, let me then return to tell him what a friend you have been to me.”

“If your white father thinks you dead,” said the subtle savage, “he will not look for your return. No, Philip shall stay and be Oneyda’s son.”

The tears gushed forth from Philip's eyes. "Oh no!" he cried, "I can never become one of you."

Oneyda looked surprised and offended. "When my son was at the torture-stake, who saved him from the knives of his enemies,—who told my old men he was a brave,—who has given him food and brought him into his wig-wam,—who will make him a great warrior? Philip shall be Oneyda's son; Oneyda is a great chief; his enemies have never followed on his track in the forest, and who ever saw him in the white man's arm? From the swift river to the dark lakes Oneyda is a chief, and no one disputes his will; Philip shall be his son, and the eagle of his tribe will be his father. Has not Oneyda given him life?"

Philip could have reminded him that he too had probably saved his life when he took him starving and wounded to his father's dwelling, but was too generous to recall an obligation to another. Revolving the bitter thoughts which this decided communication had given rise to in his mind, he remained silent, mournfully regarding Oneyda, on whose brow a dark cloud had gathered. Giving a few rapid strokes with the oar, the chief caused his little boat to shoot far a-head of its companions, and when he thought himself beyond their observation, he laid a hand upon the shoulder of his captive and said, in a satirical tone, and with a gesture of contempt, "Can a brave weep? Women only weep!

My young men will despise their brother if they see his tears. Philip is Oneyda's son, and the great chief loves him, though he cannot let him go; what would my warriors say if their sachem lied? No, he said the boy is brave—he shall live, he shall be a great chief, and he shall lead us against the pale faces; the great king shall tremble when he hears this. But what would my warriors say, if Oneyda sent back the brave white boy? They would plunge their knives into his heart that he might not die like a coward."

"Think not, Oneyda, that I will ever lead your people against my own; never will I yield to your cruel expectations," said Philip, whose anger was now kindled by indignation at this last specimen of savage craft. The eye of the Indian gleamed fiercely, and his hand instinctively relinquished the oar and grasped a weapon. "Kill me, then," said Philip, passionately, "kill me at once, for I would rather die than live in such hopeless captivity. Cruel, barbarous wretch!"

Oneyda looked calmly, though with sternness, upon the boy, and recovered his oar; indeed he had been checked in the first risings of anger by the kindling countenance of Philip.

"No, no, he is mine," he muttered.

Philip understood these words, though spoken low and in the Indian language. They conveyed to him, in the most forcible manner, the dreadful

fact that he belonged to a savage master from whom it was impossible to escape. He saw nothing before him but a long and wearisome captivity, never to terminate but with death, and he sank back pale and silent into his place, overwhelmed with despair, and self-reproached for his impatient rashness. For the distance of many miles not a word was interchanged, and at length, the other canoes coming up, the whole party made for the bank of the river, and, mooring their little barks, stepped ashore and prepared to encamp for the night. The wretched Philip could not conceal his dejection, and stood apart from the rest plunged in melancholy reflections. "Alas!" thought he, "by my rashness and angry impetuosity I have made an enemy of Oneyda, and if he ceases to be kind then shall I be lost indeed!"

Long did he struggle with the tide of grief and passion that oppressed his heart, but when the shadows of evening drew closer and his now detested companions lay down to rest, he turned aside, and, as was his custom, knelt down to say his evening prayers. "I have done what I ought not to have done!" he exclaimed, and tears of penitence mingled with those of self-upbraiding and sorrow; and presently he rose with a heart lightened of half its burden, though still humble and pensive; his feelings towards his companions assumed a more charitable and forgiving character, and he overcame his

repugnance so far as to take his station amongst them, and even to close his eyes in the vicinity of Oneyda, and with his own shoulder in contact with that of a savage. He lay down but could not sleep, and knowing that they all took singular pleasure in hearing him sing, he raised his voice in the evening hymn he had so often sung at home, and though he faltered the melody made its way to Oneyda's heart, for he drew nearer and requested Philip to sing more. Whilst thus engaged, he thought he discerned some object emerging from the branches on their sylvan hearth, and presently distinguished the writhing and shining body of a large snake, which had probably lain torpid amongst them till awakened to consciousness by the heat.

The dangerous reptile was within a yard of the naked leg of a young Indian. Philip sprang lightly from the ground, and, dexterously seizing it below the head, with one blow of his hatchet destroyed it ere another could interfere. Oneyda looked on with much admiration, and the young savage, rising, thanked Philip with many expressions of gratitude. The snake was examined and found to be of a most dangerous species; but the incident caused no further commotion amongst the party, whose loud breathings now greatly disturbed Philip, who found it very difficult to sleep in the woods at night. These sounds were also accompanied by the notes of the whip-poor-Will and the cry of another bird which

was very plaintive and made him feel sadder. The bird was evidently near them, and its note awakened Oneyda, who had sunk into slumber. He started, and, turning to Philip in his usually confidential manner, said, in a tone of mystery, "That bird sings of death to the Indian; he comes to tell him that a warrior must soon go to the happy hunting grounds. My brother had been on his way before the sun wakes if Philip had not used the hatchet of the brave."

"Your brother! is that young man your brother, then?"

"Appomax is my brother, and he is a young warrior. He can bring down the flying birds, and knows where the deer hide. Philip and Appomax are the sons of the great chief of the Wyannows."

Philip sighed, but did not reply.

In the morning they once more took to their canoes, and the chief's brother rowed by their side, talking animatedly with him, frequently regarding Philip with an admiring eye. With this young man's manners and appearance Philip was much pleased, as they were less ferocious and much more gentle and modest than those of his nation generally. This day's sail was altogether more agreeable than that of the preceding, and Oneyda evidently condescended to conciliate his protégé, who felt, in consequence, less miserable. In the afternoon they reached a spot whose principal feature astonished

Philip more than any thing he had yet seen ; for a lofty bridge appeared in view, thrown across the river by a single though imperfect arch. Being the first bridge he had ever seen, he felt surprised that that one should be of Indian architecture. He could not imagine how it had been built, much less how it should ever have been projected by savages ; and the more he examined it the more wonderful it appeared. He longed to take a nearer view ; this, however, he feared was not to be allowed him, as the river became more turbulent in its course, and having ventured as far as they dared, the savages stepped ashore and drew up their canoes after them. Philip congratulated himself when he saw that they took the direction of the bridge, and, carrying Oneyda's boat upon his shoulder, followed their steps with alacrity. He soon had leisure to examine the object of his curiosity more minutely. It was high enough above the water to form a bold object in a scene of wild grandeur, and as the party in advance approached the supports they looked like pigmies in comparison. The bridge was formed of a very irregular arch, but strong and massy in its construction. Shrubs, and even trees, hung over it ; the base was of solid rock, much broken and covered with beautiful festoons of the Virginian creeper, which hung down in graceful wreaths of many a brilliant hue, mingling its gay colours with the tawny foliage of other trees and the rich mosses

with which these rugged bulwarks were covered. Philip stood gazing in silent admiration—he could not guess its height.

“Who built that bridge?” he asked of Oneyda, who was standing near him in contemplation of the same magnificent object.

Oneyda replied, with much reverence of tone and manner, “Can any tell who built it? The Great Spirit made the woods and the water for the red man, and gave him the great path over the river. My people say that He made it.”

“Then it must be a natural bridge,” cried Philip, springing forward to examine it more nearly. He scrambled down the rocks till he reached the river, and endeavoured to stand beneath the arch, but could not; he was therefore obliged to return without the satisfaction of examining its roof and sides, and soon rejoined his companions.

Their route now lay across the top of the bridge, and Philip noticed that the rock of which it was composed was even more worn in the exposed parts than in the sides and base, but could not account for the manner in which it had assumed its picturesque and magnificent form. He felt pleasure in looking down upon the rushing river from this platform. The figures of the Indians were less unpleasant to him in this scene of wild grandeur, and he thought he had never before realised the freedom and solitude of nature or its suitability to savage life so

much as in these almost unvisited retreats. His imagination became engaged, and for some hours he walked on without fatigue, his mind impressed the while with the novel and beautiful objects thus presented.

Three days of further journeying brought them to the prairies of the west, and here was another scene of striking character, calculated to attract his youthful fancy almost as much as that he had so recently admired; but wearied with the unusual degree of exercise he had taken, he could not even appear interested or sympathise in the animation of the hunters, who found themselves so near the scene of their sport. Oneyda deferred the hunt till the morrow, and they prepared to pass the night in the shelter of a little wood which skirted the south side of the plain. The moon was shining, and the long grass upon the vast surface of the prairie waved and nodded in the night breeze, and, catching the light, glistened with a tremulous brightness. But the scene was tame compared with the bridge and river, and Philip felt no disposition to admire it: he was glad to rest, and soon fell fast asleep by Oneyda's side.


CHAPTER XI.

THE morning sun rose brightly on the open prairie, and the first object which greeted the sleepy eye of Philip was its large and glowing orb magnified by proximity to the horizon, from which it seemed bursting, as if about to roll over the majestic plain. He turned on his side, shielding his face from the glare, and for some time lay dreamily regarding the surrounding objects, and vaguely conjecturing what those might be flitting or hovering near him under such grotesque and active forms. Consciousness gradually returned, and at length he started up wide awake. His companions seemed to have lost all their habitual lethargy and indifference; their gestures and tones expressed the most animated interest in the preparations for their coming sport. Many a dull eye lighted with expectation, and the rigid features of the most stoical were unbent into smiles of joyous eagerness. They stood in groups, all talking busily, and the gravely-polite demeanour

of one Indian towards another had given place to the ardour of this exciting moment. Every one was anxious to speak and to be heard. Some were employed in sharpening their weapons and throwing aside all that they deemed superfluous in their attire. Philip had retired to the privacy of the wood to perform his rapid toilette and to attend the better to his devotions; for these he never neglected under any circumstances, nor had he assumed the habits of an Indian with the dress of one.

Whilst his people were indulging in the glow of their anticipations of this most favourite amusement, Oneyda stood apart, apparently abstracted from the scene, his dark eyes fixed upon the horizon, probably considerably anxious to give Philip a little more time for resting himself after the unusual fatigues of yesterday's march. Some of the less loquacious of the party occasionally looked at their chief, as if to give him an intimation of their impatience to proceed, but Oneyda appeared to observe nothing.

Though Philip used all speed, he was much later than the hunters approved. They had said all they wished to say; their preparations were made, and they cast many restless looks in the direction of the wood, considering every moment's delay as so much lost time. Whether Oneyda's curiosity got the better of his consideration, or thinking his favourite had been long enough, he at length quitted his post at the foot of a tree and went to seek him. Philip



had just concluded his prayers, and paused ere he rose from his knees; then, rising, he resumed his weapons with a sigh, and turned to leave his retreat, when, to his surprise, he beheld Oneyda standing at a little distance, and doubted not that he had been a witness of his devotions. The chief returned his expression of surprise with a look of cold scrutiny, and if he had not felt embarrassed and distracted by this intrusion he might have discovered traces of ill-concealed wonder upon the features of the almost noble-looking savage.

“My young men are swift hunters; they wait; they ask for my son. Will he stay upon his knees all day, like the bear that creeps? The Great Spirit loves a good hunter; he hates the idle. Does my son listen for the tramp of the buffalo upon the leaves of his hiding-place?”

“Oneyda,” replied Philip, gravely, “my God will not bless me or do me any good this day if I do not ask Him. He is a great and holy Spirit, who is not so much pleased with the customs you think are pleasing to Him as with humility and obedience to His commands.”

The savage interrupted him with an exclamation of surprise, and, not comprehending Philip’s explanation, asked, “If Wacondah were not the Great Spirit of the pale faces?”

“No, Oneyda! you have never heard that great name. The God whom we worship is He who

made the earth, the red man and the white; He is called the Lord Almighty! and with habitual reverence Philip bowed as he spoke.

"My son speaks low," replied Oneyda, laying his hand on the youth's shoulder, unconsciously awed by his solemnity of manner. "Does Philip think that the red man and the white man have the same Great Father? Go, go! my son is very proud; he says there is only one Father of life; but the Indian has Wacondah, and the white man has his God."

Philip did not pursue the conversation, but rejoiced that Oneyda remembered even the name he was so anxious to teach him. The savage turned to depart, saying, "My son shall tell me of his God in the long nights when the snow is round the wig-wam of Oneyda. My young men wait; let us go."

Philip's heart throbbed, but with far different emotions than those which agitated his companions. He went forwards with a light foot-step, looking upon his conductor with a new sentiment, wherein hope and interest were mingled, and he longed for the dark nights of winter, that he might impart to Oneyda the truths of his own sacred faith."

The party set forth, and they all seemed sensible of the freshness of the air and the agreeable elasticity of the atmosphere. Travelling farther west, they entered upon still vaster tracts, pathless and

unbounded but by the horizon. It was a singular but dreary scene. Not a tree was in sight ; nothing relieved the monotony of the landscape but the blue sky, over which bright clouds were sailing, their fantastic shapes changing with every gale and brilliantly reflecting the splendour of an October sun. The grass at times nearly reached their shoulders, and the light tread of the Indians seemed hardly to crush it to a level on the path they had made amidst its rankness. The party often halted to look around them, or to listen if there were sounds upon the plain ; they conversed occasionally, but, although every heart was beating high in expectation of their dangerous sport, no countenance betrayed the slightest symptom of disappointment or of impatience. Oneyda walked among his warriors as a familiar friend, talking animatedly ; and Philip was much struck upon this occasion with his agreeable appearance and the gracefulness of his gestures. All seemed interested in what he was saying, and frequently repaid his sallies with uncontrolled laughter and significant nods of approbation ; but suddenly the chief paused and stood still ; their mirth ceased, and they also stopped, whilst Oneyda bent towards the earth and then lay flat among the grass for a few seconds with his ear to the ground, as if listening very intently. His acute sense of hearing had not deceived him, for presently a cloud of dust arose in a corner of the horizon and extended over

that side of the plain. It appeared to be approaching them rapidly. The Indians threw themselves down, and Philip followed their example. The grass was so tall that they could sit upright without a head appearing above it, though the shortest of the party stood erect to gain a better view of what was coming. The cloud which had been seen in the distance came nearer and nearer; a noise resembling thunder was heard, and then a mighty trampling. Hundreds of buffaloes were on the plain, racing over its untrodden grasses in all the freedom of their reckless natures, wild and savage as the scenes through which they roamed as sole proprietors.

On they came tossing their heads, jostling one another, shaking their huge flanks, and bellowing loudly. The effect was terrific and stunning. If they should take the direction of the ambush of the hunters, nothing could protect the latter, they would surely be trampled to death; but the Indians evinced no apprehension, and retained their covert position. Philip peeped through the grass and obtained a view of the herd which was now approaching; his heart beat quickly, and he closed his eyes with a sudden sensation of faintness; but recovering, took courage and re-opened them, impelled by an irresistible curiosity to watch the progress of the terrible foe. The earth seemed to tremble beneath the tread of so dense a body; and what resistance

could be offered by the little band to their dreadful numbers? At length Oneyda raised himself from his recumbent position till his head just overtopped the long grass, though his person was entirely concealed, in order to take a view of the herd. The animals were very near: he signed to his companions, who sprang up and rushed forwards in various directions, shouting and throwing their arms into the air, clashing their weapons, and using every means in their power to frighten the startled host. The effect was as instantaneous as wonderful; the buffaloes were thrown into a panic and divided; file after file scampered past the hunters, and the whole herd diverged over the plain. Those nearest to them, bewildered by the sudden shock they had received, though at first so madly bounding forwards, had been checked effectually by the cries and menacing gestures of the party. A few stragglers, bolder than the rest, remained at bay, and these it was Oneyda's right and duty to attack. His rank entitled him to this dangerous privilege, and he advanced alone to the charge. The foremost buffalo received an arrow in his flank, and, rendered furious by the wound, came rushing towards his assailant, tossing his huge and shaggy head and bellowing loudly, whilst he trampled the long grass beneath his hoofs. The danger appeared imminent, but Oneyda sank quietly to the earth, and the enraged animal, still plunging onwards, passed within a yard

of the spot where he lay. He was soon upon his feet again, and drawing another well-aimed shaft, his victim fell, tossing and struggling, to the ground. Upon this, the sport became general. Nothing could exceed the ardour with which the Indians pursued this their favourite amusement, and the character of their whole proceedings was totally different from the spirit of their ordinary conduct. Here they seemed to have thrown aside entirely their usual coolness and wariness. Feeling themselves at liberty, on the prairies they yielded to the excitement of the occasion, and were continually running into risks and dangers, which, had they been spectators of instead of actors in the scene, would have caused them surprise if not contempt at such hot-headed rashness. Philip took little part in the sport, and indulged in similar reflections, marvelling at the complete change it had effected in his phlegmatic associates: he attached himself to the chief's side, occasionally aiding him with a few strokes of his hatchet. The whole plain re-echoed with the shouts of the hunters and the roars of the dying or infuriated animals.

The sport was considered excellent, and entirely free from accident; their prey was worth the toil, and the flying herd having vanished, the party remained masters of the field, highly satisfied with the day's work.

CHAPTER XII.

THE dreary months of winter came at length ; dreary, because to Philip they brought the cheerful memories of past years with painful vividness before him, and in bitter contrast to his present position. Sadly he walked through the woods all bare and leafless, rendering the scene of his captivity still more desolate. The cold was not intense, but the cheerlessness of domestic objects made winter appear more dreary than it had ever done before. Often did he wander by the stream which watered the valley with languid step and dejected mien, his eyes seldom raised from the ground, and his whole manner indicative of sadness of spirit. Philip was weary of his captivity, and his patience often wavered ; the firm and constant courage he had proposed to himself yielded too frequently to the depressing circumstances of his lot, and he was fast approaching to a settled despondency. The society of Alice became a burden to him, and he preferred his soli-

tary rambles where he could indulge in melancholy without the interruption of her lively prattle ; for the little girl had no intention of nursing care of any kind, but had thrown away sorrow, and reconciled herself most happily to her new mode of life and the companionship of savage playfellows. Her brother was too conscientious to neglect her entirely, but he felt a strange unwillingness to exert himself, and unconsciously suffered the weeds to accumulate in her mind which he had so fully resolved to eradicate. Philip was in fact nursing and feeding his misery to a degree that made it doubly unendurable.

But from this unhealthy state of mind, so different from that which has been recorded of him on the eve of his birth-day, he was recovered by a new train of thoughts arising from a providential circumstance. Christmas day arrived, and he awoke to these painful feelings in the gloomy light of a winter's morning. As usual, he called the name of the day to his sister, who slept in an adjoining apartment of the hut. The twenty-fifth of December almost died upon his lips, but he added in a firmer tone the hallowed name with which the Church and antiquity have long invested it; and then came rushing as a flood over his saddened spirit the recollections of the last sacred festival, where and with whom it had been passed ; this happiest day of all the year to the young people of the Fair Meadows, a day which he had been so early taught to regard

with reverent joy. Upon that day the neighbours of the Fair Meadows had been accustomed to assemble at one another's houses in turn, on their return from church at James Town, to dine at a general table and enjoy the common blessings of their lot; not to spend it in idle festivity, but in useful conversation and the interchange of cordialities, which left a deep impression upon the minds of the young people, who, when the less grave engagements were ended, stood up to be catechised, and severally received rewards: those who had gained the best characters were commended, and the more thoughtless reproved, and admonished to do better.

Philip had ranked first among the boys of the Fair Meadows, having always borne a good character; and praise had not injured him. He had been taught to examine and try the ground of his actions by a much stricter rule than the judgment of those who could not see his heart; and these occasions were to him as humiliating as they might have been gratifying to many of his age less acquainted with their own hearts, or more easily satisfied with the measure of their attainments. But how often had Philip stood with downcast eyes and blushing cheek to receive the commendations so publicly bestowed upon him! How well he now remembered the figure and benevolent countenance of his grandfather, who, as one of the elders of the

colony, took a prominent part in these proceedings! The tremulous accents of his voice returned to his ear, and he beheld the upraised eye and supplicating countenance that turned to heaven whenever he laid his aged hand upon the head of any; but that look and voice could never greet him more on earth! And how sweetly did his mother's image rise before him, smiling so fondly upon her son when others praised him, and by that glance of sympathy and happiness re-assuring him when so bashfully shrinking from observation! But now he had none to speak kindly to or to feel with him,—none like Rachel More or his father to give him faithful and judicious counsel. Oh! he had lost all!

The poor captive covered his face with his hands, and gave way to the troubled feelings which overwhelmed him. The past brought torturing recollections, from contrast with the present; and resignation and hope seemed for awhile to have given place to despair. Captivity was intolerable, and Philip thought he would rather not live than continue in such an unhappy condition. But the voice of Alice again recalled him, as on a former occasion, to a sense of duty and exercise of self-control. She came up to the door of his little dormitory, which opened into the village, and assailed it with so much resolution that the fastenings would have yielded, had not Philip started up and hastened to assure her that he would soon be with her. The incident,

slight as it was, produced a good effect upon him, and reminded him that he had some reasons and inducements yet left for life and for a more patient endurance of captivity. Alice was happy and apparently indifferent to it; and why? chiefly, because she was becoming reconciled to a savage life, and found all she needed in the society of her young companions.

The brother and sister met in the wig-wam to share their Indian breakfast of homony. Unpalatable as it was, Alice had brought in a good appetite from her morning ramble, and Philip felt reproved for his indolence when he observed the advance which the sun had made in his course above the hills of the eastern horizon.

“And where hast thou been, Alice?”

“Oh, I have been down by the river side, helping Maneecho to launch his canoe; but the water is frozen over, and I could not get a sail.”

“Thou hadst better not sail without me, Alice; but when breakfast is ended we will go into the wood together and walk to the farthest clearing. I want to talk about home to thee, and of the church at James Town. This is Christmas day.”

Alice pouted, and, colouring deeply, went on with her breakfast, and did not reply.

“Nay, Alice, what ails thee? Surely thou wilt come and hear of home, and talk of all we did this day last year?”

"I don't want to talk of home, Philip; it is no use; and I promised to have a play with the children, and Maneecho is going to teach me to shoot. I don't want to go into the woods this morning."

Philip gravely regarded her. "I wish thee to go, Alice; and I am sure father and mother would not like to see thee playing to-day, or learning to shoot arrows with Maneecho when I wanted thee to go with me."

"Indeed, indeed!" said Alice, angrily; "I don't see why you should not let me play to-day; we cannot go to church, and we have no books. I am ten years old, Philip, and I am not going to do what you say always;" but she did not venture to withdraw the hand which her brother had taken. He looked at her sorrowfully, and sighed. Nine months of association with the wild children of the Indian village had not improved Alice either in character or appearance. She had lost the orderly habits in which her mother had so carefully brought her up; her curls were still beautiful, and nothing seemed capable of robbing her complexion of its delicate fairness, but her dress was untidy and soiled, and her moccasins full of holes. Her countenance had lost much of its mirthfulness and vivacity in exchange for confidence and haughtiness, which dispositions were but too much encouraged by the passive obedience yielded to her will by her companions, who regarded her as a superior being, and

permitted her to rule in their games with undisputed authority: she was acquiring a decision and wilfulness of temper very contrary to the docile and gentle character her parents had so earnestly desired to cultivate. As Philip marked her curling lip and sparkling glance of disdain and impatience at the restraint he desired to impose, he sighed more deeply, and self-reproach, mingled with regret, for having allowed himself to be too much engrossed by his own sorrows instead of devoting his attention more assiduously to Alice. Whilst he had been wasting time in lamenting the misery of their captive lot, he had but augmented its evils in neglecting his young and volatile companion.

“I am sorry, Alice, that thou art unwilling to hear about home; for I thought it would have been very pleasant to us both to talk of the Fair Meadows and James Town church, and father and mother and little Margaret. To-day they will stay to take the Holy Sacrament, and I am considering who will take care of baby as thou didst when Bridget used to stay. Baby will miss his little nurse. How pleased thou wast, Alice, to take charge of him, and sing him to sleep and make him happy while mother and Bridget were away! And this day last year, how well do I remember, Alice, grandfather gave thee that pretty hood from England, and thou wert on his knee all evening stroking his long white hair and calling him ‘dear dad.’”

Alice looked down, her varying colour denoted that she had still more interest left in her home than she had before acknowledged ; but she turned her head away and began to play with the jagged corner of the buffalo coat which the squaw had made for her as a protection against the winter's cold.

“ Yes, Alice ; and dost’ remember how last Christmas day, when we had all said our catechism, and thou hadst been praised for thy comely behaviour in church, that Rachel More kissed thee and patted thy head, and said, “ May God bless thee, child ! Ah ! our dear friend is gone now. And then when we all sat round the fire, what a happy party we were, throwing on the hickory till it blazed so bright and high ! Grandfather kissed thee, and said thou wast his own good little damsel. He will not say that again, Alice ! And father and mother looked on and smiled so lovingly ! ”

This last appeal was not made in vain, and the simple eloquence of her brother penetrated with the power of nature into the very heart of Alice. He had stirred the slumbering feelings of natural affection which had for a while lain dormant there, and though she stifled her emotion as long as she could, they were too powerful to be controlled, and, throwing herself into his extended arms, she hid her face in his bosom, and sobbed and wept as if her heart would break. Philip did not attempt to check the current of her sorrow ; he thought it better that she

should yield to the touch of Nature, and strove not to interrupt this overflowing of pent-up emotions. It lightened his heart to find that Alice was not wanting in affection for those she had been torn from, and that in her's was a chord still unbroken, which, if touched skilfully, would vibrate in sympathy with his own.

Whilst the brother and sister were thus engaged Meahmee had been observing them with much attention; her own eyes were moistened at sight of Alice's grief, and, unable to bear it any longer, she approached and said, in her native language, which Philip could understand,

"Why does the golden-hair weep? she is Meahmee's own child; what shall her mother bring to dry her tears? Philip has spoken angry words; let him go. A brave is too fierce for a dove; let him go."

"No, my mother," replied the youth, addressing her by the name she had assumed when they were brought prisoners to her hut, "you are wrong; Philip loves his sister; he talks to her of home, of her father and mother, and she weeps because she cannot go to them. Meahmee knows that she is right to weep for the wig-wam of her father."

Meahmee comprehended, and replied quickly: "The golden-hair weeps for her father and mother and the children who sleep in the wig-wam, but they cannot hear her; they do not see her, and they

know not the speech of their Indian children. Let my children stay, and they shall have corn and water; and their skin shall be red, like the children of the eagle, and my brothers will love them. Meahmee has a wide heart, and she loves her white children."

This address was most gratefully received by Philip, who valued the simple affection it manifested; but Alice, though tenderly embraced by Meahmee, was inconsolable. The sorrow which had been stirred within her did not subside till Philip thought it advisable to subdue it. Her affections had been dormant, but their existence was proved; and however cold or indifferent she had appeared to be, she had shewn that she yet retained a fondness for those dear and nearest friends she had first learnt to love and value: though the experiment cost her pain, Philip was not sorry to have made it. They passed the day together, and in the evening Alice sat pensively by the hearth, her face resting on her hand, and the mirthful light of her eyes quenched for a while by the tears she had been shedding and which still occasionally suffused them.

Philip retired to rest with very different feelings that night; and new thoughts took the place of the troubled emotions of the morning. Though none were near to uphold and comfort him by counsel or commendation, he felt that there was yet one source of solid consolation left him in the continued reflec-

tion that he had yet *one* Friend who would never forsake, whose face he could not now behold through the providence that shrowded his present fate, but who loved and spoke to him through the medium of conscience in tones of gracious encouragement; for Philip had made better resolves, and taken the first steps in his new course of conduct, and conscience whispered approval of those resolutions.



CHAPTER XIII.

ONEYDA had been absent for some weeks upon a war excursion, from which he was daily expected to return, and Philip began to wish for his coming. He had not found many opportunities of making further explanations of his faith to the savage; and though he sought such conversations, the chief appeared anxious to avoid them, or had become indifferent to the subject. Meahmee was more interested, and listened with the attention of deep curiosity to Philip's details, his history (in language the simplest he could use) of the creation and fall of man and the birth and death of the Saviour of the world, which the squaw gave ear to very much as queens and princesses of old might have done to their bards and minstrels, not realising the truth of the story, but finding in it agreeable food for the imagination. Philip was led to most sanguine expectations of her conversion to christianity by the unaffected interest she manifested in his efforts to

instruct her. She was a simple-hearted and untutored child of Nature, with a mind utterly unaccustomed to thought upon any subject; and though her countenance expressed greater softness and intelligence than the hard-featured and inanimate faces of the Wyannow women, it was rather the intelligence of feeling than of mind. Association with the English strangers had already improved Meahmee, and she thought Philip the wisest and most extraordinary of beings; it was, indeed, matter of ceaseless wonder to her how the young pale face should be even wiser than her grey-headed father, the renowned Tallassee, Sagamore of a neighbouring tribe; a chief much esteemed amongst his people for discretion and sagacity.

As Philip was anxious to acquire more of the Indian language, he often applied to her for instruction, and she felt much gratified in being thus appealed to, telling him very readily the names of different things, and in return requesting to be taught them in the Yengee tongue. The domestic economy of a squaw was very simple, and Meahmee had many idle hours, which she had been accustomed to spend in talking with her neighbours, or reclining upon a mat in summer in the shade, and during the winter by the fire. She now passed the time in a different manner—in learning English words, or in teaching Alice to weave wampum, or to fabricate the more delicate and beautiful ornamental dresses

of a chief in the dyed porcupine quills and feathers, which formed so striking an effect when tastefully arranged. She also showed her how to weave baskets and mats of the twigs of the sumach and the long thick reeds which grew upon the bank of the river; and the little girl did not enjoy these hours of industry more than Meahmee, who was delighted with the interest and skill manifested by her pupil; and the great object of completing a new hunting-frock, richly embroidered and ornamented, for the chief on his return, was at length accomplished, and the little fingers of Alice had mainly contributed to the work.

But the little girl was not always at work; she found time for active sport, and Philip could not help smiling to see her sometimes assuming the airs and authority of a drill-sergeant, turning and marshalling a troop of swarthy children like a company of recruits, admonishing the inattentive and awkward with a long stick, pulling their long black hair, or calling out angrily to the disorderly. The grave warriors could not forbear a relaxation of their rigid muscles at sight of the fairy figure of Alice flitting around the little troop, her cheeks glowing with exercise, and her bright eyes flashing with animation and eagerness to make them do just as she pleased, vociferating her orders in the imperious tone of a commanding officer; indeed they began to do her credit and marched in tolerable order.

Their parade ground was the green of the village, or square, as it might be termed ; and one day whilst thus engaged, the young recruits were interrupted by the unexpected return of the war party from a successful expedition,—a band of a hundred warriors or more, with Oneyda at their head. Before him were carried on a pole the barbarous trophies of his victories.

The chief walked proudly, but not more firmly or elate than the captives who followed him ; though painfully bound and fettered and surrounded by a ferocious guard, unarmed, and in prospect of a merciless fate, they were erect and indifferent.

Out rushed the women from their dwellings ; and the children, quitting their sports, joined their shouts to those of the crowd which now thronged from every part of the village, all uniting in every symptom of savage exultation, and tossing their arms frantically in the air in anticipation of their future enjoyment—the torture of the unhappy captives. The expedition had been one of great danger against a tribe which had remained faithful to its treaties with the English ; a formidable chief was now in the power of his enemies, and no torments were exquisite enough for the gratification of their revenge.

The scene so nearly resembled that of their own peril that Philip's heart sickened at the contemplation of it ; and Alice, so lately sporting and elate

with her superiority over her playmates, ran towards him with a blanched cheek and quivering lip. The cries of the children and the ferocious gestures of the warriors and women had struck terror into her heart and startled her from the dream of empire in which she had so unconsciously been indulging.

"They will not harm *thee*, Alice," said her brother, fondly kissing her: "come, let us go into the wig-wam; we shall be far better out of their way."

Alice submissively followed him. They found Meahmee at the entrance with her child in her arms, hushing him, for he had awoke from sleep at that wild cry, and was not to be pacified; he was calmed, however, on the appearance of Alice, and began to play with her long curls as he was wont when he wanted amusement. Philip was glad to find that she had not gone out to meet the war party, and thought there was a shade upon her joyous countenance which he had never observed before. Her gaze was rivetted upon the form of her husband, and she looked as if she would have drawn him from the group if a glance could have brought him; but when she turned her eyes towards the captives, they seemed to glisten with a new emotion. Perhaps it was pity awakening in her bosom—that strange and unknown feeling from a savage to his foe. Philip regarded her with interest and in silence as she stood with her baby hanging over her shoulder unconscious of her burden, her thoughts

absorbed by the yet distant party. At length they moved towards the centre of the green before the council lodge, and then Meahmee turned and said, abruptly,

“My son is not with the warriors; why does he stay with the women? Oneyda’s enemy is at the stake; my son must go.”

“No, my mother! my heart is a white man’s; I love not the torture fires, and those poor men are not my enemies.”

A sigh escaped her as she replied, “When the warriors came back from battle, Meahmee was a swift fawn, she ran to the prisoners, she made their hearts pale, they were afraid when she looked at them; but now her heart is white too, and she stays with her white children;” and Meahmee looked down, as if ashamed of her confession.

Philip smiled. “Oh my mother is wise; it is not for women to be with the warriors at the council fire. Let her heart soften towards the prisoners; see, they are taking them to the council lodge.”

Meahmee’s eye rested once more compassionately upon the prisoners, and Philip continued, “They have wives in their wig-wams and a baby like our own baby, my mother; they will never go to them again; and their wives will weep for them, as Meahmee would if Oneyda were to go and not return. I know that my mother’s heart weeps for these men, though there are no tears in her eyes.”

Meahmee hastily retreated within the shade of her dwelling. She was ashamed to shew so much sympathy for her husband's enemies, and this last appeal had affected her anew to tears. Who can tell what was the luxury of these dawnings of compassionate feeling towards those she had been taught to detest!

But the council was held, and the captives were condemned, and their torture-fires lighted. They were tied to separate stakes, and each seemed to emulate the example of the other, so undauntedly they behaved. Philip sat in the wig-wam with Alice by his side, endeavouring to engage and divert her attention; but she was aware that some deed of horror was going forwards, though she saw it not, and her countenance betrayed every alternation of her feelings: as each shout of the barbarous victors rose in the air she started and the colour left her cheek, and at length she stopped her ears to shut out, if possible, the terrific sounds. A hasty step was heard, and Appomax entered the hut.

"Come, my brother!" he exclaimed, breathlessly addressing Philip, "Come, take your hatchet and knife; come, see how brave men die! The chief of the Black-feet is at the stake, but his heart is stone; he does not feel the knives of my people; let my brother come, and he will tremble."

"I cannot go with you, Appomax, for he is not my enemy, and I would not see him tortured for

the world; and do you stay with me, Appomax. What harm has he done you, that you should join in these cruelties? If you are my friend you will do as I do. Lift not your hand against brave men, who cannot help themselves; that is not like a warrior."

Appomax heard him with surprise, and turned away. Meahmee would have spoken, but another yell rose in the air and the young Indian hastened from the wig-wam, fearful of losing the important moment for plunging his weapon into the expiring foe.

The captives, after enduring the measure of their enemies' malice, had perished. Why dwell upon the horrible theme? Thankful should we be who have read and know somewhat of the cruelties of savage warfare and savage vengeance, that such is not our own lot; that we, by the good providence of God, who made all men and appointed their habitation, were not born of Indian parents or nurtured in the customs of barbarism. But it must be told, that Oneyda took little part in these horrors. He stood amongst the old men, apparently unconscious of the ferocious exultation of the yelling multitude. It might be that compunction struggled for the first time against the strong current of habit, pride, false shame, and a savage nature. He did not join in the taunts and scoffings with which they reviled their defenceless prisoners, but he stepped

forward once to offer the brave and detested chief his life on condition that he would accept of adoption into their tribe and become a Wyannow warrior. The proposal was rejected with scorn, and the proud victim expired at last, but without giving his enemies the slightest cause to triumph over his weakness. The inactivity and apathy of Oneyda was attributed to a well-timed exercise of self-denial and the magnanimous motive of preference for his people's enjoyment rather than his own; or, it might be, that he did not consider the Black-feet chief a foe worthy his weapon, as, in fact, the chief of the Wyannows was much more powerful, and, from the respect shewn him by his people, must have been of high rank among the native sachems. As soon as the prisoners had breathed their last, he withdrew to his wig-wam in deep thought, his dark countenance clouded with ill-concealed disgust and sadness. Meahmee kept her station upon the mat which lay before the fire, and rose not to greet her husband. His recognition was, however, kindly, and then the young wife sprang up with joy sparkling in her eyes and presented her child with much animation to his father. The chief pressed it tenderly to his heart, and then returned the frightened infant to its mother. A few rapid words were exchanged, and Philip's name was mentioned. He stepped forward and offered his hand to his host, who received him with

as much cordiality as suited the dignity of a great warrior in presence of a woman.

"My son was not at the torture fires," he said in English. "Does a brave stay with the women when his foe is dying?"

"My Indian father knows that I hate the sight of cruelty, and since I could not save those unhappy captives I would not look upon their sufferings," replied Philip, boldly, a deep flush of indignation colouring his whole face.

Oneyda did not reply but by a look of surprise, and turned away to conceal a faint smile of admiration. His wife had already prepared their simple meal, and they sat down together upon the benches which Philip had constructed during the chief's absence. Alice was all happiness; she could not help jumping up before she had finished to run away and get the hunting-shirt which she was so impatient to present to Oneyda; and Philip felt a secret astonishment at the courteous and complimentary manner in which he instantly accepted it, throwing off the one he had then in wear and putting on the new, at the same time bestowing many endearing appellations upon Alice, who clapped her hands [in an ecstasy of joy when she saw Oneyda attired in her handywork. Meahmee was quite as happy, and the chief all politeness and affability. This little incident had evidently gratified his feelings, and called forth new acts of attention and

kindness. As the brother and sister rose from dinner, as it might be called, and Philip was preparing to go out, Oneyda laid his hand upon the youth's shoulder, saying, in a low tone, "Go not, my son; night will make all dark, then you may go; you must not see my people now."

Philip took his place again by the fire, and Oneyda resumed: "It is well; my son is wise. Now I shall tell him what will make his heart very glad. When the white men were upon the trail of my warriors, Oneyda walked free among their villages; he never forgets a friend; he saw your father, he spoke to him, he told him that his children were well."

"You saw my father, Oneyda! and spoke to him! how could that be?" cried Philip eagerly, and, forgetting in the surprise which this information occasioned, the peculiar sensitiveness of the chief when he supposed his veracity doubted.

"Oneyda never lies!" replied the chief, with dignity; "he saw Henry Randolph, and he spoke words of friendship to the pale face."

"Oh!" exclaimed Philip, the tears suffusing his eyes as he spoke, and his heart beating quickly with the varied and tender emotions which the name of his father awakened, "You know my father, Oneyda, and you have seen him many times, I know: tell me how he looked, and what he said, and if he is well; and my mother ——"

Oneyda said little, but he spoke in friendly tones, "Why does my son ask what were the words of his white father? The red man may not stay in the sunshine with the pale faces; they have made him like the timid deer that flies to the woods when he hears the steps of man. The Yengee has hunted Oneyda for long days and many nights; but who can find the nest of the eagle?" He added, proudly, while his dark eye sparkled with mingled passion and scorn, "No! there will be many suns and moons in the sky before they tread upon the track of ——." He checked himself, as if suddenly recollecting a forgotten rule, and, starting up, abruptly quitted the hut, leaving Philip in a state of mind far from enviable.

The village was silent when evening's shadows fell around it and the early winter's night commenced. When Alice had retired, Philip took his accustomed walk, and bent his steps towards the wood. The moon was shining brightly over the tops of the naked branches, which were elegantly and clearly outlined upon the grey sky, standing out with the vivid pencilling of Nature from its soft mysterious depths. He felt soothed by the mild radiance of the firmament, and the keen night air soon exhilarated his frame and restored his languid powers:—the events of the day had almost stupified him. But, as he passed the still smoking embers of the torture fires, his heart once more sickened, and he paused a

moment, then, shuddering, quickly turned from the spot. Yet the sufferers were released from the cruelty of their relentless foes; they were beyond their power, and those fast-decaying embers were unconscious of the ignominious doom to which they had been consigned. Savage malice had exhausted itself in refusing the rights of burial to the dead, and nought remained of the renowned chief and his companions but the smouldering ashes, which the first breeze would scatter to the heavens.

“Ah! what is man when left to himself,” thought Philip. “What pleasure can one human being derive from witnessing the agony of another? And Oneyda, too; he could be thus destitute of humanity! And shall I never escape from such a den of cruelty as this? And yet, if civilized christians were never to make their way here, they could neither be humanized nor converted, or made better than they are. I am too selfish towards these poor savages.”

At this moment a tall dark figure crossed his path and stood before him. “Oneyda!”

“My son wanders from the wig-wam of Oneyda, he is tired of his red father,” replied the Indian in a tone so sad that it went to Philip’s heart: “What has the great chief done? Philip hides his heart; there is a cloud over it now.”

The youth answered with emotion, turning and pointing towards the smoking stakes, “What has Oneyda done with his captives? It is this sight

that makes my heart so sad and under a cloud to-night. Oh! Oneyda, why should a brave chief like you torture your poor unarmed prisoners?"

The Indian waved his hand with an impatient gesture. "Philip thinks he is the only wise man amongst my people. Oneyda killed his enemies in the fight; but when my young men lighted the torture-fire my hatchet was in the ground. Oneyda will not torture. He said, 'Great chief, be my son;' but the heart of Mahuree was hard, and his spirit a great way off, and he died when my young men bade him. Oneyda is the eagle of his tribe; he flies to the sun; he does not stoop to the crow."

Philip gathered from this address that the chief disdained to torture an enemy his inferior in rank, and regretted to find that no better principle withheld him. They walked on towards the woods, and had not proceeded very far when Appomax joined them. The young Indian was anxiously seeking his friend, to gain an explanation of his conduct that morning; and this induced Philip to speak of his principles, and that it was his religion which rendered him averse to every deed of cruelty.

Appomax could not understand the word cruelty, and Philip had some difficulty in explaining its meaning, and still more to make him apply it to his own actions; but Appomax had a reverential affection for Philip, and regarded him with superstitious

confidence ; therefore, though he could not understand the reasoning of his friend, he doubted nothing of the truth of his statements. The attention with which he listened to his youthful teacher might have been a useful lesson to many more civilized but less simple than the untutored Appomax, who, in listening undoubtingly to the wondrous story of God's power and providence in this world, his love to man, and the holy law which he had given for man's conduct and happiness, was unconsciously performing an act of faith which it could please God to bless to his soul. In subsequent conversations Philip found little difficulty in impressing the mind of Appomax, who promised to yield with all the enthusiasm of an ardent nature to the new and elevating impulse given by the persuasive accents of truth, but his real progress was slow. He was led much by affection, but his mind was utterly ignorant, and, like Meahmee's, unused to reflection ; nor was his memory as retentive ; but Philip despaired not. To him it at first appeared wonderful that these people who roamed at large through the magnificent realm wherein the power of God is so openly displayed, should have formed so few ideas of a pure and perfect Being. He thought they might have read something of Him in the beautiful world that surrounded them, as he had often done ; but he forgot that such knowledge was not derivable from mere observation, and that he had been taught from

infancy to attribute all things to God, and to know that He had framed and created all.

The works of the Almighty do assuredly speak of His power when He has been revealed to his creatures, and this is their chief office ; but the history of heathens, in every age, plainly shews that ideas formed of God from creation only, are very inadequate, and incapable of giving to man just conceptions of a Supreme Being or of his requirements from accountable creatures. From the idolatry and superstition so prevalent upon the face of the whole earth, we may learn how far man has wandered from the simple and spiritual in religion ; then how thankful should we be, as was Philip, that we have been taught early the existence of a Holy God and powerful Saviour, have attained this knowledge without any difficult process of reasoning, and have meekly received as our best earthly heritage the revelation of His will. How highly should we prize that Holy Bible which Philip so longed to read in once more. It was well indeed for him that he had committed so much of its precious truths to memory, and that he held the Prayer Book in such reverent estimation. Many of its offices were known to him, and so fearful was he of losing any of these mental treasures, that he made a point of repeating them to himself either in the solitude of the woods or by the river's bank, or at night when he walked out in the starlight, surrounded, as he loved to think, by beau-

tiful and holy spirits, who were watching him with interest, and whose offices he felt ensured to him whilst encompassed by so much danger, and for so long as he should lean upon the divine protection. At such times the solitary Philip was far from feeling sad: his feelings were gradually acquiring independence of all outward circumstances; he was beginning to derive his chief happiness in other than external resources. There was profit in self-communing, and the simple materials of Nature furnished him with an exhaustless store of thought:—the sky, the forest, the beautiful scenes around him, the birds, the animals—all afforded him unalloyed enjoyment: and if he found no human heart or ear entirely to sympathise with his pleasures, he could at all times lift up his voice in accents of gratitude and praise to Him who had not left him desolate in that moral wilderness, and whose Spirit dwells wherever the devout heart will worship.

Philip had not long exercised himself in self-communion ere he discovered how little he actually knew of his own heart; and he never returned from more active life to the retirement of his solitary rambles without deeper convictions of this very truth. Every day's experience confirmed it,—that intercourse with beings so distasteful and uncongenial was so unendurable that he was only too anxious to avoid them, and was growing selfishly fond of his own society; first, because it enabled him to

gain more self-knowledge, and, secondly, because it rendered captivity more tolerable. Still this was not motive sufficient to shun society and withdraw himself from every opportunity of doing good to the ignorant beings he had resolved to instruct. But how was he to do them good? He knew not; and principally because he really knew very little of himself. If Philip had been left to the happy tranquillity of undisturbed domestic life in the Fair Meadows, he would have grown up a good and amiable man, romantic but inactive, rather passively excellent than useful; but now he was called upon by the voice of conscience and the powerful consciousness of superiority to his present associates to exert himself for others and to do God service. After much thought upon the subject, it appeared to him better and wiser to commence the work patiently and obscurely by endeavouring to influence those immediately around him. The wayward Alice, the simple Meahmee, the ardent and affectionate Appomax, and Oneyda, were unquestionably the first and nearest objects of his solicitude, and in them was evidently centred his sphere of duty. But could he hope to gain the haughty and indifferant Oneyda as a patient listener, when, after so many attempts to secure his attention, he had discovered him to be deeply abstracted and even unconscious of his presence? He thought that no plan he could fix upon for his good would be more

effectual for the present than to regulate his own temper, to set an example in his own conduct of the principles he wished to inculcate, and, above all, to pray daily for direction in his duty and for spiritual blessings upon his companions.

It will not have been forgotten that Oneyda deferred more serious conversation with Philip on the subject of his religion till the winter evenings should arrive, when, by the wig-wam hearth, the white boy was to tell him of the God of his fathers; but, during the beginning of the winter the chief was absent, and not until the evening so lately described had any such converse taken place between them. From that night may be dated the missionary labours of Philip Randolph among the Indians of the West. Their tribe is now extinct; their name expunged from the civil charter of America; so that it cannot be ascertained what sort of people they afterwards became; but at that time they were a cruel and warlike race, of which the Wyannows were the most civilised.

When night set in and the cold winds blew fiercely without the wig-wam of Oneyda, the inmates drew around their central hearth, and though the smoke of the chief's pipe blended with that of the piled-up fuel and escaped as it could best find vent through a hole in the roof, the interior was neither comfortable nor unpicturesque. Meahmee, busily plaiting reeds, or assisted by Alice dressing the porcupine's

quills for dyeing, sat upon a mat before the fire, her child sleeping in a corner, while Oneyda reclined upon a pile of skins and furs, which a modern trader would have envied—the most luxurious couch of a warrior; Appomax, a frequent visitor, seated upon the ground with folded arms, and dark wondering eyes fixed upon the countenance of Philip, who, with an arm thrown around his sister, and sitting upon a low bench of his own construction, in these moments often forgot the weariness of captivity; they were the sweet drops mingled in the bitter portion allotted him, and, whilst talking to Appomax with a fluency that increased with practice, he lost all consciousness of the savage scene in which he was acting. He did not always restrict himself to one subject. Appomax shewed much interest and curiosity respecting the settlement and the habits of the English; he felt great desire to visit them, and asked many questions as to the way thither, which Philip could not answer, and which Oneyda never replied to. Meahmee too, shewed by her artless and almost childish expressions of wonder and delight, how much interest she felt in hearing of Margaret Randolph's housekeeping, but especially of her loom, which was the most extraordinary and inconceivable thing she had ever heard of. These fire-side conversations were insensibly working changes in the minds of the simple natives. They served to bring them in contact with civilisa-

tion ; presenting objects new and striking, and leading them by degrees to emulate all they heard, and to long for the same happy condition. It gave them also very great consciousness of Philip's superiority, and so agreeable did he thus become that in spite of his pride, Oneyda himself was not proof against the charm, and though he seldom joined in the conversation, the abrupt and laconic questions with which he occasionally interrupted it, evidenced an interest and attention highly flattering to the youthful speaker. These meetings were held in the wigwam every evening, and Philip thought he was doing good. Thus occupied, his heart felt lightened of half its sorrows, and at night he retired with feelings more resigned to his lot, and cheered by the efforts he had been able to make for the good of others.

It was not to be expected that Oneyda always intended to leave his adopted son behind him in his various excursions ; Philip was of an age to take a more active part in these expeditions than merely to stand by and watch the preparations for war or the departure of the warriors. He thought it now time for him to come forward and shew that he still possessed the brave spirit which they had at first admired in him. Philip had not a few enemies among the Wyannows ; there were very many of his companions who secretly hated the favourite of their chief, and eyed the stranger with dislike and sus-

picion. They had frequently expressed their opinion that he was no *brave*, but loved walking by the river much more than handling a weapon. But, either these aspersions never met the ear of the chief or he was indifferent to them ; for he continued to speak of his protégé in terms of affection, and was evidently proud of the treasure he possessed. In those moments of private and domestic intercourse, when unrestrained by the observation of others or the formal and ceremonious requirements of Indian dignity, he would throw aside the stoical reserve of his race, and talk to Philip in the free and confidential tone of a father addressing a favourite son. On such occasions Philip was often made aware that Oneyda was his inferior. Though the Indian possessed knowledge that sometimes surprised his young companion, and uttered sentiments far in advance of his age and nation, they were of the kind least likely to be appreciated by a youth who knew little of real life and nothing of the actual position of the chief or of the sources of his information ; but Philip, whilst he knew his own mental and moral superiority, was despondent of imparting any ; and, moreover, the better he became acquainted with Oneyda the less hope he felt of ever rendering the influence he possessed available to the regaining of his own freedom.

Oneyda must not now be called a savage ; he had not thus long associated with so intelligent a

English intruders, and so great his infatuation respecting Philip, that he could not refrain from discoursing upon his hopes to those elders of the tribe who were already prepossessed in his favour ; and their opinions coinciding with his own, Oneyda could not entertain a doubt as to the delightful realization of all his wishes.

The tribes of the west were resolved to throw off the yoke of the English, whose presence and occupation of the eastern shore formed a continual source of disquiet and mistrust to them ; and they longed to drive them entirely out of their country. Though the latter did not pretend to exercise any authority over the Indians, it was unendurable to a free and roving people to behold in their wanderings the far-spreading settlements of the stranger extending over their plains and by the banks of the fair-flowing rivers they called their own. Their efforts to exterminate the whites had been but partially successful ; hundreds had fallen under the murderous tomahawk, but many were still firmly established among them, and though driven from the scattered settlements, they were become only the more formidable in their collected strength at James Town, further sheltered by the vicinity and alliance of a few tribes which still remained faithful to their terms of treaties. These Indians were particularly obnoxious to their countrymen, and against them were the first operations of the hostile tribes to be directed.

Oneyda was still in the prime of manly vigour, and his faculties were remarkably acute. In all that concerned the freedom of his country he had ever stood forth as an upholder and defender. Raised to a high station, he had made his name dreaded far and near, and in the ears of his people it was synonymous with valour and victory. He had never entered into friendly relations with the English; and it could not be alleged that he had at any time courted their favours, whilst he had always inviolably kept faith with them.

He had long viewed with dissatisfaction the alliance of a neighbouring tribe with the English, and thought that if these people could be subdued it would not be difficult to compel every other to espouse the national cause, and then the destruction of their common enemy was ensured. Already had he carried terror into the villages of a people who had been guilty of leaguings with the pale face, and forced them to relinquish their alliance; and the fame of this exploit had reached the ears of Sir George Yeardly, whom it prompted to more decisive conduct than was at all consistent with his usual policy. It is very unpleasant to record so disgraceful a fact, and yet too true, that many secret councils were being held about this period in James Town for concerting a plan of vengeance for the fatal day of March, when such numbers had lost wives, husbands, parents, and

kindred, and many bewailed the captivity of children, whom they could not hope to see again. Whilst they were thus agitating projects of revenge, Oneyda was making every exertion in his power to crush them entirely.

It was a moment of almost delirious joy to the haughty chief when summoned to receive the deputies of his allies in the council lodge of the village. Philip remarked with surprise and interest the high degree of order and ceremony maintained upon this occasion, and the deference paid to the messengers, more than is usually bestowed upon the ambassadors of modern princes; but that which most astonished him was, the lethargic composure of Oneyda, whose dignity did not allow him to shew the proud joy he felt at being thus honoured. He sat apart and abstracted, though occasionally his eye glanced towards the envoys with intelligence, as if to intimate that he was perfectly conscious of all that was passing, but that it suited not his present pleasure to reply. They made their oration, and the old men returned an answer through one of their body. A long pause ensued, but Oneyda was still silent. The assembly were in suspense, and the younger warriors who could not imitate the stoical indifference of their seniors, looked anxiously and imploringly at their chief, but he rose not. The messengers maintained the calm and patient dignity suitable to such an occasion. Nothing had been omitted on

their part; the wampum had been presented and the pipe smoked; they must now wait till the great chief should condescend to speak.

At length Oneyda rose; he considered that suspense had rendered them sufficiently deferential, and doubted not that he should be most attentively listened to. His attitude was majestic as he waved his powerful hand towards the assembly; and then, drawing himself up to the full height of his noble figure, he folded his arms and uttered a few words in a low tone. Every one bent forwards eagerly, but he relapsed into silence, and they were again plunged into the agonies of suspense. Oneyda's eye surveyed the scene from beneath his long lashes, and his lip curled with rapturous pride at his power. He knew that he held a steady sway over all. The old men stretched their necks and raised their hands to their ears that they might the better catch the longed-for utterance: but not yet. Oneyda's erect attitude relaxed; he sank into a reclining posture. The pause that ensued was only disturbed by the quick breathing of restless and suspended spirits, who were gasping with ill-repressed impatience to hear his words. Once more he looked round; he saw the day was won. Eloquence would have been wasted; he held every mind present within his influence.

Suddenly starting from his post, he stepped forth with animation in every feature, and, throwing up

his arms in the air, uttered a few sentences in a tone that shook the rude rafters of the building, and made many a heart within it beat quickly. His oratory was not ineffective; none would have dissented from him who had just been ruling them with so subtle and wonderful a spell. The shout with which the first burst of eloquence was received resounded through the lodge, was caught up by the crowd of women and children without, and, after lasting a few seconds, gave place to a stillness that, by contrast, seemed supernatural. But when the sounds had quite ceased, and the ardent young warriors looked at their chief, he was calm and silent as the air around them. Having resumed his former attitude, he prepared to receive the replies of the envoys. They were in accordance with his wishes; the alliance was entered into, and its details considered; the obligations of each party were defined, and arrangements made for a future expedition. But Oneyda had yet another matter to bring forward; one which evidently lay near his heart; for he appeared struggling with feelings too powerful for utterance. Catching a view of Philip, he motioned him to his side, and the countenances of the messengers expressed their surprise at the youth's attire; for though he wore the short buffalo robe and weapons of a young warrior, his head was not shaven, and, to the initiated eye of a native, many deficiencies were observable: they knew him at once to be a stranger.

Philip stood meekly by Oneyda's side, quietly awaiting his commands, and not sorry to have a nearer view of the deputies.

Oneyda commenced a more elaborate discourse; first alluding to the injuries inflicted upon their race by the pale face, he called the attention of his auditory to the shameful appropriation of their own broad lands by the detested intruders, and insinuated his dread lest they should become too powerful to be checked:—these enemies must be driven out; their alliances with the neighbouring tribes must be broken; they must be gradually weakened and perpetually harassed till they quitted the shores of the red man's free land;—but there was one of the children of the Yengees who would never lie down in the wig-wam of his fathers. Oneyda laid his hand upon Philip's shoulder, but the youth started; for he had understood this last allusion, and shrank from the ordeal through which he feared they would make him pass to adoption and nominal freedom. The chief introduced his protégé to the assembly, commending his brave heart and wise head, and concluded by assuring them that he would soon have a red skin like the children of the sun, who looked kindly upon the pale face since he had made his dwelling with the sons of the eagle. In the enthusiasm of the moment, Oneyda went on to anticipate the day when Philip should lead the Wyannows against the Yengees. But first he must learn

their method of warfare and follow Maneecho, a brave young chief, on the track of the false-hearted Dahwyotti; then would his arm be strong for his red fathers.

The latter part of this speech was spoken so rapidly that Philip did not understand it, and his attention was rather diverted from its meaning by the new appearance Oneyda assumed during his exciting speech, and the gestures with which it was accompanied; but he entered much more fully into his intentions when the crafty chief changed his tone of passionate energy to one of quiet but equally imperious character, with a manner of perfect indifference as to the reception his proposition might obtain. He asked his young men how they should like to have Philip for their companion in the approaching war excursion, but in a tone of curiosity rather than of earnestness; and, as if he deigned not to wait for their answer, went on to assert still more decidedly his own confidence in their perfect willingness to receive so distinguished an associate. The proposition met with applause; many a hand was thrust forwards to grasp that of Philip, who could with difficulty resist a powerful impulse to rush out of the crowd and flee far from its hateful atmosphere. The vociferations were deafening, and he could hardly endure the gaze of the admiring multitude, who seemed to vie with each other in doing honour to the favourite of their

mighty chief. Oneyda next turned to Philip, and his manner instantly changed to one of gentleness and courtesy. It was felt to be far preferable to the annoying attentions of the savage crowd, and Philip regained much of his lost composure whilst listening to the familiar accents of his protector.

"My son," said the latter, addressing him in the softest intonations of his musical language, "my son will be the young eagle of his tribe; he will fly upwards as I have done, who am the father of my young warriors. My son shall take up the hatchet and lead to the track of the false-hearted Dahwyotti; they shall not see his pale skin under the paint of a Wyannow."

Philip did not reply. This was a position he had never anticipated. Oneyda again invited him to speak: "My son can speak with the tongue of his red fathers; he is very wise, but he is braver than all the children of the Yengees. Women only are silent, but a brave will speak in the lodge of the old men."

"What can I say?" asked Philip, in extreme perplexity, but resolving to use nothing but English on this occasion.

The assembly appeared disappointed, and Oneyda felt at a loss how to bring his protégé to the point. Another pause ensued; and at length a tall young Indian arose from the centre of the crowd, and raising his hand with a gesture of contempt, stood con-

fronting Philip with a gaze of disdain and anger. Philip recognised him immediately as the leader of the party who had carried away himself and Alice captive from their home. Having obtained permission to speak, Maneecho exclaimed with much vehemence that Philip was a coward and had the heart of a pale face. He detailed, with all the malignant colouring he could impart, how Philip had remained in the wig-wam when their last prisoners were tortured, and uttered his accusation in a tone which betrayed the inveterate hatred of a jealous heart.

Oneyda looked anxiously yet proudly at Philip, as if to assure him that he had no suspicion of his want of bravery; inviting him by his encouraging glances to clear his character from so disgraceful a charge.

Philip considered that the moment had arrived for speaking boldly, though he apprehended no danger to his person. He looked up, therefore, and answered in a firm tone of voice, and in English, "I am no coward; but I will not fight against the Dahwyotti; they are not my enemies."

All turned to Oneyda for an interpretation; but he was silent from astonishment. Appomax, who had been for some time intently watching his friend, now glided through the crowd, and making his way to the side of Philip, whispered in his ear, "Say you will fight, my brother; your heart says no, but let your lips say yes—only yes."

"No, Appomax, I must not tell a lie; I never will fight with your people, or against them; and my lips shall not speak what my heart forbids."

Appomax turned towards the assembly, and, overcoming his agitation, took upon himself the office of interpreter, saying, "My brother is very brave, but he has never been on the trail of our enemy, and he cannot sing our war song; he has never taken a scalp, but he will learn when my brothers teach him. Can the young eagle fly to the sun till the old bird has taught it? It follows, and then it can fly down alone. Let the Yenggee go with us, and he will learn to fight like our braves."

Philip waited to observe the effect of his friend's appeal, but his enemy rose. "If the pale face will go and fight against the Dahwyotti, we will call him brave; but if he will not smoke the pipe he is a coward. If he cannot speak with the tongue of a red man he can smoke."

"Let him smoke," said the old men, who were now beginning to take a lively interest in the affair.

The pipe was presented to Philip. Appomax bent forward eagerly, as if his all were at stake; but Oneyda leant moodily against one of the rude columns of the building, and averted his eyes from his favourite. A shade of gloom had overspread his countenance, very different from the bright and lofty expression it had so lately worn; and from his short and hurried breathing, it was evident that he

struggled with emotion which was almost irrepressible.

“ Let him smoke if he is brave,” cried Maneecho, in a taunting tone.

The pipe had been presented to Philip, but he pushed it from him ; then looking around and seeing the state of commotion into which the assembly were thrown by this act, he stepped forward once more to the side of Oneyda, and said in the Indian language, “ I have not told you any lie ; a white man thinks it wicked to fight like his red brothers. My God is a good and holy God ; He hides His face when men are cruel ; He speaks to me now, and I must listen to His voice. My lips cannot speak when my heart is silent. Wyannows, I will not fight with you.”

Appomax sighed deeply ; he could not understand so strange a conduct, and the greater part of the assembly were silent and disappointed ! The old men applauded the honesty and bravery of the youth, who was not afraid to stand forth boldly and alone to justify his conduct, and many of them would have suffered the matter to rest there ; but his jealous enemy had stirred up a few spirits malignant as his own, and a cry was raised against Philip that must have reached the ears of Oneyda, but he stirred not.

“ He must die if he will not fight,” cried the angry few. “ He is the friend of our enemy if he is not the enemy of the Dahwyotti,” said Maneecho.

"True," repeated the old men ; "if this young stranger will not fight after being adopted into the tribe, he is our enemy and not a friend. Yes, yes ; let him smoke the pipe."

There was a pause of some moments, and still the youth remained firm to his resolution not to act a fraud ; the remonstrances and pleading glances of Appomax were vain ; and another cry arose in the assembly, while every fierce spirit was roused at the undaunted firmness of their helpless captive. Many threatening gestures were used by the younger party, and some approached nearer, commanding him to smoke or die. But Philp retained his composure. Turning to Oneyda, he said in English, "Can you not help me, Oneyda ? Will you see me in such danger, and yet stand silent ? Speak for me now, and I shall escape."

Oneyda pointed to the pipe ; thus expressively intimating his counsel and wishes.

"Oneyda ! is this your friendship ? Will you see me die before your eyes ? I cannot smoke the pipe ; for that would be to act a lie, and that is sin against my God."

This appeal was unanswered ; and some of the more violent among the crowd thus seeing that their chief appeared indifferent to the fate of his adopted son, were emboldened to rush forward and seize him, intending to drag him out to immediate execution. But a flash from Oneyda's dark and gleam-

ing eye warned them of their temerity, and they hastily let go their intended victim; however, they hoped much from the decision of the old men, who were deeply pondering the matter. Philip had been formally received into the tribe, and though Oneyda had as yet taken no step to save him, they demurred about giving him up, in dread of the displeasure of so powerful a chief. But at this juncture Oneyda appeared as utterly abstracted from the scene as if his bodily presence were withdrawn. He started, however, when Philip again addressed him in a tone of thrilling energy; for the youth felt the extremity and peril in which he found himself.

“Oneyda! why do you not help me? You are a great chief, and one word from you would save me.”

How changed was the countenance of the haughty chief as he turned to his protégé! The gloom of deepest dejection now clouded it, and his tones were so plaintive that they might have conveyed the sorrow of his heart to his countrymen, had they understood the language in which he spoke.

“My son, Oneyda cannot help you! These are not my people—Oneyda has no people. He reads your heart; he knows you are brave. But why does my son listen to that voice now? The knives of my young men are greedy; they cry out for the blood of the Yengee. Does your God tell you not to do a thing which would save you from death?”

Philip felt pleased in the midst of his trouble that Oneyda should remember the great name he had so wished to teach him, in connection also with a principle of action, and he replied with an eager smile, "And if he does, my father, will you believe me when I tell you that I am now doing what I think would be most pleasing in His sight?"

Oneyda suppressed a sigh, and what he might have said in reply was interrupted by the shouts of Philip's enemies, who were augmenting every moment; but against this storm the innocent object of their hatred was upborne by Him whose strength and protection he had sought daily in prayer, and who did not leave him in this extremity. An old man now arose and spoke a few words, which were received with deference by the assembly, though in opposition to the now almost unanimous opinion. It was therefore agreed, that the contumacious captive should be confined in the prison-hut for the present; and that when the war party were ready to set forth he should have the same alternative presented to him, but upon a second refusal should die as decreed, and by the death of a coward. "Brave men," said the old man, "only are worthy of torture; one stroke of the hatchet will find the life of a coward."

This was esteemed highly insulting and reproachful; but Philip, who did not entirely understand it, bowed to the old man respectfully, and this action,

slight as it was, gained him approbation. Now it was that Oneyda seemed to think himself called upon to act the part of an impartial spectator, and to shew that the duties of a chief were not forgotten in the partiality of the friend. He gave his orders, and a few of the younger warriors advanced to the spot where Philip stood, and taking from him his weapons laid them down at their sachem's feet, who signed to him to depart. His heart sank within him as he passed Oneyda, who gave him no token of interest or regard; but Appomax pressed his hand in the crowd, and Philip read in the glistening softness of his dark eyes the eloquence of a heart fondly devoted to him; and thus was he led through the crowd of warriors, women and children, to be placed a second time in the hut which had received him little more than a year before a desolate and bereaved captive.

When the last measured footsteps of his savage conductors had passed away, and Philip found himself alone in his prison, the door fast closed between him and the cheerful light of day, he stood for a few moments striving to realize his position,—but only for a few moments; all was vague and uncertain,—nothing was so painfully impressed upon his mind as the fact that Oneyda, his sole protector among the savage multitude, had deserted him. But one resource still remained: he knelt down calmly and solemnly to pray. Soon did he become

abstracted from the outward scene ; its turbulent activity was all unheeded ; whilst the savage crowd were equally unconscious that the victim of their malice then lay calm and prostrate before his God upon the rude floor of his prison.



CHAPTER XV.

CAPTAIN PRESTON had escaped the pursuit of his tormentors and reached James Town, though in such a state of exhaustion that he lay long afterwards upon the borders of the grave; but when sufficiently recovered he soon devoted all his energies to the affairs of the colony, which were much deranged; and indeed the whole community had received so a terrible shock in the fearful calamity which had befallen them, that the horrors of the general massacre had left an impression upon the minds of old and young which it was scarcely possible to efface. But however this species of torpor might paralyse the majority, there were yet a few bold spirits left, who, prompt and skilful in action, guided public affairs, and turned their attention to remedy the evils which pressed so heavily upon the settlement.

Sir George Yeardly sent for and early received fresh supplies from the mother country; the gar-

rison was augmented, and the drooping spirits of the colonists revived as the sense of safety returned; they now felt protected, and began to settle themselves anew in suitable situations, preferring those nearest to the shelter of James Town.

Whilst others were thus engaged in planning and arranging their concerns with renewed hope and energy, the Randolphs were quietly living in temporary quarters in the little town; and though they knew that many were suffering the same calamities as those they mourned, they could not sorrow the less for the treasures they had lost.

Nine months of bitterest suspense had passed over their heads, and Henry Randolph felt the blow even more keenly than many of his neighbours, for he had obtained the tantalising knowledge that his children were alive, but in the hands of savages. It was a bitter pang to him to reflect, that Alice, his darling, the delight of his eyes, and, unconsciously, the idol of his heart, would soon forget the habits and maxims of the education he had been so anxious to instil. Knowing her volatile disposition, he feared lest she should grow up in heathen darkness, and become attached to Indian life and manners. It was also a severe trial to have lost his son, a youth of such promise; he feared much for him, that he would prove too feeble for all that he had to endure, and his heart bled at the thought that Philip might fall a prey to savage

cruelty, or to the many severe trials of his lot. Margaret shared not all the suffering of her husband's mind; he could not bear to tell all he feared, but his anxious countenance and frequent sadness betrayed the state of his feelings to her eye of affection. She thought it her duty to hope, and to encourage hope in his heart; she cherished the slightest probability in favour of her children's escape; and she bore her trials so meekly, and with such true christian fortitude, that the glimpse of her sweet and placid countenance was the most cheering of all greetings to her husband, when he returned from his labours. Much of her comfort was derived from the character of her son, and she was worthy of this consolation, for never did mother study more solicitously to acquaint herself with the dispositions of her children, or pray more constantly for their spiritual welfare than Margaret Randolph. Though neither clever nor accomplished, she possessed a strong mind, sensible views, and much thoughtfulness, indeed every quality necessary to the lot which had been appointed her. Her chief desire was to fulfil the duties of a christian matron, and if she had not been a christian she could not have borne her present trial so cheerfully.

Captain Preston had brought the first news of the safety of their children; at least he had seen Philip alive, and thought him in no peril; but of the fate of Alice they were uncertain, till one night

Henry Randolph received an unexpected visit from the Indian whom he had so hospitably treated at the Fair Meadows. The stranger informed him of his children's safety, that they were well, and kindly entertained by a great chief, who had adopted them into his tribe, but he would not tell the place of their captivity or the name of their protector. It was in vain that the anxious parent entreated to be made acquainted with these: the Indian would tell no more, and departed as abruptly as he came. Henry determined to follow and detain him till the information was given; but the stranger moved quickly, and upon reaching the river's side a canoe, manned by four dark figures, was seen in waiting. It would have been madness to attempt compulsion, and Randolph was obliged to relinquish his intention. With a sigh he saw them receive their companion into the boat and push from the shore. But as they rowed into the current, a tall figure rose in the boat, and, waving his hand in the direction of the bank, said, in English, "Henry Randolph will never hear the voices of his children in his dwelling again; but they shall be safe in the wig-wam of Oneyda."

The canoe glided rapidly over the stream, and the unhappy father returned to his dwelling more miserable than before. Yet Margaret found comfort in this circumstance such as she had not derived before except from the Throne of Mercy, whither she had so often carried her burden of sorrow.

Their children were alive, and in the keeping of one whom they had befriended. She considered the attention thus paid them a singular but reasonable proof of the good intentions of the chief whose captives they were, in sending an especial messenger to acquaint them with their safety. Their boy was prudent and revered God, and loved the principles of their church ; she doubted not that he would gain favour and influence where he was, and in good time be restored to them. Yet Margaret had her secret moments of intense affliction when the yearnings of Nature pleaded for her lost ones ; and when her husband was absent, and her children sleeping, the faithful Bridget would sometimes find her weeping, though at the same time seeking comfort from the Word of Life.

One morning Henry Randolph was called to council, which he had seldom attended of late, and when he entered the hall where the members held their meeting the governor did not immediately recognize him, he had grown so thin and care-worn ; suffering had traced some of her intelligible characters on his brow, and, as he walked towards the upper end of the apartment, Sir George remarked with regret, that he appeared both lame and feeble.

“ I fear you do not find yourself so well, Master Randolph ; pray be seated. You seem somewhat weary ; these March days are fickle as April.”

“ I have not quite recovered from the wounds I

received a year ago," replied Henry, gravely, "and much fear they will accompany me through a weary life; but the will of God be done!"

"Well, well! my friend, I feel for you; those were bad wounds of yours a year ago, but the matter won't be mended by dwelling upon it. We must take life as it goes; that must we. You'll not be lame all your life, depend upon it. No, no! all cloud just now; but sunshine will return, doubt it not."

The governor spoke rapidly, but the husky tones of his voice denoted how much he felt for the misfortunes of Henry Randolph. The latter replied with a struggle for composure:

"We must take every thing unquestioning from the hands of the Lord. His providence ordered the blow: shall we not receive evil as well as good from Him? I am weak from my wounds still, Sir George; but my heart is sadder this morning than I like. 'Tis the room that unmans me. Last year, the very day before the massacre, we held council, and your excellency gave audience to _____,"

Ah! true, my friend,—to those rascally Indians; the knaves! Well, I'll have a care they don't abuse my trust in that way again. I wish I could catch that crafty villain Opecanoff; but I think he's made of something more invisible than air, as slippery as volatile mercury. Send where I will, the man is

no where to be seen ; and just when I would lay my hand on him he vanishes. But I forget to tell you, Master Randolph, that we meet to-day to consider some matters of reprisal."

" Reprisal ! Sir George ; how so ?"

" Nay, nay ; that face of your's augurs ill for the unanimity of our counsels to-day. Well, sit you down, Master Randolph, and the business shall be opened. Gentlemen, I am ready and impatient to hear your deliberations. Captain Preston, favour us with your scheme ; and you, Captain Smith, we hope will introduce us to your's anon : " and the governor took his usual place under the canopy at the head of the table.

Many busy heads were clustered, and much conversation was going on. Around Captain Preston were grouped a few whose dark and flushed countenances looked hardly English in their characteristics ; already had the sultry climate effected a change in their complexions, and they were talking with all the ardour of the *southern* temperament. Opposite to this party sat a young man busily engaged in studying a rudely-constructed chart of Virginia. He was attired in military costume, and evidently an officer of high rank in the corps so recently imported to the colony. This person spoke to none, and seldom raised his eyes from the map, upon which he was making various lines and measurements. He appeared quite abstracted from the

noise and business by which he was surrounded, and started when a hand was laid upon his shoulder and he was informed that the proceedings of the morning were now at hand.

After an address from the governor, which was entirely preliminary, Captain Preston rose to announce his scheme. It was none other than a plan for reducing the native tribes to subjection at the risk of exterminating every human being amongst them, though the speaker shrouded his meaning as well as he was able by involving it in dubious language and the use of terms which sound better than they mean, though too frequently in the mouths of politicians. He pleaded the incapacity of the colonists ever to outnumber them, or to resist their unexpected incursions; and must they then lie always exposed to the horrors of massacre and ruthless pillage? Would it not be better and more consistent with the power of that nation whose representatives they were, to impress the savages with awe by some signal blow such as they should never rise from? Late events had shewn that the Indians could not keep the faith of treaties, and honesty was as much to be expected from thieves as savages; the colony lay at their mercy; at this very time it was well known that incursions were making, and had been lately made, upon the few tribes of the south which still remained friendly to the English; and the best policy to be thought of was to strike them unex-

pectedly whilst they continued to think themselves secure, or their enemies too weak to do them injury.

The speech of Preston was brief and animated, and met with a favourable reception from the greater part of his auditors.

"But your means, your means," cried Sir George, vehemently, as if listening to some bright but impracticable speculation. "You have raised a goodly prospect to view in the peace we should all value so highly, but I have no eyes for it till I hear whereby you would establish such a state of things."

"Seems it truly a fair prospect? Then your Excellency need not question the means thereto; though, after all, much will depend in the worshipful assistance the colony's servants hope to receive from the governor and council. And presently I shall endeavour to shew to the members here assembled those methods of Indian warfare in which they know me to be not unskilled, seeing that I knew much service in the time of our late friend and ally Pow-how-tan. But the rules of courtesey prescribe the precedence to my young friend Captain Smith, whose command of the reinforcements entitles him to that honour."

The stranger rose and bowed, his pale face flushed, and belied not the energy of his tone and manner. His utterance was rapid, and accompanied by gestures rather nervous than graceful; but his simple and straight-forward eloquence made its way to

some hearts in the assembly. He introduced himself as a young relative of the Captain Smith, who had some years before rendered such distinguished services to Virginia. He, too, urged an immediate attack ; but it must be open, and after the European mode of warfare ; for his troops knew nothing of any other, and would fail unless they were led by their own commander and according to the discipline of the service. Besides," said he, his eye kindling with indignation at the thought, " what can be more unmanly, more inglorious, than to take one's brave fellows skulking into the woods, now hiding from, and now peeping at, the enemy ? I am not here as a delegate of your Virginian Assembly, but I bear the commission of his majesty to defend the colony either in garrison or by carrying arms against the natives, if need require, and I will not return with my duty undone. If the red man is to be exterminated, let it not be by our means ; let us make him indeed quail before us and drive him far from our habitations ; but would it be justifiable or honourable to fall upon him in his own cruel and crafty manner ? My heart abhors such counsel ; I scorn to use my sword in such a service." And here he sheathed it with such violence that the scabbard rattled on the floor, and the walls of the Congress Hall gave back the angry sound.

In spite of the rather untempered vehemence of the speaker, many of the members regarded him

approvingly, and Sir George himself could not refrain from bestowing a glance of cordial admiration; but Captain Preston rose once more, with a proud smile upon his swarthy countenance, and, without deigning to look at his youthful opponent, turned to the governor.

“Let your Excellency and all in council to-day judge whether it seem prudent to lead English soldiers into the forests of the west against the wandering and lurking savage. Tactics would little avail us in such quarters, and a few picked adventurers, prudent and fearless men, would accomplish our purpose, were they dispersed over different stations. Methinks since his majesty’s captain so well understands the chart of Virginia, he should have learnt the length and depth of our forests. My plans are well digested, and, I do assure your Excellency, of most simple execution.” He stopped and looked round, as if hesitating; or, it might be that he was unable, without embarrassment, to utter his proposition before so many honest men and christians.

“We await your announcement, Captain Preston,” said the governor, whose curiosity was much excited.

“It is simply this,” replied the captain, with an air of studied indifference, “the fact is well known, that the Indians are lulled by our apparent dejection and inactivity into a state of confiding repose;

they are not in the least expecting the tardy vengeance I propose. Who knows not the proverb, 'set a fox to catch a fox?' Well, here I stand, not little used to their warfare, and with two hundred men would engage to surprise Opecancanoff himself, and return his treacherous dealing with a liberal hand."

"If you could catch *him*, you would indeed find your fox," interrupted Sir George, laughing at his joke.

"The tribes between this river and the Delaware are quiet enough, and forsooth 'tis this which encourages me to my plans. I have certain advice that the Indian king, our crafty foe, has but lately taken signal vengeance upon our allies the Black Feet, and this is a sure token of what is in store for all who are friendly towards us. Now, I find by comparing notes with our worthy Master Randolph, that the chief of the tribe from whom I so nearly got a roasting last year, is sachem of the Wyannows, by name Oneyda, and he, by advice of Opecanoff I should presume, is about to overpower our best allies, the Dahwyotti. Could we procure a Dahwyott guide, we should easily make our way to Oneyda's village. Such a blow as that I contemplate would have a signal effect, and by such alone, my friends, can you hope for safety to your homes, and children. Ah! there will be no flourishing plantations, no fair posterity on these settlements,

unless the natives be swept from the lands. Ye who have friends, brothers, and children in captivity, would you not wish to rescue them from their grievous bondage? Will you suffer any fearful and soft-hearted notions to come between your courage and this enterprise?"

Many eager murmurs were now heard, for Preston had touched a chord which he well knew would respond to his appeal. Sir George Yearly looked around; his better feelings revolted at so barbarous a policy, yet he could not help thinking how much more easy would be his rule of the colony were his savage neighbours removed. He did not wish to reply, and requested Henry Randolph to give his opinion upon this difficult question.

The father, whose feelings had been so painfully touched by the last allusion, obeyed; and, suppressing his emotion, spoke in a firm tone, fixing his calm upright eye upon the stern countenance of Preston.

"Shall we do evil that good may come? You know well, my friend, that we should not. Let every father present answer for himself; for my own part, I am ready to reply, and to express my abhorrence of this scheme of extermination. I wish not to magnify my own sufferings, though all must know how bitter they have been, and how aggravated by suspense; but I would not sacrifice my principles to regain any thing I have lost. Shall

we treat the Indians as they have treated us? Shall we carry destruction into their villages, as they brought death and anguish to our homes? I should marvel less at the natural cruelty of a savage than at the proposition we have heard, were it put into execution by Englishmen. You know, my friends, that two of my children are in sad captivity. I would do all that a just man may do for their rescue; but no countenance will I give to a measure such as this. No! the English settler has yet a duty towards his red brother unperformed, and how shall it be done if we treat them as they have treated us? Consider it well, I entreat you, before decision is given. And may it please your Excellency to excuse me; my advice and opinion have been offered to the assembly, and my vote against the enterprise. The feelings of a bereaved father must plead for my weakness; I should listen to these discussions with more distress than would be seemly. Gentlemen, I would fain withdraw."

There was an expression of such keen anguish on the countenance of Henry Randolph that appealed to every feeling heart, and the struggle he evidently was making for resigned composure gave dignity to his sorrow, which could not fail to win him respect and interest. He withdrew, and a silence of a few moments succeeded to his departure. The young officer looked after him with admiration and sympathy, testifying his respect by rising and saluting

him with a low bow as he passed ; but when the pause had been broken, many experienced a sense of relief, as if some weight had been removed, and those most anxious for revenge commenced forwarding the several designs of Preston and Smith with equal ardour. The moderate party were, as usual, in the minority ; and the governor's better feelings gave way before the overbearing and subtle arguments of the former.

In fact, the matter was glossed over, and cruel deeds were called by other names, such as expediency and justice ; for great stress was laid upon the necessity there existed of striking terror into the hearts of the ignorant savages, and of giving them a more just idea of the power of the English nation. The deliberations of the council finally resulted in a confirmation of the barbarous project of Preston ; which, in the language of these worldly politicians, was termed merely an act of moderate and justifiable retaliation.

CHAPTER XVI.

HENRY RANDOLPH left the council with a perturbed spirit ; yet amidst the conflicting feelings which had been roused to such distressing activity by Preston's speech, a self-approving thought rose to cheer him. He had made his protestation against the cruel project, and, feeble as his voice might be, he had done all he could do publicly, though he still hoped to plead the cause of mercy with the governor, and privately consider with him other plans of a more peaceful tendency. Not that he hoped very much against the promptings of self-interest and the natural evil passions of the men who were stimulating the good-tempered and thoughtless Sir George to the deed, but because he felt it a duty to use further arguments ere he gave up the matter.

Captain Preston was a man of daring spirit, whose favourite element was enterprise. A life of adventure had made him unscrupulous and reckless

of consequences, and he was little accustomed to consider principles of any kind; expediency, what is best for the present, was his governing maxim, therefore he could not be called a good or honest man. In youth he had been much under the command of Raleigh, and had learnt but too many lessons of rashness; still, however, when the desperate state of his fortunes led him to seek preferment in the new world, he there acquired habits of greater prudence from association with the savages, whose extreme caution, combined with dauntless bravery, caused him equal surprise and admiration. In the subtle modes of Indian policy and warfare Preston had become an adept; and in his frequent communications with the old king Pow-how-tan, had formed friendships with many of the sachems or principal chiefs of tribes held in a species of vassalage to Pow-how-tan. With one in particular he had contracted an intimacy which was only dissolved by death; and Oneyda in dying had charged his son to shew kindness to his white friend, for whom the youth had always manifested the greatest abhorrence and animosity. This young man's name was Opecancanoff, whom Preston supposed to be the same as the newly elected king Pow-how-tan's successor, but was unable to verify this supposition, as the haughty chief had never deigned to visit the principal station of the colony, and his wanderings were so extensive that he was seldom to be heard

of; yet he was suspected to be the prime mover of the horrible transactions of the —— day of March. Preston had often boasted that he could follow the fox to his hole as well as any hound, and not a little prided himself upon his skill in conducting hazardous expeditions against the crafty foe.

With such a man Henry Randolph *had nothing* in common; nay, so far was he from appreciating these qualifications that he could not discern the least talent in the captain of the garrison, and dreaded him as a reckless man, who had prudence only for his own ends, but was not trust-worthy; and his own feelings as a christian were entirely repugnant to the plan brought forward in council by this person, whom he regarded as now more devoid of humanity than ever. Yet the last argument introduced by Preston for the recovery of the lost ones had made much impression upon the fond father. The project for attacking the chief Oneyda, in whose keeping his children were supposed to be, was at one moment too inviting, and he could not at first bring himself to condemn it utterly; but, after further reflection, his judgment decided the matter, and he resolved to go straight to the governor and have a private interview, in the hope of dissuading him from his cruel purposes. He accordingly repaired that same evening to the government-house, and had no difficulty in gaining admittance to Sir George's presence, whom he found just preparing to set out

for the garrison, attended by Captains Smith and Preston.

“ Ah, thou bird of ill omen !” cried Sir George gaily, “ prithee, Master Randolph, lay aside that grave countenance ; our plans are all arranged and too cumbersome for any further ordering. My forehead is wrinkled already with the weight of this matter.”

“ Yet must I crave a word. I would not trouble your Excellency needlessly ; but the affair is altogether too urgent for ceremonials. Will you grant me five minutes private audience before you go to parade ?”

“ Why now I know all you would say as well as if you had told me, Master Randolph ; but no learned lawyer could ever make case clearer than do you to get on the weak side of me. However, I cannot refuse you if I would, so we will not detain these gentlemen any longer.” And he led the way to his private room, but Smith begged permission to await his return.

The young soldier looked after Randolph’s retreating figure with admiration, and said with much energy, “ That man is an excellent fellow ; I like him, Preston, and I am certain that he has a great mind.”

“ Pooh ! pooh ! that’s a spice of your romance, I suppose,” answered Captain Preston peevishly. “ The man’s worthy enough, but too tame for me.

I've no mind to make out such a mystery as his character; he has not an idea like any one else in the colony, nor can I see a glimmer of what he's after. A man that can leave his two children in captivity without raising a finger to help them is quite beyond my understanding. Aye, and such a noble stripling too; he'd make the best king the red wretches ever chose to rule them. If he's sensible he'll stay and get promotion."

Smith replied as though he heard him not, "A great man, I'm convinced."

"Well, Captain Smith, since you choose to wait on the governor I'll on to the garrison. We shall have work enough ere night-fall,—all to go over again, I warrant you,—now that he's come to turn Sir George round again." And Preston walked quickly out of the room, in evident displeasure.

The young man stood musing. They had merged their differences; but he was too entirely opposed to Captain Preston in principles to yield his opinion with regard to Randolph. Nor would he have felt grieved, had the latter been able to impress the easy governor with his own view of the proposed hostilities. The thing which occasioned most surprise to Smith was this: that a man bereaved of his children, should still, upon avowed principles, urge good faith towards a faithless foe. In the meanwhile the subject of his meditations was endeavouring to turn Sir George Yearley from

his present intentions. But, though the good-natured governor of Virginia would most willingly have obliged all parties if it had been in his power, he could not extricate himself from the dilemma into which his want of firmness had led him, but at the risk of offending the majority of his council, and such consequences were extremely disagreeable. Like most men who are afraid to do right, from a dread of false shame, or ridicule of the world, he wished to excuse himself to the man whom he so much respected, urging the impossibility of disarranging plans which had been made and concerted by the newly-formed House of Representatives. It was in vain that Henry Randolph placed the truth before him of the precise resemblance the intended inroad bore to the deed perpetrated by the Indians themselves; that, by whatever specious name they might call it, it was nothing less than a massacre, and one which could not fail, in the end, to bring a lasting disgrace upon the name of England and all succeeding settlers in Virginia. Sir George had reasons shallow and weak, but better than none to his own mind; and though suspicious that he was doing wrong, he fortified himself against all the twinges of conscience, by falling back upon his advisers and the decisions of the legislature.

The contrast between the two men was very striking, as they returned from their conference to the apartment where Smith was still awaiting them.

Henry Randolph looked sad, but stepped as one who felt conscious of having done a duty to the utmost, though unsuccessfully; and Sir George rather tripped along than marched in his usually soldier-like manner, endeavouring to hide disagreeable sensations under a gay exterior. On bidding Henry good night, he extended his hand, and said, with a slight tremulousness in his tone,—“A good night, my friend; pray do not set every man down as cruel or dishonest who cannot see with your eyes. A good night to you, Master Randolph, and better days to you and your’s. Soon shall your lost ones be restored; doubt it not. Present me courteously to Mistress Margaret,” and away he went. But Smith lingered; a flush passed over his pale countenance, as, with an impulse he strove not to resist, he seized Randolph’s hand, and said, “Yes! I pledge my word as a soldier and a brother, to bring your children back to you safe and soon; trust me, they shall return.”

“You are most kind indeed, young man,” replied Henry, with much emotion; “but say not so confidently that they *shall* return. God knows how blest a sight ’t would be to me and their poor mother; but He who led them captive can alone restore them to our prayers. I shall hope much from your generous efforts, and my gratitude”——

“Nay, nay, nothing of gratitude, I pray you,” interrupted Smith. “It will bring its own reward if I succeed, to witness your happiness. But how

shall I know your son, if so fortunate as to meet with him?"

"Know him! Oh! if you should see one more active, healthy, and comely than another; though I say it, that is my son. He has a modest bearing and a gallant fearless carriage; and Alice, she is the fairest, sweetest, little sprite, as loving and as"—Here the fond father stopped abruptly, and sank into the nearest chair, covering his face, and trembling violently. The young man looked on compassionately, and respectfully waited till he should recover a little.

"I am very foolish," at length said Randolph, in a tone of anguish. "Pardon such weakness, young friend: it speaks little for the resignation a christian man should exhibit. Pardon me."

Smith only replied by again wringing his hand, and then quitted the room, to overtake, by rapid strides, the less-enviable governor.

When Henry Randolph reached his temporary dwelling, he felt better, happier than when he left it; and, as he took his two youngest children on his knee, and looked at the sweet and contented countenance of his wife, thankfully felt and acknowledged that, by the goodness of God, he had yet many blessings left.

CHAPTER XVII.

ALICE RANDOLPH sat pensively in the wig-wam of Oneyda, totally regardless of the whining of her infant charge, who, in the absence of its mother, had been entrusted to her care. Her eyes were red with weeping, and though she had ceased to shed tears, she sighed very frequently, and many a long breath ended in sobbing. Altogether, the little girl seemed very sorrowful. Two or three children without the hut were staring in, but did not venture to cross the door-way, and pressinglly invited her to join their sports; but she motioned them from her, and at heart could scarcely endure their swarthy visages. They had never looked more savage in her eyes: the whole current of her feelings was turned against her late associates. Unable, or unknowing how to comfort her, they discontinued their solicitations, and stood silently regarding their recently-brilliant playfellow, but were withheld by some indefinable motive from intruding upon her misery.

But the child began to cry more piteously, and Alice felt obliged to attend to him. She placed him in a more comfortable position, and gave him a few rushes to play with ; then, resuming her former melancholy attitude, the tears which had for a short time been repressed, gushed forth anew, and she wept once more, as passionately as before. Whilst thus yielding to her grief, she was not unobserved by a new inmate of the hut. Oneyda had entered just as a fresh party of children, more inconsiderate than the rest, were about to rush in and disturb their favourite and quondam leader, but he pushed them back sternly, and, at this rebuke, the whole group took to their heels and were soon out of sight.

The chief, seeing that his entrance was unnoticed, stood silently regarding Alice with glances of interest and affection ; but she was so absorbed in grief, that she never uncovered her face to enquire whose step had crossed the threshold, or whose presence had stilled the crying child, now chattering in his baby language to his father. Oneyda did not interrupt her. At length, as if a new thought had darted into her mind, she hastily arose, and, without casting a glance at the baby, ran out of the wig-wam, and rapidly bent her steps to the prison-hut ; but her progress was arrested by a strong hand, and she turned with a feeling of keen disappointment ; but the moment she beheld Oneyda, the flush of hope overspread her cheek, and she ut-

tered an exclamation of joy. She clasped his hand tightly, and covered it with kisses, bestowing every endearing epithet she could think of upon the silent chief, who only replied by leading her back to the wig-wam, where, having closed the door, he sat down, and stroking her hair in indication of his affection, told her to speak to him again. She thought the day her own, and, with greater importunity, repeated her request to be taken to Philip.

"Thou shalt go to thy brother, my child; but tell him that he must fight, or my young men will be angry."

"Oh, never mind your young men; you are a great chief, and you should make them do as you like."

He shook his head and was silent for a few moments: yet the simple child had suggested an idea that was very agreeable to the imperious Oneyda. Alice stole closer to his side, and looked into his face with such a pleading tenderness, that even the stern chief could not but be moved.

"Oh yes, now dear good Oneyda, do let Philip out. Never mind your silly young men; thou knowest *dear* Oneyda, they are none of them half so good as our Philip. What business have they to shut up dear Philip, indeed? Oneyda, let me tell those young men that you don't care a feather for them:" and her blue eyes flashed defiance, and Alice waived her hand as haughtily as he himself

could have done. This appeal was answered by the low and musical laughter of the chief. He motioned her to depart, giving her a small feather from his plume, as a passport to the guard.

“Go to thy brother, golden hair: thou hast the eye of a dove and the heart of an eagle. Go, tell him that summer is coming.”

Alice delayed not a moment: she flew across the green, and soon stood with her feather upheld, urging instant admission. The sentinels did not prevent her, and she was soon nestled by her brother's side, laughing and chattering with accustomed glee. She could not sorrow long, and the traces of her recent grief had almost entirely disappeared ere an hour had sped in Philip's society. A day and night had he been a prisoner; but desolate as his external condition was, he had not felt unhappy. He sought to wait upon his God and trust entirely to His providence, not anticipating evil which he had yet the power to avert. It gave him pleasure to see Alice so happy and contented with him even in this gloomy prison, and now bent fondly over her; his dark eyes were only occasionally upraised as the thought of his peril and the possibility of separation intruded, but soon again they sank under their long fringes, rendering the expression of his countenance still more tender and touching. She, all animation and happiness, sat his unconsciously beautiful contrast, the brilliancy of her fair complexion, heightened by the

suffusion of joyous emotions which tinged her cheek with a deeper glow, varying with every modulation of her voice; the liquid and quivering brightness of her blue eyes was now and then obscured by the drooping of her waving hair, which fell over her forehead as she moved, to be as hastily tossed back by her rapid hand. Philip had the sweet satisfaction of observing that his presence was enough to create this sunshine in the mind of Alice, and that she truly, warmly, loved him. She would have chattered on the whole afternoon, but the guard at the door looked in and made a sign that she was to come away.

"Not I," cried Alice, tossing back her hair as she looked resolutely upon him. "Oneyda said I might stay, and thou needst not tarry for me there; I am not coming yet, Maneecho." The savage stood as if transfixed by the picture, and wonderingly regarded the fair being whose appearance indicated so much both of softness and energy.

"Never mind him, Philip; Oneyda says he'll teach those bad young men that hate thee to behave better, and he won't let them do thee any harm, so I don't care how long he stands staring."

"Nay, Alice, Oneyda did not say all that; what wouldst thou tell me?"

"Why," answered Alice, blushing, "he did say something, but my heart was so full I did not mind much what he said. Oh! but Philip, he called me

his dove and his eagle, and said summer was coming ; so when summer comes he will send us home, and then these ugly men can't lock thee up."

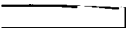


Alice kissed him again so affectionately that he could not ask any more questions ; but putting together the probabilities of these random recollections, he inferred that some hopeful circumstances had arisen. The guard at last recovered from his reverie, and once more beckoned to Alice to depart ; but she was so unwilling that it required all Philip's persuasive powers to effect obedience. When assured that he would try to receive her again soon, she withdrew, and walked from the hut at a much slower pace than she had approached it.

And where was Meahmee ? She had quitted the wig-wam early that morning, leaving her boy to the care of Alice, and promising to return ere the sun slept, saying that she would soon make Alice laugh again. She unmoored a light canoe from under the shelter of a projecting rock and sprang into it, displaying great skill in its guidance down the river. She had not proceeded far when her attention was diverted by the sudden appearance of her husband on the bank. He made a sign that she should stop ; whereupon she instantly made towards him and he sprang into the boat, but did not take the oar from her hand. A few hasty words were exchanged between them, and, with more tenderness than he was wont to display, Oneyda smiled

encouragingly upon his wife, and giving her a hasty salute made a spring and soon stepped lightly ashore again leaving the happy Meahmee to pursue her voyage with a joyous heart. A few hours of floating brought her to her destination. Here she was met by an elderly Indian accompanied by two younger warriors, not of Oneyda's tribe, but attired very much after the fashion of the Wyannows. The young men's reception was kind, and less negligent than their usual manner of addressing a woman; but the old man embraced her affectionately, and accepted the presents she had brought from Oneyda with much satisfaction and courtesy. Meahmee did not quit the river's brink, but promptly made known her mission, for which they were in some measure prepared by the tokens she had dispatched the previous evening by the trusty hand of Appomax. Her father listened with grave attention to the simple eloquence of his daughter, and the brothers stood respectfully awaiting his decision, in which they were sure to acquiesce.

Oneyda's efforts to deliver his protégé had been profoundly considered; he must not *appear* as an agent in the liberation of their contumacious captive. Having turned over many plans in his mind for effecting this purpose, he at length decided upon one which for its policy and wariness could scarcely have been excelled by any of a more accomplished and practised diplomatist. This plan was to secure

the assistance of Tallassee, one of the wisest Sigamores of the west, whose influence and counsels were indispensable in this affair. His alliance had been made, and the friendship between his people and those of Oneyda cemented by a marriage between the powerful chief of the Wyannows and Meahmee, for whose hand many suitors had enriched her father by the quantity and value of their presents, but she loved Oneyda, and nothing could have pleased her father better than such a choice. Meahmee, prompted by an urgent desire to save her adopted son, painted his qualities in glowing terms to her father and brothers, and particularly interested the latter in his behalf. They thought he must indeed be scarcely human to possess such wisdom without grey hairs: they almost imagined, though perhaps very indefinitely, that to serve him was to do honour to the Great Spirit, the Father of Life, who had so richly endowed him with gifts seldom shared by mortals. They resolved to send an embassy on the following morning, which should arrive about noon in the Wyannow village, just at the time when it had been arranged to bring out Philip to his trial, and this they had no doubt would cause a diversion. If his enemy was very urgent, and the public voice clamorous, Tallassee, as an acknowledged friend and adviser, was to petition for his life and to claim him for himself. It was not unusual for such requests to be made when the petitioner was power-



ful, and they were rarely refused; therefore this would prove a sure means of rescuing Philip, as it was only in the power of Oneyda to comply, which he intended to do, although he had not felt sufficiently independent to set the prisoner at liberty by his own command. Meahmee did not spend any unnecessary time with her father and brothers; she would be much longer in returning than she had been in coming, and felt anxious to depart as soon as her business was concluded.

She entered her canoe once more with a lightened heart, and was peacefully sailing down the river when she was startled by the sound of oars splashing in the distance, and at once drew in closely under the bank to listen and watch unobserved. The sound grew more distinct, and Meahmee looked around for a safer position, but she must sail onwards a few yards before she could reach a landing place. Moving steadily along she gained a harbour, but, just as she was about to land, three boats filled with strange men appeared in sight, and their singular aspect startled and arrested her. The drooping branches of a tree partially shadowed her, and she hoped thus to escape their observation; to move she felt would be most difficult, and therefore remained quiet, watching the party from her place of retreat. They paused, and the three boats' crew drew up to consult, apparently in great perplexity. Some stood upright and scanned each side of the stream, pro-

bably in quest of a landing place. They selected the one already chosen by Meahmee, whose consternation was excessive on observing that they were steering towards it. With the lightness of a fawn she sprang from her canoe and gained the bank so noiselessly as not to be heard by the eager strangers, whose attention was shortly attracted by the solitary canoe, now rocking and trembling from its recent impulse; but Meahmee was not discovered. She plunged into the brushwood (which is usually to be found on the borders of the forests near water, though never abounding in the interior), and concealed herself by crouching down, and scarcely daring to breathe after attaining its shelter.

She soon heard the voices of the strangers, and her ear detected many tones and words which Philip and Alice had made familiar to her; and she therefore rightly concluded that they must be English. Fearful anticipations rushed upon her agitated imagination; the pale faces had come armed into these wilds; what should they seek but the blood of her people?

The party in the foremost boat had disembarked, and, upon gaining the upper bank of the steep side of the river, commenced reconnoitering the place, and then one of them descended to give a report to the others remaining in the boats.

“There is no path to be seen, and the wood is impenetrable; we had better try lower down or

higher up, 'tis far too steep here; the lower land would do better," said one.

"Not so," cried another speaker, leaping down the steep bank as he spoke, "every one who knows anything of Indian hunting may be sure that an open trail were the very worst to be chosen; take the river if you choose, Captain Smith; I'm for the forest, and will take my chance of the first prey."

"We are going in quest of brave men, of human beings, Captain Preston, and not after buffaloes and deer," replied the first speaker, haughtily; "and I put it to our friends in the boats whether mine or your's be the most soldier-like method—skulking through the woods, or marching on an open track where there may be fair vantage ground."

"Well, I am not here to take my first lesson in Indian warfare from you, gallant Captain; though I doubt not your tactics are vastly humane. But I put the matter to vote, and the volunteers of our party shall decide."

A third officer now rose from the stern of one of the boats. "My opinion is this," said he, "that our party divide. Do you, Captain Preston, proceed upon your forest excursion, and Captain Smith and I will land at some point which you shall name, either east or west of this spot, from whence we can make some junction with you inland. We may then probaby pick up our Dahwyott friends, who

(I marvel at it) have been so long on the way to meet us."

"Trust a Dahwyott! the knaves. I'll be beholden to the first that shall ever do us service. As you say, Mark, we will divide; do you and Smith take the western direction, and I'll lead a few brave fellows through this wood up to the red bluff you'll see hanging over the stream; but mind, gentlemen, it's all a chance that you're not seen upon the open river; draw in to the bank if a leaf stir. We shall get nothing done, I fear, before morning. Follow me, my men, we must not tarry."

"Aye, aye," cried a hearty voice from below, "you say right now, Captain; and if ever any proverb was true there's one I wot of,—'set a thief to catch a thief,' sirs. There's Captain Preston that'll have all the villages burning before morning, just as the red villains did the Fair Meadows not so long ago; and there, while you've been talking o' this way I've been speering about I'se warrant, and I think we've caught something already. Now is it likely that canoe could ha' sailed itself into that snug corner all alone? Its clear to me there's been hands and feet here; and, for sure, the little thing's rocking about just as if it had been left to shift for itself all of a sudden."

"Well said, Ralph Giles," cried Preston, "and we must look into this at once; thou art a sharp

fellow, with all thy impudence. If I catch the bird that has flown so recently I'll tie him to the nearest tree till we're safe back again. Every thing depends upon a surprise. I would not have any fore-runner to our coming on this occasion. Look sharp, my men, and beat the bushes there; some of you get into the trees, and look round."

"Preston!" said Captain Smith, with much energy, after some deliberation, "I'll join your party, and place my men as a reserve under your orders, but on condition that no cruelty is used here. To be honest, I confess I have my motives, but from this time am resolved to act in concert with you; soh! my men, up and be ready."

Captain Preston was soon upon the bank of the stream once more, and seizing the young officer's hand grasped it with great cordiality. "I question no man's motives, Smith; you need not tell me your's, it is quite enough that you set so noble an example of union. I am sure I am only too happy to have you as my companion in this affair. I acknowledge your bravery, but must again declare that in expeditions of this kind wariness is far more needed than courage."

Smith bowed slightly at these words, and made no reply; but his pale face flushed as he turned away to hasten the movements of his men.

Captain Preston reasoned with honest Ralph, that the boat could not have come there without agency,

and no Indian would have quitted his canoe without securing it in some manner, or drawing it up after him, unless suddenly made aware of an enemy's approach; he inferred, therefore, that their own party had alarmed the late occupant, and that that individual must either have escaped by magic or be still very near them.

Ralph Giles took no part in the search, which immediately succeeded Captain Preston's orders, but stood with his back against a tree with arms folded, a slight smile playing occasionally over his sturdy features. So amused did he appear to be with his own thoughts, that Captain Smith could not refrain from enquiring into the jest. Ralph bent forward and whispered, "Why now, Captain, I never could keep a secret, and from you it would be just impossible; but I know something. As we turned the river I saw a little boat and a little figure in it—a woman I take it—but I said nothing; for I've thinking the poor thing would be frightened enough if we were to tie her up to the trees. However, I've thought I'd just take the Captain down a step when he talked so grand, but I wish I'd held my tongue;—oh, but they'll not find her, she's small eno' to hide in a nut-shell."

Smith smiled. "Keep your own counsel, Giles, and I'll keep mine; if she should escape I shall not be sorry that some one takes the news first. The poor wretches will not then be unprepared for us,

and if she is left behind no harm can happen to her."

Poor Meahmee began to tremble when she felt the brushwood above her hiding-place press more heavily upon her, and heard the loud voices of the men on all sides ; but she remained quiet, patiently bearing the rude jostling of the passers by, who, sedulously as they beat the bushes, did not discover her. At length, after spending much time in this manner, weary of their fruitless efforts, the men returned to their leader, and Captain Preston was much annoyed at this mysterious escape, as he deemed it. If the late occupant of the canoe had observed their arrival and gone forward to give intelligence, it was of the first importance to depart and pursue their way to the village of the far-famed Oneyda ; so, after observing the position of the sun, they endeavoured to keep westward, and commenced their march through the mazes of the forest.

When all became still, and the crackling of fallen branches was no longer audible, Meahmee tremblingly emerged from her hiding-place and cautiously approached the spot where she had left her canoe, but did not venture to descend till the three boats (now scantily manned) had disappeared ; waiting impatiently till the sound of the oars had quite died away, then, with a deep sigh, she entered her own frail bark, and, with a heavy heart, paddled in the direction of the Indian village.

CHAPTER XVIII.

ONBYDA's spirit had caught fire from the spark which the unconscious Alice had thrown out in her childish vivacity and resentment at the young men, who were not to have their own way, and whom he was not to care a feather for. He pondered the strange fact which her inadvertent remark had brought to light, that he, a great and powerful chief, was really afraid of his young men, and in dread of them,—daring not to follow the inclination which so strongly urged him to rescue his protégé by more direct means from their jealous machinations. The more he dwelt upon the matter the less satisfied did he feel with the long-practised customs of his tribe, and it might be that his own sentiments had lost much of their sternness, rendering him less capable of yielding the stoical obedience which savage law required. Unconscious that affection for Philip was the ruling motive, he arrived at a conclusion which to his own mind justified

any thing he might propose to himself for execution. He resolved to break through the barrier which barbarous customs had so long upheld, and become arbitrary master of the people he ruled. But Oneyda was too much the Indian to arrive at the end by direct means; he could not help reflecting, planning, and balancing, ere he took any step of importance, and subtlety was as natural to him as it might be obligatory to an ordinary politician. What a civilized but worldly-wise white man would have deemed policy, Oneyda naturally esteemed creditable deceit, such as all prudent sachems would employ to accomplish their own ends. Of one thing he assured himself, and that was a visit to the captive when night should fling its sudden shadows over the village. There could be nothing suspicious then; his people would have retired, and they should have evident testimony in the meanwhile that he was not conniving at escape or treachery.

None who could have seen the stately Oneyda parading with such an air of apathetic haughtiness the irregular promenade which lay in front of the council lodge would have supposed that he felt either anxiety or apprehension, so abstracted was his demeanour and so dignified his carriage. He seemed to tread the earth with condescension, and as if his deep-set eye deigned not to glance at it; indeed it was steadily fixed upon the distance, except when he turned in his walk, and then it was

not withdrawn for an instant from the wig-wam before which Philip's guard stood statue-like. Oneyda was greatly respected by the men of his tribe; old and young venerated, almost adored him, and many were the respectful salutations and difficult glances he received in his solitary promenade, for none ventured uninvited to join him. It was plain to them that the great chief was holding high and dear converse with his father and grandsire, both of them renowned warriors, who at this moment were doubtless urging him to take a refined and summary vengeance on the ungrateful Yengee, who had repaid his kindness with such perfidious defiance. So thought the young men, and so feared Appomax, who stood pensively leaning against one of the rude pillars of the lodge, his eyes fixed upon his brother, though occasionally wandering towards the prison-hut which contained his dear friend, whom he pictured to himself as there pining and plunged in despair. When the idlers had dispersed, and but one or two remained upon the green, Appomax ventured to join his brother, but an expressive sign from the chief caused him to withdraw and disappear from the lodge. Oneyda had not spoken, but Appomax understood the direction of his glance and obeyed it. He continued to pace the green with the same measured and majestic tread till the red of the glowing west had faded above the distant trees, and he knew that the sun must have sunk,

and the summer night was fast coming on. Oneyda now bent his steps slowly towards the river, and on the way was accosted by Appomax, who had preceded him to the appointed place of meeting.

There was a thrilling plaintiveness in the tones of the young Indian as he addressed his brother, which seemed to effect a change in his feelings; for Oneyda's manner of proud dignity instantly appeared influenced by their pathos, and melted as snow in sunshine, becoming cordial and affectionate; he spoke in low but rapid accents, and ere he had uttered a few sentences Appomax almost bounded from the earth, uttering an exclamation of joy, but he was immediately checked by his brother's ready caution.

"Hush! let not my brother's voice be heard; the night winds have not whispered to the trees; they wait till the shadows are deeper; let them not tell their tale in the wig-wam of Maneecho. Shall the enemy of Philip hear? No! hush, speak low, my son, and he will soon be free."

Appomax repressed his delight at the further communications of Oneyda, who, whilst talking, never delayed his progress to the river's side, where he expected to find Meahmee just arriving. They waited till twilight had faded, and the stars began to gleam in the dusky sky, and the outline of the dark woods became fainter and fainter, but still

she came not. Oneyda, who would have felt ashamed to betray emotion in the presence of another, could not now rejoice that the darkness hid his agitated countenance from his brother, whose acute ear enabled him to ascertain that Oneyda was feeling unwonted anxiety about Meahmee. The darkness made her absence only the more alarming, and her husband now hastened down the bank, chiding the gloom, and lamenting that he had sent her away upon so difficult an enterprize, while Appomax endeavoured to cheer him with the reasonable expectation that she would arrive at last. The night was remarkably still; every sound of Nature was hushed to calmness; the village was quiet; the woods might have been silenced at the wish of the anxious listeners; nothing was heard but the quick breathing of Oneyda and the gentle plaintive tones of his brother, who occasionally uttered some plausible conjecture respecting the absent Meahmee. At length the long-wished-for sound was heard, and Oneyda flew along the brink of the river in the direction whence the plashing of oars in the water seemed to proceed. He strained his eyes and called loudly upon the name of his wife; but suddenly all was still again, and, unable to account for so strange a deception, he rejoined Appomax, greatly wondering at the mystery.

“She will not come,” said Appomax; “her fa-

ther and mother have given her a mat in their wig-wam to-night, and she stays to sleep there, as the night is dark."

"Yes, it is so," replied Oneyda, gloomily; "yet why does a wife leave the wig-wam of her husband? I told her I should wait at the river when the sun slept, and her footsteps are swifter than the fawn's when Oneyda calls. See, another star is burning above the sumachs, but the light of Meahmee's eyes will not shine on my hearth to-night. It will be very dark, brother."

The youth listened with secret surprise at this avowal of tenderness, and thought his brother much changed towards his gentle wife, who, though she had ever been treated kindly by Oneyda, had never appeared to be an object of such great interest to her husband. However well Oneyda might behave to her in private, Meahmee received no attention from him in public, yet, apparently, she was the happiest as well as the most interesting woman of the whole tribe.

The brothers at length walked homewards, but instead of entering his own wig-wam Oneyda led the way to the prisoner's hut. An Indian was standing motionless before the door; a large torch was placed in the ground at a little distance, at which the chief lighted a smaller brand, and bidding Appomax retire out of sight, he went up to the guard and requested him to open the door. The

savage hesitated, and Oneyda raised his flambeau to obtain a better view of his countenance. It was that of Maneecho, the inveterate enemy of his protégé, and the chief sternly scrutinized him. He then spoke a few words in a tone which made the young man's heart beat, and, pushing him aside, unfastened the door and quietly entered the hut.

All was still. The kindness of Meahmee had provided a mat for her adopted son to sleep upon, and another to serve as a coverlit to his rude couch. There he lay peacefully sleeping, one arm thrown over his head, and his face fully exposed to the light. Oneyda stood for some moments intently gazing upon the captive, noting with admiration each well developed muscle and the outline of a form of youthful symmetry; he marked, too, the peculiarly placid expression of Philip's features, though deficient neither in dignity or firmness. Oneyda felt humbled by the contrast thus strikingly presented to him between himself and his defenceless captive, whose superiority, even in moments of unconsciousness, he acknowledged and respected.

"He shall be free!" he muttered as he turned away; for he would not disturb slumbers so tranquil and innocent, and quitted the hut. The crafty Maneecho had heard these words, and they inflamed every evil passion of his revengeful heart. He knew that he had no power to oppose the will of his chief, should the latter interpose to save his in-

tended victim, and he began to feel far too insecure of the perfect vengeance he had promised himself. He paused a moment, and then, rapidly unsheathing his knife, gently unfastened the door and entered in darkness. He groped his way to the mat, where Philip still slept. But his murderous purpose was arrested even as he raised his hand to strike, for he staggered and fell heavily to the ground, himself wounded in the back by an unseen hand. Maneecho writhed for a few moments under the double torture of baffled revenge and the agony of his wound, and fainted at the feet of Philip.

When Oneyda reached the door of his own hut he heard a low chaunting from within, and, much surprised, paused a few moments to listen. Great was his joy upon recognising the sweet tones of Meahmee's voice, who was rocking her baby to sleep in the little cradle which the ingenuity of Philip had constructed. Rushing into the dwelling, Oneyda greeted his wife with every demonstration of delight at seeing her safe at home once more; and, overjoyed at such unusual attentions, Meahmee could scarcely find words to reply to the many interested enquiries he made concerning her voyage and return. It was no new thing to be treated kindly by her husband, but she had been little accustomed to hear him express anxiety and distress at not finding her where she had promised to meet him at a certain hour, or to see joy and tenderness sparkling

in his eyes at her safe return, or to receive food from his hand because she was weary ; that she almost forgot every thing save the intense delight of the present moment. She felt like some little bird restored to the parent nest after peril and exposure, cherished and sheltered, never to be torn thence again : no queen upon the mightiest of earth's thrones could be happier or have fewer wishes ungratified, than the simple Meahmee whilst receiving the still dignified but affectionate attentions of her husband.



CHAPTER XIX.

THE morning sun rose brightly upon the village of the Wyannows, and its inhabitants were stirring early. The whole tribe seemed to be in commotion. Oneyda had quitted his wig-wam soon after re-entering it, and had visited the dwelling of every chief warrior; before dawn he had held a council with the old men in the lodge; and now was seen making his way through the throng which had so suddenly assembled to the prisoner's hut, with a ruffled air, far different from his demeanour of the preceding day. His dress, too, was changed; that is to say, he was now accoutered in the full costume of a warrior chieftain. The bright lines indicative of the character of his warfare were carefully painted in their proper colours upon his arms and legs; his hunting-shirt of doe-skin was beautifully wrought in feathers; and upon his mantle were pictured the deeds he had performed, in the rude style of savage artists. The precious metals were not want-

ing to add richness to his attire: the plumed crest of his tribe and rank gave a few inches to his stature; and at every step his glittering weapons rattled and shook as if to give intimation of the chafed spirit of him who so proudly wore them. A few hasty strides brought him to the door of the hut; the guard was absent, and the fastenings undone. He started! Perhaps the prisoner had escaped; and, if so, then had he lost one unspeakably dear to him. He entered; and what was his surprise to find Philip still sleeping (for it was yet very early), and Maneecho stretched to all appearance lifeless on the ground by his side. A fierce smile passed over the dark features of Oneyda, and he stood awhile irresolutely regarding the scene. Appearances were strongly against Philip, and would render the task of liberating him extremely difficult. He scarcely knew what to do; but, after further reflection, roused the sleeping captive, who was instantly called to consciousness by the well-known voice of his friend.

“Oneyda!” cried the youth, starting to his feet, “you are come to deliver me; I dreamt that you were by my side,—that you saved me from a cruel death; but oh! what is this?” recoiling, as he spoke, in horror from the insensible savage, whose cold form he at that moment touched. Oneyda narrowly scrutinised him.

“Who did this, my son?”

"Who, indeed?" said Philip, compassionately stooping, and, raising the drooping head of his enemy, he carefully examined him. "There may yet be life; oh, Oneyda, quick! Can we do nothing for him? Why 'tis the image of my dream! I dreamt last night that the knife of Maneecho was at my throat; but that you,—no, some other person,—saved me, but not thus: Appomax——oh! get help instantly."

"Stay!" said Oneyda, in a tone which startled Philip by its nervousness; but it was the quivering of hardly suppressed rage against which he seemed struggling. "This dog has died as he deserved, and why should we call to his father or his brothers:—but your dream, my son; and what of Appomax?"

Philip was perplexed, and endeavoured to recall the features of his dream, but all was confused.

"Who calls Appomax? He is here:" and the young Indian glided in through an opening he had made by loosening the planks of which one side of the rude building was constructed. Oneyda pointed in expressive silence towards the body of Maneecho; but his arm trembled so excessively that he could not hold it long outstretched and it fell to his side, shaking his dazzling weapons with an ominous sound. Philip occupied himself solely with endeavouring to ascertain the extent of Maneecho's injury, and for a short time flattered himself that life was not yet extinct. He tore from his own person

part of his attire wherewith to staunch the gaping wound ; but the blood had become a coagulated mass, and he was at last obliged to realize the painful truth that the unfortunate savage was now far beyond the reach of pity or of prayer. The brothers stood silently regarding one another. A spell had fallen upon the whole party ; but a hubbub of voices was now heard without, and a crowd approached the wig-wam.

At a sign from Oneyda. Appomax threw open the door, and the father and brothers of the dead rushed in. They beheld the sad spectacle with clamorous grief ; but rage and fury succeeded to this first emotion. They would have immolated Philip upon the spot but for the presence of Oneyda, whose tone of calm authority was not to be withstood ; for he placed himself before the captive, and as soon as the friends of the deceased had become less noisy addressed them quietly and simply, relating how he had found the prisoner sleeping, with Maneecho dead at his feet. They knew that he had been deprived of his weapons when brought thither ; and the dead warrior was still clenching his own tomahawk unstained in his own hand. It was evident that his intentions had been most dishonourable and murderous ; he had thought to kill the captive alone and in secret, without consulting any one, and had reaped the reward of his treachery. Could Philip be the murderer, who was now bending over the

body with such earnest sadness and had bound up the wounds with portions of his own dress? They regarded Philip with unfeigned astonishment, and stood in deepest perplexity. Here was indeed a mystery, and many heads were shaken. But when they saw Philip about to depart with the chief and Appomax they exclaimed loudly, and insisted upon his detention. Oneyda haughtily waved his hand in the direction of the open door, saying, as he laid the other upon Philip's shoulder:

"He is mine! Death has buried all jealous words, and my son shall return to his father's wig-wam. Go! take Maneecho; he shall have a brave's burial, and we will lay the scalps of our enemies upon his grave. The Yengée is eagle-hearted; he shall live for his red fathers. I am a great chief. Go."

The countenance and attitude of Oneyda expressed an authority which none present could gainsay, and every voice was hushed, and each face grew calm and submissive; they all left the wig-wam in order, bearing the body away to the hut of his father, each passing his chief with a profound salutation. Philip stood mournfully gazing after the procession, and Appomax appeared unable to congratulate his friend upon his liberty; Oneyda alone was active; he smiled more proudly than ever, and motioned to his companions to hasten their departure.

But Philip would not leave the prison, where he had so lately learnt to prepare for death, without thanking his Heavenly Father upon his knees for his deliverance; and his companions, so far from betraying any impatience at the delay, waited in the doorway till he was ready; Appomax regarding his friend with reverent attention, and Oneyda standing with downcast eyes and an expression of ill-concealed wonder upon his countenance.

Meahmee flew to welcome her adopted son, and set before him the most sumptuous breakfast her stores afforded; but Philip looked around for his sister. She had gone out for her customary morning ramble ere any one could prevent, but would doubtless soon return. Philip finished his breakfast, but still she came not; and Oneyda looked anxiously at his wife, and she at the corner where their child generally lay, but he too was gone. Philip declared that he would go in search of them, and bring both back speedily. "Little truant," he thought, "she knows not that I am free."

He walked towards the river, and on the way saw much that surprised him. The children were grouped in a strong body under the trees, and the larger boys were practising with their bows and arrows; but Alice was not amongst them. He met many of the young men armed and equipped for their war excursion, but they passed him with a sullen recognition, to which he felt extremely in-

different, for he was enjoying the sweets of recovered liberty, and nothing could rob him of these delicious sensations. The morning was bright and genial, the birds singing merrily, and all Nature seemed to smile benignantly upon him. The sunshine without was in harmony with his own cheerful thoughts, and a deep enthusiastic thankfulness filled his heart with emotions which winged their way heavenwards in many a silent aspiration. How velvety seemed the broken pathway after the rude floor of his prison ! How buoyantly he trod, for he was free ! But his happiness reached its climax when he heard the sweet voice of his sister and caught a glimpse of her figure. She had been tempted to take a bath in the stream, its waters looked so inviting, and had just completed her toilette when Philip addressed her. The baby had been allowed to play upon the bank, and was now pulling flowers to pieces, occasionally holding out a few to his young nurse. Alice uttered a scream of joy at sight of Philip, and flew towards him. " Oh ! Philip, did not I tell thee thou would'st soon be free ; and, I'm sure summer *is* come, and we *shall* go home ! and she clapped her hands in the ecstasy of her anticipations.

" It is, it is ! " cried a person very near them ; and in another moment Alice was grasped by the sturdy hand of Ralph Giles.

" Well, now, for sure, it is our own sweet little Mistress Alice ! Dear, dear, this is the best bit of

luck that ever happened ; come along with me, darling. Well, I never knew anything like it ; indeed, never !”

Alice returned his affectionate salute with all her heart ; but Philip stood bewildered and overcome by this unexpected apparition. Whilst his sister was assailing Giles with question upon question, and the honest fellow was indulging in every expression of delight which he could command, his companion, an officer in the dress of an English cavalier, stood aloof for a few moments, eying the whole scene with much interest, yet unwilling to intrude upon emotions so precious ; but, as Giles was evidently incapable of stirring from the spot so long as Alice’s arms were clasped about his neck, he thought it best to remind him of the value of every minute, and to suggest that he proceeded with his charge to the boats.

“ Well, my dear little mistress,” said Ralph, smiling through tears which glistened in his eyes as he gazed upon the long-lost child, “ where shall we find Master Philip ? But, stay ; I’d better take you off quietly, and then, when you’re safe, we can easily find him. But, Captain Smith, I’m thinking you might tie up that youngster there, to quiet him, or we shall be found out ; and now, little lady, tell us where we may get at Master Philip when we come back ?”

Alice laughed merrily. “ He’s near enough, Ralph Giles, if thou hast any eyes.”

Ralph stared and looked again, and drew nearer. "Well, well," he exclaimed hastily, placing the little girl upon the bank, "this is a day of wonders, that both should be here just to our hand, like; but indeed, Mistress Alice, I *am* blind, for sure I see no Master Philip at all. My word, the jackanapes is stirring; we must fix him at any rate. Why he's willing to be caught, I see thinking, to be standing staring there."

"Very willing, honest Ralph, I can assure thee," said Philip, holding out his hand to his faithful friend, who lifted up his eyes and hands in amazement, which for a moment or two seemed to deprive him of the power of speech. But when those well-remembered accents reached his heart he was almost besides himself with joy. He took Philip's proffered hand and shook it heartily, and his expressions of delight were so boisterous that his prudent companion thought proper to remind him once more of the flight of time, and how much the safety of his precious charge depended upon caution, and that they must all be quiet.

"It's easy for you to talk, Captain; but how was I to know Master Philip in that mountebank fashion? Why, he looks as like an Indian as any of them; but, for all that, I see glad to see you, my young master, and the first sound of your voice was like to break my heart."

"And what are we to do?" asked Philip, eagerly.

The moment was come at length which he had so longed for,—the realization of his dreams; and yet, when liberty was in his grasp, he felt an involuntary pang at the thought of leaving thus abruptly his kind protectors, the well-intentioned beings who had shewn him so much love and hospitality ever since he had dwelt among them. It was so ungrateful to leave Oneyda and his generous bother, and the kind gentle Meahmee, who had been as a mother to him, without a word of regret. He urged these feelings in excuse for not instantly complying with the entreaties of his friends to depart at once, whilst they might do so secretly.

“It cannot be Philip Randolph,” said Smith, who at heart admired these sentiments; “our mission is most perilous, and every moment’s delay adds to its danger. Our departure must be prompt and instant. Ralph Giles, do you take the little girl on your shoulder and set forth.”

Alice’s heart was overflowing with happiness, and she thought of nothing but the pleasure of riding upon Ralph’s shoulder, as in former days, and quite forgot her little charge and every thing else she had cared for in the morning ere she quitted the wigwam. The present was the *all* of the volatile child, and she was borne away, without a pang of regret, from the scene of her late enjoyments, willing to enter upon novelties, and most happy to be restored to an old friend’s protection. All this was natural

to Alice, but her brother still paused. Captain Smith urged him in vain to quit the spot; he looked at Meahmee's child, and said, firmly,

"I must first take back this child to his mother; I promised to do so ten minutes ago, and I cannot leave her thus ungratefully."

"I admire your generous conduct greatly, Philip Randolph, but it is now misplaced; the child will take no harm; and my promise is given to your father that you shall return with me. The way is clear, and our opportunity may be lost if we delay; so follow me."

"I promised!" said Philip, taking up the child.

"And I too, promised, on the word of a soldier, to take you back to your father."

"My father!" repeated Philip, in a faltering tone, whilst the tears rose fast to his eyes, and his lip quivered with an emotion which promised well for Captain Smith's proposition, "God knows how I yearn to see my father's face, but I may not desert this helpless baby. I will soon return, and do you, sir, withdraw; I will rejoin you at the creek above this spot in a few minutes."

"There goes the worthy son of his father," thought Smith, as he watched the retreating form of Philip; and when he had quite disappeared, he himself turned to depart.

Philip flew up the steep ascent which led to the village, and, as he drew nearer, heard distinctly the

sounds of chaunting and the tramp of many footsteps. Upon arriving at the green, he beheld a large body of warriors dancing their war-dance and shouting their discordant song of battle. Contrary to the custom of many tribes, their chief stood apart among the circle of old men, above whom his majestic form towered conspicuously, and ever and anon his plume waved in unison with the energetic eloquence he was then using.

When his oration was ended, he looked around with an air of discontent and impatience. The curling of his lip might indicate the contempt he felt at the absurd usages of his barbarous and unenlightened subjects. He did not condescend to join in the war-dance or add his voice to the terrific yell which rent the air with its discord. Philip turned not aside, but went onwards to the wig-wam of Oneyda. He placed the child in Meahmee's hands, and his own trembled as he did so. "How can I leave her thus ungratefully," he thought, "without a word of kindness; and what will Oneyda think of me? Oh, Heavenly Father, guide me; teach me what to do!"

Meahmee enquired why the golden hair came not. "She is a sad truant, mother; but I will go again and seek her."

Philip rejoiced that he could speak the truth, and hoped that the squaw would not ask him any questions to which he might not be able to reply evasively.

"My son," said Meahmee, timidly, "Appomax will go; there is danger. Oneyda said, 'let Philip stay; a dark cloud is over our village to-day.' Go not forth, my son."

"Nay, mother, if there be danger I ought to protect my sister," and he turned to depart, though with so much agitation that the watchful eye of Appomax observed his unusual emotion; and placing himself in the door-way, he entreated him to remain, declaring his willingness to go in quest of Alice. To this, Philip, of course, did not accede, and accomplished his purpose of leaving the hut. But just as he was darting across the green, every joyous hope and long-cherished anticipation winging his footsteps, he was suddenly arrested by a cry, which, in its horrific shrillness, seemed to fall upon his heart with the weight of a death-blow, chilling every bright thought and stagnating every pulse of hope within him. Oh! that cry; so like the yell still ringing in his ears, recalling associations which had indeed never left his memory, and of what horrible deed was it now to be the precursor?

But the cry was succeeded by many more, and the din grew louder. The clash of weapons was next heard, mingling with the shrieks of affrighted women and children. They came rushing over the plain, wildly mixing with the warriors thus suddenly interrupted in their preparations. The way towards the river was completely blocked up, and so great

was the confusion that Philip could only gather from appearances that some unexpected attack had been made upon the Wyannows, though, as yet, he could not distinguish the foe. But now, above the shouting of the multitude, was heard the report of fire-arms, and volley after volley succeeded. Not many of the savages had seen or heard these formidable and destructive arms, and their terror and amazement were so great that, though brave and determined, they shrank from the encounter with a species of superstitious dread.

When Philip heard the musquets he knew that friends were near, but he felt little joy at this conviction; on the contrary, disappointment and perplexity. If they were come to rescue him from captivity at the expense of massacre and injury to the Wyannows, he would infinitely have preferred loss of freedom and continuance in his weary lot. He thought too, how very easily he might have escaped but for this interruption, and then all his sympathies were interested for the helpless women and children, who were fleeing terror-stricken from these invaders. As the combat proceeded he occasionally beheld the plume of eagle's feathers waving in various parts of the limited field, and he doubted not that Oneyda was foremost and most undaunted in the *mêlée*. He once heard his own name called in the accents of his native tongue, and he raised his voice in reply, but deliverance came not. At

length a fresh volley, which was followed by shrieks and wailing, opened a long path before him in the crowd, and he saw many soldiers of the colony advancing in a solid mass, headed by Captain Preston, and, from their position, he believed they were about most barbarously to charge upon the fleeing mass. He was driven back in the direction of the wig-wam, and sighed to think how soon might the kind hearts which had sheltered him be laid low and cold by the arms of his countrymen. He therefore made his way through the crowd and reached the hut, where Appomax was still standing with weapons in hand ready to fell the first intruder. His eye gleamed joyously when he saw Philip, but the latter looked round for Meahmee.

She was standing within the shadow of the wig-wam not far behind Appomax, with her child closely pressed to her bosom, and her eyes were fixed intently upon the eagle plume, which seemed everywhere waving above the multitude, and as long as she saw that erect and moving, the poor wife felt assured of her husband's safety.

The strife grew more fierce, and as the well-disciplined soldiery of the colony pressed nearer upon the savages, the latter became well aware of the ultimate purpose of their foe. Had this attack been made merely to recover the prisoners, the English would surely have given them some opportunity of parley; but it was so sudden and resolute

that but little doubt was left upon their minds that these invaders were about to retaliate the exterminating system they themselves had introduced. Oneyda knew that he was fighting for his dearest interests; for the lives of his wife and child, the greyhead and infant, for the very name and existence of his tribe; he knew that no mercy was to be expected from the hands of so injured an enemy. His example, however, encouraged his warriors; they saw him exposing himself everywhere with cool intrepidity, and he always retained sufficient calmness to lead and direct; but here was no vantage ground for the Indians; if they took to the shelter of the woods their dwellings would be exposed; and their mode of warfare was so irregular and excursive, that they could present but a poor resistance to the bold and well-equipped band of Englishmen, their inferiors in strength and numbers, but very superior to them in power and position. The Indians knew not how to conduct a battle in such close contact with the foe. Their numbers were thinning rapidly, and the English were gaining ground; the council-lodge was already in flames, and the fire would shortly communicate its ravages to the dry roofs of the huts in its vicinity. All seemed desperate.

The old men could not join in the fight, and looked on with anxious hearts, though too stoical to betray their feelings even to one another. It was

for them to plan a method of escape for the women and children; and they hastened the flight of all they could assemble towards the river, on that side of the village yet free from attack. By making a short circuit it was still possible for many to escape without interruption from the enemy; but not a few already lay lifeless or dying upon the ground, and others, wounded or stupified by terror, were unable to follow those who were flying from the dangerous fire. Philip, with entire unselfishness, endeavoured to persuade Meahmee to retreat, offering to escort her to the canoe which always stood moored in its special harbour; but she would not quit the spot which she had chosen, and whence she could see the plume of eagle's feathers and occasionally obtain a glimpse of Oneyda's form.

She appeared perfectly abstracted from every thing more immediately near, and her ear was deaf to the urgent solicitations of Appomax to care for herself and child, and escape while she might. He had been watching the progress of the enemy with agonized feelings: his duty was to guard the door and watch over Meahmee's safety and that of his friend; but the inherent pride of a warrior stirred within him, and he panted with irrepressible impatience to use his weapons.

When Philip saw that his persuasions were thrown away, he turned to others who equally needed his care. Many a bewildered child he raised from the ground

and hurried forwards to join the departing crowd. But sometimes he was called to the wig-wam door by the clash of weapons, and those of Appomax were already stained by collision with some daring intruder. In spite of the resistance made by the youthful sentinel, who now fought like a true warrior, a soldier effected an entrance, and Philip had only time to rush in and throw himself before Meahmee. How did his heart sicken at sight of a human being, a civilised man, with sabre upraised and aimed at the head of a defenceless woman!

"Stay, stay!" he cried, "I am Philip Randolph, and for my sake spare this woman; she has been a mother to me in my captivity."

The man instantly dropped his weapon, and, after examining Philip's face and dress, replied, "Well, Master, I do it at your bidding; but my orders are to kill every woman and child and old man, for we've a lesson to teach them that they wo'n't forget in a hurry. But you had better stay in these quarters, youngster, and then we shall know where to find you when the work's over." The man departed as quickly as he had entered, unmolested by Appomax, whose eyes, however, glared fiercely on him as he passed out within the reach of his tomahawk.

Meahmee had been so alarmed that she now consented to follow Philip's advice, and was quite willing to fly as soon as an opening could be made for her in the throng; but her agitation and distress

were so excessive that she could scarcely stand unsupported.

The troops of Preston were not so formidable as they appeared, but by a well-ordered disposition of them they were regarded by the Indians as an unending body, by whom they were hemmed in, and from whom there was no escape; and their spirits drooped more than ever when they saw a fresh party emerge from the wood that lay on the north side of the village. They feared for their wives and helpless little ones; nay, they felt but too well assured that all had been cut off by these new assailants; but they did injustice to the noble-hearted Smith, who headed this small detachment, and who, though a spirited soldier, would have disdained to do such inhuman work. He now came up as a *corps de reserve*, and secretly intended to check the sanguinary dealings of Preston, whose policy was to spare neither age nor sex, but, by a grand blow, strike terror into the Indians of the west. Smith looked for Philip Randolph and called upon his name repeatedly, but the object of his solicitude was then engaged in assisting Meahmee to escape, as also two wounded children whom he carried in his arms. Their retreat was covered by the lion-hearted Appomax, and their flight accelerated by a pressure from the crowd behind them. Filled with a generous anxiety about Meahmee, Philip thought not of his own freedom, and that of Alice being secured, he was less careful for personal safety.

He had the happiness to place the squaw and her child with the two young Indians whom he had rescued in a canoe; and then, turning to Appomax, requested him to follow and take charge of them to some place of safety, but Appomax drew back.

"And you, my brother," said he, enquiringly, "where do you go?"

"Ask me not," answered Philip; "I must away. Farewell, dear, kind friends; may God bless you and lead you into His truth."

He was bounding away, when Appomax firmly seized his arm. The eye of the young savage glistened, and his voice was very tremulous as he replied, "My brother is going, and he will never come back; when he is gone to his people the heart of Appomax will wither; he will sorrow because your voice is silent; he will never learn wisdom. Oh, my brother! if you leave us the sunshine will be darkness."

Philip was much affected and could scarcely answer. "But, Appomax, we may meet again; how shall I stay when the voice of my father and my mother calls me? I shall never forget you; but I must away. Farewell, Appomax! why would you keep me from liberty? We shall meet again; I will go and try to make peace for your people, and you shall come and visit me in my father's house."

But Appomax was not to be comforted. With a mournful farewell he wrung his friend's hand, and,

relinquishing his firm grasp on Philip's arm, turned away and sprang into the canoe. Philip did not trust himself to say another word; he had already suffered much by delay, and, plunging into the crowd once more, made his way unheeded to the green. He went on, seeing and hearing nothing but the imploring looks of Appomax and the pathetic tones of his voice. Yet liberty invited him smilingly forwards. He looked towards the spot where he had last seen Preston, and to that point directed his efforts as if life and death hung upon its attainment. The work of death was going on, and, but for his danger, Philip's compassionate nature would have urged him to turn aside and assist the wounded. He shuddered at these sights and sounds, inwardly avowing that he would never mingle in the horrible concerns of war. How could Heaven itself look fair and blue upon such a desolate region?

He could not pass directly to the desired spot, and was compelled to turn aside in order to avoid the shot that was whistling round him; so he determined to make for the wood, hoping to gain the river's brink by a pathway familiar to him. When he reached the first clump of trees, what was his horror to behold, surrounded by numbers of slain, the very protector he had been seeking! Captain Preston, lay dead upon the field of carnage he had so recently triumphed in.

At a little distance from him, almost insensible, and dangerously wounded, was stretched the Wyannow chief. At the sound of an approaching footstep, he opened his languid eyes and raised a feeble arm, which instantly sank into its recumbent posture. Philip flew towards him, and kneeling down upon the blood-stained turf, bent over him and said, in the language of the Indian,

“Oneyda, ’t is your son, ’t is Philip ; what shall he do for you ?”

The warrior’s stern countenance relaxed as he said, faintly, “ Who calls for Oneyda ? He was a great chief, and is gone to the happy hunting grounds. But, is it Philip ? Raise me, my son, that I may look at my young men ; and bind my arm and stop the stream of life ; it flows fast, fast, Philip ; and the Yengee is at the door of my wigwam.”

Philip complied with his request, and assured him that Meahmee was safe ; that she and her child had escaped with Appomax. A smile lit up the dark features of the Indian ; they wore a humanized expression, tender and parental, as he pressed the hand of Philip, and called upon the Great Spirit to bless him. But again his eye became fixed upon the fight, and he could scarcely be repressed from rising and shouting his war-cry. When he saw that all was lost, that the English maintained their ground and were gaining upon his people, his agi-

tation was excessive ; but he did not withhold his admiration of the brave man who now appeared to lead the enemy, and who, it was plain to see, was facilitating by every means in his power the retreat of the aged and helpless to the river side. Probably, had Smith known that the death of Preston had made him Captain of the forces, he would have stopped the fight ; but, in ignorance of that circumstance, he did not venture to act in opposition to his superior's preconcerted arrangements.

Philip, intent upon his work of mercy, would not quit Oneyda's side. He believed him to be dying, and was anxious once more to whisper in his ear the truth he had so long endeavoured to teach him. But the eye of the chief was busily scanning the combat ; he was restless though faint, and frequently started from the supporting arms of his generous attendant. But at length the wearied lids closed and his lips grew paler, his head sank languidly upon his chest, and he swooned away. Philip feared that he was dead, and a pang of grief shot through his heart ; yet, reflecting that this insensibility might only be temporary, he rushed towards the pathway in the wood with the intention of getting a little water at the river, but recollecting that he had nothing in which to convey it, when obtained, he looked around him in perplexity. The only thing which could serve his purpose was the crushed beaver of Captain Preston ; this he shudderingly snatched up, and ran

swiftly to the stream, filled it, and returned. He dashed the contents over the face of Oneyda, and soon had the happiness of seeing him revive. The fleeting images of the scene did not now attract his attention. As consciousness returned, he spoke; but his mind wandered, and his thoughts were evidently fixed upon things not present.

“A shadow has fallen over my soul, and I see that the glory of my race is departed. Oneyda is a great chief; he goes to the happy hunting grounds with the scalps of a thousand foes. Why does the Father of Life hide his face under a cloud? But His voice is in my heart, and He has called me. I come, my Father! I am swift upon the trail of Meeattonee—the deer is not swifter; the soft breath of the west whispers the names of my fathers, and they crown me with flowers of the blessed prairies.”

“Oneyda! Oneyda! listen to me, listen to me,” said Philip, who hung over him in deepest sorrow.

“No, no, pale face, go; go tell the Yengees that Opecanoff is the eagle of his tribe; he fears not death, his heart is far from the knife of a pale face. But, Philip, my son, my pride” ———. A cry now arose into the air, and instantly interrupted hostilities. The wounded chief re-opened his eyes, and feebly responded to the shout; but the effort was too great, and again he sank back into Philip’s arms, who expected him every moment to breathe his last.

CHAPTER XX.

LOUDER had become the battle cry, and fiercer the strife. The attacked were fighting with the desperate energy of men whose all was staked upon the result, who knew that they were struggling for home, and life, and name. The council-lodge was already blazing; many huts in its vicinity were reduced to ashes; the wounded and dying, the old men and helpless children, and feeble women, were stretched around them. Their chief had disappeared; doubtless, overpowered by numbers he had fallen; now their own arms were fainting and their numbers rapidly diminishing. When all seemed lost, and while the elated victors were pursuing with detestable alacrity their work of carnage (in despite of the efforts of Smith to prevent them), a succour arrived most unexpectedly to all parties, in the person of Tallassee, accompanied by his sons and a large body of warriors. Then arose the terrific war-cry which had startled Oneyda, and its effect was to cast a

gloom over the English; but it imparted fresh vigour to the Indians, who now flew with greater animation to the combat, and desperately repulsed their assailants. But the arrival of these new-comers interrupted hostilities, and the first words of Tallessee were conciliatory and pacific.

He proposed that the English should withdraw, and be permitted to do so unmolested; they had taken sufficient vengeance, he said, and it became them to be satisfied with the number of slain in the engagement. "A brave warrior when full ceased to be hungry." To this proposition Captain Smith fully agreed, and declared his willingness to depart if they would deliver into his hands the captive Philip Randolph. Hereupon many asserted that they had seen him flee to the river, and that they were sure he had taken this opportunity to escape. These words seemed perfectly reasonable to Smith, who felt it would be impossible to seek for him in all the confusion which reigned so supremely over the plain; and he considered, moreover, that, as Philip had not replied to his oft-repeated call, nor appeared to any of his party, he must surely have departed to the place of rendezvous. Indeed he had no reason to doubt that he had repaired thither before the attack commenced, so he did not think it necessary to pursue his enquiries, and proceeded to arrange some terms of retreat with the now largely-reinforced Wyannows. His chief difficulty arose from

the absence of Preston, who was not to be found; and he felt diffident about making conditions with the Indians without his concurrence. As Preston's men declared that he had been flying in every direction of the field, it was not improbable that, with his adventurous and erratic ideas of combat, he should have made some *détour* with a few followers, or, it was possible, that he had been wounded and had made a retreat. He ordered search to be made for the dead and wounded, but forbade any approach whatsoever towards a renewal of the fight.

Smith's terms were humane, and his conduct prudent, upon the occasion which succeeded to the first parley of the hostile parties. He declared that such an attack as the present would never have been made, but for the terrible outrage committed upon the Settlements the previous year; and that the late encounter might prove to every native tribe what they had to expect if ever they dared again to intrude upon their peacefully-disposed neighbours. That, on the other hand, if they felt willing to enter into alliance with them, he was ready to promise, on the part of his own people, every encouragement they needed, and assured them of inviolable amity, if fully confided in. These statements were received courteously by Tallassee, who promised to consider them in a grand council of the western tribes, and doubted not that they would all now be induced to enter into more friendly relations with their white brothers,

who had shewn themselves so wise and brave. But the old chief insisted upon the immediate departure of the English from the village, as he could not answer for the consequences if the Wyannows should be dissatisfied and dissent from these terms. Very few were present at the deliberation; for the old men had escaped with the women or hidden themselves in the wood, and the warriors who had been engaged in the recent combat were now standing in moody silence, disdaining to raise their eyes to their enemies, and busily cogitating some future scheme of revenge.

The soldiers who had been sent to recover the dead and wounded now returned, leading back a few who had been much disabled by the well-aimed shafts of the savages; but Captain Smith gazed upon the only inanimate burden which they bore with mingled pity and aversion. Preston, of all the brave band he had brought with him, alone had fallen in the engagement, and his features in death wore so harsh and stern an expression, that even the Indians of Tallassee's party turned from the forbidding countenance with awe and dislike. After assuring Tallassee of a kind and honourable reception from the Governor at James Town whenever he should feel inclined to pay him a visit, Captain Smith gave orders for a retreat, and his small but well-disciplined body drew up as by magic (the Indians thought), shouldered their formidable fire-arms, and departed, taking the way that led towards the

river, leaving the Wyannows dispirited and overwhelmed by the terrible loss they had sustained, and in much dread of the wondrous strangers, whose appearance had been so unlooked for on the eve of this fatal morning, and whose power they already began to appreciate.

When Smith and his company reached the river, they found their boat, but scantily manned, awaiting them: it was supposed that Captain Preston's would be met with lower down. Ralph Giles having secured the safety of Alice, would not leave her; and they were both happily sailing homewards under the protection of the third commander. With neither of these boats did Captain Smith fall in; but he felt little anxiety, never doubting that Philp Randolph was in one of them. The distance from James Town was great, and the soldiers were desirous to bury their late commander, which they did on the evening of the second day. After digging a grave within the shelter of the forest, they laid him down amidst the wild and solitary scenes he had so loved when living. No tear was shed, no prayer hallowed the spot which received his remains; the sod was replaced, and, though the deer and the hunter have often trodden that wilderness, no Indian ever knew the grave of the reckless and unhonoured Preston.

The generous Smith sighed as he re-entered his boat when the melancholy task was ended, and

blamed himself for every hasty word and unkind or haughty rejoinder he had been guilty of in their late intercourse ; he mentally promised to be more guarded in future, and to bear in mind the final destiny of the strongest and the bravest. It was a bitter disappointment to him as well as to the affectionate Ralph, upon meeting at James Town, to find that Philip had been left behind. They thought they were both much to blame for ever having suffered him to leave them when once under their protection ; but when Henry and Margaret Randolph heard the faithful relation of the circumstances, they both exclaimed, " We would not have had him act otherwise ; our boy has done what he ought to have done, and we are thankful that he did right." They would not allow themselves to feel anxious ; they indulged the hope that the providence of God would eventually restore him, as Alice had been brought back, to their yearning arms. But the tears filled the poor mother's eyes more frequently than they had ever done before, when Alice told her of all they had done, and of all Philip had suffered, and how good he was, and how he made every body good that he talked to. They were not altogether tears of sorrow, but of thankfulness and pride,—the pride of a doating mother, the fond consciousness that her cares had not been bestowed in vain, and that the prayers of former years were answered.

It may appear strange that the men who had

borne away Preston's body had not observed Philip and Oneyda, the latter reclining upon a bank very near the spot where their commander had fallen. It might be, that, as Philip wore the dress and paint of a warrior, he had been overlooked ; or, that at the time they approached the place he was absent procuring more water, in the hope of restoring the insensible chief. Be that as it may, Philip was conscious of nothing but the danger, and, as he thought, near death of his protector ; for, as he held the fainting warrior's head supported on his breast, and gazed upon his noble features, all recollection of captivity or trouble was merged in the present helplessness of him who had rescued him twice from death and had given him proofs of so remarkable an attachment. Besides all this, Philip remembered that Oneyda was still a heathen ; that he himself had lived with him for the last year in frequent intercourse with many opportunities of speaking to him of God, of Jesus Christ, of a soul to be lost or saved. Oh ! how poor seemed all his efforts ! Would that he had used more earnestness, more self-denial, more watchfulness,—would that he had more invited enquiry by his own example and conduct ! —

Whilst these thoughts were passing through his mind, the busy scene we have previously related was going on, out of sight, but within a very short distance of him.

When the sons of Tallassee, accompanied by a

few warriors of the Wyannows, came round to number the dead, they found, to their great surprise, the still captive Philip supporting the wounded Sachem. Their joy at finding this renowned chief alive, though apparently fast sinking, was not equal to their sentiments of astonishment and admiration on beholding Philip, who had lately been presented with so many opportunities of escape, stationary at the side of Oneyda, bending over him with unfeigned solicitude, and evidently wholly engrossed by his dangerous condition. They marvelled at such generous self-forgetfulness; for, it was too apparent, that, in order to succour Oneyda, Philip had neglected his own opportunity of escaping. The sons of Tallassee accosted him with the greatest respect, and pointed him out to their followers as the most exalted of beings.

While Philip hung over the agonized form of Oneyda, expecting every moment to see him breathe his last, the sons of Tallassee stood by in silent consideration of the scene, and made no attempt to interrupt it; but, when their father joined them, he immediately gave orders that the wounded chief should be conveyed to his wig-wam (the only one in the village preserved entire from the flames, and this on account of the supposed presence of Philip). The latter would not leave him.

“Your people are gone,” said one of the young men in the language of the Wyannows; “Will you not follow them?”

Philip almost bounded from the earth at these words. Liberty, home, kindred, all that endeared life to him were thus presented, and he hastily demanded which way the troops had departed ; but, before a reply was returned, his feelings had undergone another transition. Oneyda was in extreme danger, none about him knew so well as he how to comfort and nurse him. Here was an occasion of doing good, and furthur opportunity for exercising that heroic self-denial which he so much desired to practice. He would not go ; he would stay till returning consciousness should render Oneyda capable of receiving consolation and instruction ; he would seek to reclaim this erring child of a common Father ; he would imitate as far as he was able the example of his Master, who never turned away from the miserable and suffering.

When Philip had reviewed this resolution he felt inexpressible comfort and self-satisfaction. His conscience approved him, and he rejoiced at, rather than regretted, the intelligence that the English had departed without him, supposing their young countryman to have preceded them homewards. This information was communicated with much delicacy and consideration by Tallassee.

“ They have gone, but they knew not that the son of Oneyda was resting with his red father ; their hearts will be sad, but my son shall dwell in our wig-wam and eat the Indian’s food till the great

chief wakes. When his wounds are healed and his strength returns he will speak his will to Philip. Be happy, my son," continued the old man, laying his hand upon Philip's head; "let the Indian's sun warm the heart of the pale face; he is welcome to the dwelling of Tallassee."

For many days did Philip watch by the mat of Oneyda, rendering him every needful attention; and, though he had little skill in the healing art, he had profited by having watched his mother and the worthy Bridget, both renowned for their knowledge of simples and the ability with which they dressed a wound or treated complaints not very difficult of cure. In those days much depended upon the talent of the housewife; almost every matron made pharmacy her study, and, as an herbalist, Margaret Randolph was surpassed by few. She took pains to collect plants and learn their properties, and had as much pleasure in this pursuit as any modern lady who cultivates the more elegant but less useful branches of botanical science. But the Indians from excessive superstition, usually called in the aid of a conjuror when the disease baffled their simple applications. In the case of Oneyda, however, they paid such deference to the supposed skill of Philip, that, with the aid of a few herbs recommended by the experienced among the tribe, the chief was soon pronounced out of danger and considered likely to recover. During the first few days of extreme weakness he had moaned incessantly; but, as

consciousness returned, and when he became aware of the presence of others, the stoical principals of his race resumed their sway, and he suppressed every indication of pain. Philip was unremitting in his attentions to the poor sufferer: from his hand Oneyda received whatever was administered either of cooling beverage or of fruit, and when irritated by pain or fever, it was Philip who alone had power to soothe him. Often during the day did Oneyda's languid eyes turn towards his youthful benefactor, and a look was sufficient when too feeble to express his wants: Philip understood them all. In all these offices of active kindness he neglected not a duty of great importance. The sick Indian marvelled to see him kneeling at times in a shady corner of the hut, with the same calm and fervent expression upon his face and in the same attitude as when he had surprised him in the wood; and often during Oneyda's wakeful moments, when Philip knew that he was conscious, would he lift up his heart in prayer, though he retained his post by the sick couch; the deep earnest breathings of his soul ascending from that dark cabin as incense to Him whose shrine is the lowly heart of faith. There could be no ostentation here. Philip had severed himself from sweet links of hope; his bright anticipations of liberty had all vanished; and now he thought only, or chiefly, of present duties: none could whisper consolation, or praise or compliment, or paint his generous self-

denial in its true colours. Left to his own resources, his own sorrow, he did not feel alone. By the mat of a savage, in the close atmosphere of that wigwam, the testimony of a good conscience gave him its blessed companionship; and in the morning, when he ventured forth to inhale the fresh air of the summer dawn, his spirit drank not a purer or more refreshing inspiration than from the gloom of the sick dwelling. He suffered some pangs; self-denial cost him some efforts, but the tumult of natural feeling was calmed by the tender pleadings of pity within him, and, above all, by the deep and constant sense of God's merciful providence. "It is all well," he often repeated, "God will care for me;" and he found peace and happiness in this thought.

But thus occupied in unceasing attendance upon Oneyda, Philip did not forget Meahmee or her child, and enquired frequently after the faithful Appomax. He learnt with joy that they had reached Tallassee's village in safety, and were now dwelling in his wigwam; that Meahmee, though suffering still from the alarm and fatigues she had felt during the day of the combat, was gradually recovering under the care of her mother, and was only deterred from visiting her husband by the parental injunction of Tallassee, who thought that the chief could be in no better hands than those of Philip. As soon as he was convalescent, the latter purposed to have

him removed and conveyed in a canoe to a new scene; rightly judging that he would be little able to bear the sight of so much havoc and destruction as that made by the English in their sudden invasion. Many of his people were already busily employed in constructing a new village, and several neat huts had arisen upon a spot not very distant from that from which they had been driven. Apomax was not allowed to visit his brother; and, in the meanwhile, had employed himself in constructing a new habitation for him, the neatness and convenience of which was highly creditable to him and to the hints of Philip, whose pupil he had been. His friend, during that time, was gaining all hearts by his kind and prudent behaviour, and receiving much honour through the attentions and favour of Tallassee.

The benevolent and praiseworthy conduct of Philip had produced a great effect upon the mind of the venerable Tallassee, for such he was called by his own people, although still erect and dignified. The snows of more than sixty winters whitened his brows, and, contrary to the custom of most Indians, his head was not shaved, and his silver hair fell over his face in much profusion. He was still vigorous, and his powers of mind retained all or more than their former activity. This young white stranger had manifested principles of conduct altogether different from anything he had ever witnessed, and he

felt a secret curiosity to know what it was that rendered him so much wiser and more prudent than the youth of his own people. He began to argue that if all the Yengees resembled this specimen of their race, they would indeed prove formidable foes ; that it might be better to cultivate their friendship, and lay aside thoughts of revenge for more useful purposes. He questioned Philip upon the strength and numbers of his people and their modes of living ; but, strange to relate, did not enquire in the least respecting their method of warfare. Philip soon perceived that he had met with a character entirely new to him, one he could scarcely have expected to find amongst savages. He discovered that Tallassee was a devout Indian, whose speculations, though vague, were not without ingenuity, and displayed a thoughtful and enquiring mind.

Tallassee was the sage of his tribe, and had acquired great consideration from former Governors of Virginia as a peaceable and influential Sachem, whose policy had always been more humane than that of his neighbours ; and amongst the Indians of the west he was looked up to as one deeply skilled in great matters, who had seen and known many things by direct revelation from Wacondah himself, and they also highly respected him for his profound prudence. The natural piety of this savage had not carried him very far. He had busily thought when upon the vast prairies, the rolling rivers, in

the open sky of his boundless land ; but his range was, after all, very limited, for they could teach his darkened imagination but little of the power and nature of the true God of heaven and earth. Tallassee, after long years of indefinite reasonings and self-communing, was fast filling up the measured term of his existence without a satisfactory solution to his difficulties ; something within him was at variance with the views and principles of those amongst whom he had passed his life ; but he had neither guide nor revelation, and was groping in the obscurity of natural religion when he unexpectedly met with a friend. For God, who "in every nation accepteth him that feareth Him and worketh righteousness," made the captive of the Wyannows His instrument in conveying more clear glimpses of truth to the mind of the aged enquirer. Philip listened to Tallassee with respect and attention, and answered his questions with all the precision of which he was capable ; and the Indian, gratified by the readiness which the youth displayed to converse and argue with him, enjoyed, probably for the first time in his life, that greatest of enjoyments—communion with a kindred spirit. Amongst truthful minds sympathy must exist, and neither disparity of years or station can mar this union. Thus the experienced Tallassee tasted the sweets of this fellowship of mind with a youth of seventeen, a foreigner, and one of a hated race. Let us, then, seek to sympathise,

when we may, with persons of all ages and stations, hailing with thankfulness these golden opportunities of extending our influence, of maturing our principles, and of more widely diffusing happiness.

We need not detail the conversations of the old man and our youthful hero. They were on deeply interesting subjects; and though the arguments used by Philip were simple, and neither learned nor connected, they satisfied Tallassee. He was no logician, and his learning had been derived from the great book which was ever open to him. The landscape, the sky, and the waters were his instructors, and nothing advanced by Philip as yet, startled him or appeared unworthy of the character of Him whom he ignorantly worshipped; but he was still far from truth, and Philip felt by no means qualified to give him the instruction he needed. He was not in possession of any of the evidences of his faith beyond those with which his simple education had furnished him. That holy faith was indeed written upon his own heart, and to him was all-sufficient, needing no extrinsic recommendations; conviction was easy where nothing had been doubted, but he did not find it easy to impart the like impressions to Tallassee's mind. The Indian listened with grave interest to all that his youthful teacher said; but indulged in no expressions of wonder or of gladness at hearing what was really so wonderful and joy-inspiring; and when Philip informed him

of the revelation of God's will, and of the way of salvation by Jesus Christ, his superstitious mind saw nothing incredible in the fact that God should send His Son into the world to die for man, a sacrifice and atonement for their sin. He did not seem impressed sufficiently with the awfulness and magnitude of the responsibility every one must incur who had heard of this great salvation, and Philip could not furnish him with answers or reasonings to many of his questions. He thought that Tallassee appeared too calm and too easily satisfied upon points more particularly personal, and he feared lest his questioning should only have originated in curiosity, and would therefore merely result in indifference.

Philip was young and inexperienced, though zealous, and sincerely desirous to do good. He himself wanted a more firm grasp of *principles*; and probably, had he possessed more of the *system* of truth, he would not have been so incapable of impressing an ignorant mind. After a missionary has imparted some leading truth to a heathen, he generally follows it up by systematic teaching, so that a gradual and orderly progress may ensue; but this method of instruction was unknown to Philip. He felt extremely despondent about Tallassee, after several conversations upon these subjects, to find him still so imperturbable; he had not been able to touch his heart, and saw that, although he received with little doubt what

was presented to him as general truth, he still remained very far from convinced that religion was a personal thing. Philip learnt a useful lesson with this disappointment; he felt that very little could be done by his own power, and that, in order to convert others, a missionary must use diligent prayer, and, above all things, watch his own heart and seek diligently to secure his own salvation. One who earnestly desires the teaching of God's Holy Spirit to enlighten the darkness of another's heart, will, in like manner, seek that purifying influence for himself. As a baptized Christian, Philip felt that he might confidently look up and desire that greatest of all blessings a renewed heart, not only for himself, but for the darkened and ignorant beings around him; and, as he advanced in his missionary task, he was made more intimately acquainted with the difference which existed between himself and them, and more powerfully reminded of his own privileges and responsibilities.

CHAPTER XXI.

TIME wore on, and Philip Randolph was still a captive among the Wyannows, at least he was still to be found in attendance by the sick couch of their once-renowned and powerful chief; but Oneyda was no longer powerful. The very best and bravest of his warriors had fallen in the late conflict, and there remained but few to take their places. The old men and children, with a rising but undisciplined youth, now constituted the sole subjects of his despotic sway; and he himself, after two months of dangerous sickness, lay weak and languid upon his low couch, only leaving it occasionally, when his devoted attendant assisted him to the door of the wig-wam in order that he might enjoy once more the refreshing air and sunshine.

Oneyda spoke little, and from the first day of his rising from his sick-bed, had become more and more dejected. Meahmee, who was now permitted to join Philip in his services of disinterestedness,

vainly sought by every simple art to win him from his sadness. He heeded her not, and would often lie for hours with his face to the wall, mute and motionless as death. When he had recovered more strength, Philip urged him to quit the wig-wam and lie in the shade, where nothing should be permitted to disturb him; and the proposition seemed to give him some pleasure, for he raised himself from the mat with a degree of his former alacrity, and attempted to walk unsupported to the door, but he could not, and sank back again in extreme pain. For once his self-command forsook him, and physical strength was at that moment so prostrate, that scalding tears of mortification and impatience rolled fast down his wan cheeks: the stern warrior was unmanned.

“Better that I had died like a glorious chief than lived to be a woman! Why did not the Great Spirit call me to my fathers when he sent the knife of my enemy to my heart? Oneyda is a girl; go, Philip, and tell your squaws of the pale faces that Oneyda, the great chief of the Wyannows, is turned into a child that creeps;” and he hid his face from his companion, weeping bitterly.

Philip regarded him with compassion, and strove to soothe him as a gentle nurse quiets her wayward charge. He bade him hope for more strength, at the same time reminding him that it must be according to the will of God, and that, if it were His pleasure, he should yet be strong and well again.

Oneyda's next attempt to gain the door-way was attended with better success; and he leant upon Philip's shoulder, listening with pleasure to the voice of his favourite, and together they stepped forth into the light and freshness of the day. But Oneyda shrank back for a moment as they were crossing the village green and the blackened ruins of the council-lodge met his view. The whole place indeed presented a scene of desolation most trying to the imperiously-minded chief, to whose memory the fearful combat came back with torturing power in these moments of weakness. Philip led him away to the shade, where the exhausted invalid threw himself upon a bank of verdure, and, closing his eyes, seemed to be courting sleep; but he was much agitated, and, frequently starting from his recumbent posture, covered his face with his hands and remained silent for many moments. Philip watched him for awhile with much interest, and then said,

“Oneyda, thank God for this day! You are raised from your bed of sickness and restored to life, to this beautiful world, and to many blessings; do not think now of anything that you have lost, but of all that you still possess; ask God to give you a thankful heart, for everything might be much worse than it is.”

The chief uncovered his face, and replied to this earnest address with a look of deep anguish; he

spoke in tremulous accents, as if struggling to master the powerful emotions of his troubled soul.

"Philip, Philip!" he said, with a pathos that melted his young friend's heart, "I have lost all—all!"

"Oh, no! my father; not all."

Oneyda interrupted him. "I was a great chief once, and my arm was strong and my heart without fear. I had five hundred braves around me, and they followed my track in the forest, and we hunted over the far west and no man crossed my path, for my name spoke louder than the fire-spirit when he roars upon the burning prairies; my old men were wise in council, and my villages were never destroyed till the pale face came to sweep away the name of my people from the earth. Oh! if those warriors were yet living, would they have left me in my death-struggle? But I know they are gone, never to return. I have no tribe,—no people,—no name."

Philip hastened to assure him that of the many as dangerously wounded as himself some were already better, and busied at the time in rearing a new village, and settling the rest of the tribe on a meadow not very distant; that, as soon as he wished to be conveyed thither, Tallassee had promised to send a canoe, and that his recovery was a matter of much affectionate interest to the whole of his people.

This intelligence imparted a gleam of hope to Oneyda's mind, in danger of preying upon its own despondency ; and he was willing to be persuaded by the kind considerations which Philip so well knew how to suggest. He looked around him with greater courage, and appeared to derive strength from the effort, but his tones were still mournful and complaining.

"Why does the sun shine so gladly?" he cried. "Why is the sky so bright, and why does the spirit of music speak in the forest? See, Philip, God is angry with me; he despises me, and makes all things sing proudly over my fall."

"Not so, Oneyda! Oh, no! not so. God loves you; nay, he afflicts you because he loves you and wishes to make you love Him better. He cannot do wrong. See how happy He has made every thing: the sky and the waters look joyous because they were made to praise Him and to tell of His goodness to us His creatures; but lift up your heart to God, Oneyda, and ask Him to teach you to love Him, and then you will not grieve that He has afflicted you."

"How shall I speak to Him, Philip, while I am so angry? Do you speak to your God, and ask Him. He will not hear the red man."

"He hears all who call upon Him," replied Philip, much moved; and, kneeling down, he prayed a fervent petition in the language of Oneyda, who

felt surprised that Philip should so well know his wants, and so much of all he was thinking about.

“My son knows everything, and he shall teach me of his God. Oneyda is a child,—he knows nothing.”

Philip did not yet venture to speak of freedom. His work made progress; the simple Meahmee became a convert. Tallassee did not blame her, and she commended her faith to those whom she could influence by her blameless conduct. A change took place in Oneyda; he grew more humble, and, though reserved, became gradually interested in the truth for its own sake, though, at first, it had only been important as spoken by Philip. He recovered from his illness, but at the end of three months was still weak and tottering, and evinced much unwillingness to remove from his wig-wam. At length, upon the solicitations of Tallassee, he consented to go to his new village, and a canoe, manned by Appomax and the brothers of Meahmee, arrived to convey him thither. He entered it firmly, and calmly received the congratulations of his brothers, who had sufficient self-command not to betray their surprise and regret at the great change manifest in his appearance.

The people, who thronged the river's bank to welcome home their renowned chief, were all alike shocked at this alteration in his appearance; but, bending and lame as he was, Oneyda could yet wave his hand with dignity, and address them in

those tones which had always held such a magic sway over their savage spirits. He landed, assisted by Philip, and was conducted to the wig-wam which Appomax had so carefully constructed. Its aspect pleased him much, and in the evening, when Meahmee asked Philip to pray that God would bless their new home and do them good in it, Oneyda listened with much attention, and Appomax knelt by his friend's side. It was a happy evening to Philip, and he slept soundly and sweetly upon the new mat in the new little dormitory which affection and friendship had especially intended for him. He awoke in the morning with a lightened heart, and felt so much refreshed that he almost forgot how far he still dwelt from home and kindred.

A week passed away after their arrival at the new village, and Oneyda was visibly better. His people became accustomed to him, and he felt less mortification at being seen by them; but it was his hardest trial to note how few brave men went through their exercises or mustered for a hunting-party. He purposed training the youths as soon as he got better, and also calling a council of allies; but pride still ruled, and he shrank, for the present, from exposing his weakness to his neighbours. And had he no thought all this time for the liberty of the generous youth who had devoted himself so entirely to his safety, and watched so long by his sick couch? Meahmee yearned to suggest the wish

of her heart; she could not refrain from telling Philip that she prayed for his freedom; but, knowing the temper of her husband, dared not propose it to him.

Whenever Oneyda's eye rested upon Philip's countenance he would sigh and look so sad, that the latter could not utter his oft-recurring wish to be sent home; and he determined to wait a little longer till the mandate should proceed from a sense of justice, and Christian consideration be its prompting motive. In due time his patience was rewarded. Oneyda led him to the door of his dwelling one evening, and, pointing to the moon, which was then shining brightly in the zenith, said, in a voice of emotion,

"When that moon grows large, Philip shall go to the wig-wam of his white father."

The youth started. "Shall I, indeed, Oneyda? May God bless you for that word!"

"My son, I have been very selfish, I have hated the white man and called him dog all my life till now; but from this time I am his friend. You shall go to your father, and Oneyda will be your friend and his; but forget not your red brothers"

—— He stopped abruptly and turned away.

A few mornings after this conversation, Philip was awakened by a cold hand upon his arm and the voice of Oneyda in his ear.

"Philip, my son, rise, for the sun is waking, and

you must be gone ere my people stir ; hasten, my friend ! 'Tis not Oneyda that drives you from his dwelling ; 'tis the voice of your heart, Philip, and you are free to go where it leads you. Go, and tell the pale faces that the red man is just ; he will not keep what is not his own. Philip, we shall meet again ; and then I will tell your people what the captive did for his cruel master." He took Philip's hand and pressed it to his heart, and the youth felt the warm tears falling fast upon it.

"Now," said Oneyda, recovering his usual dignity, "farewell ! May your God and *my* God love you, Philip, and take you to your father. You will not go alone. Under the fiery maple you will find a canoe, and Appomax awaits you. Go, my son ! why do you tarry ? You are free !"

Philip pressed his hand and obeyed.



CHAPTER XXII.

THE morning was bright and dewy, and the turf glistened in the rising sun. All was happiness around ; and yet Philip felt pensive on his way to liberty. He regretted not having bidden adieu to Meahmee, but resolved to send many grateful messages by Appomax, who greeted him sadly, and who could scarcely enjoy the hours of uninterrupted intercourse which this voyage afforded him, from the ever-present dread of their coming separation. He knew that he was conveying his friend away, never to return ; and this conviction made him so sad, that Philip could only cheer him by promising to come back at some future day and pay them a visit. It was in this voyage that Appomax confessed to his friend that he had been the murderer of Maneecho, though unintentionally. It was he who had made an opening in the side of the hut and forced away the timbers to get admission to the side of the helpless captive ; and his hand had struck

the blow, though in ignorance of its terrible effects. He had entertained many fears with regard to Maneecho, and suspected him of the treachery he afterwards attempted. This confession led to an interesting conversation, in which Philip endeavoured to shew to the affectionate Appomax what were the laws of God, and that it was highly needful to guard against impetuosity. He made him feel regret for the deed and its consequences, and led him to seek forgiveness of the God whom he had injured, and whose law he had unwittingly disobeyed. Appomax shed tears, and lamented that he should have no friend or adviser when Philip was gone to teach him anything right.

But why should we linger upon their monotonous voyage down the river, which lasted for several days. Though varied by conversation, it was tedious; and, to Philip's harassed mind, much relief was afforded when they left the boat to continue their journey by land. He confided entirely in Appomax, whose directions had been minute; and in less than two days they reached the bank of another river, and found a canoe moored in the shade, into which Appomax sprang. He paddled rapidly into the stream, and looked at the sun; then returning, leapt ashore again, and, mournfully pointing to the rocking boat, bade Philip enter it alone.

"And will you not come also, Appomax; what shall I do without my guide?"

"I may not," answered the youth, sadly sighing; "Oneyda's words were loud; he said, 'take him to his own river, and then follow your trail and hasten home.' Appomax could weep like a woman, but he dare not; he will wait till his brother turns from the sun, and then he will fly back to tell Oneyda. Go, Philip; go!"

Philip thought it useless and tantalizing to keep Appomax longer on the bank than was necessary; he, therefore, wrung his hand, and, stepping into the canoe, turned down the stream, and soon discovered that he was on the James river.

He passed many a well-known spot, and beheld the green hill of the Fair Meadows rising in the distance. How his heart swelled at that sight, and all the memories of the past rushed back upon his soul! He wept and poured out a prayer of thanksgiving for the mercies vouchsafed him from that fatal day of massacre to the present. The banks became flatter and duller as he proceeded; but, tame as they appeared in comparison with the many beautiful and magnificent scenes he had witnessed in the west, they wanted nothing now but the Settlements that used to stud the river side, looking so peaceful and pleasant to his eye as the boat had so often conveyed the family to and from the church of James Town. But his heart beat more quickly when that hallowed building appeared in sight, standing in its simplicity upon the fair rising ground

above the little town, sheltering it, as it were, by its consecrated vicinity. Philip looked away to the banks once more. They were evidently forsaken; but he trusted that now the Indians would not be so formidable, and that he at least could ensure the friendship of two great chiefs to the colony. This reflection caused him to say that his captivity had not been vain. He plied a vigorous oar, and at last entered the little port, and finally moored his canoe upon dry land.

The sun was just setting, and cast a cheerful radiance upon the painted wooden buildings of the little town. He plainly discovered the sentinels on parade upon the parapet of the fort, and heard the hum of voices in the court of the Government House. All this time he had forgotten that he still wore the dress of an Indian; and, though he was without paint, his appearance was sufficiently forlorn, and, at the first glance, an observant eye might very easily have mistaken him for a wandering native. He thought it singular that the day of his arrival should be that of the anniversary of his birth. Such was the case; and he thought, too, with delight and thankfulness, how happy, how much happier, would be this birth-day than any he had ever passed in his life.

Enquiring from a man, who seemed much surprised to hear such pure English from an Indian hunter (for his dress betokened this), where was Henry Randolph's house, it was pointed out to him.

"That white house yonder, and the neatest in all the town, I can tell you."

Philip hurried onwards, but his step faltered as he laid his hand on the gate. The dwelling was indeed remarkably neat, and the garden bore traces of his mother's taste and care. The door was closed, and no one appeared at the little glazed windows, so that his approach was unperceived; but still he hesitated. The barking of a dog gave warning to the inmates that some one approached; and soon Bridget's round face appeared at a side window.

"What's your business?" were the first words.

"Oh, it's one of them Indians."

Philip turned his face away. How could he rush into his mother's presence thus abruptly. It might shock her; she might be injured from excess of joy, and his father's nerves were none of the strongest. He paused a moment, and then spoke in as harsh a tone as he could assume:—

"I come with news of Philip;—to say that he is safe, and not far off."

Bridget gave a joyous exclamation, and had no sooner disappeared from the window than Ralph Giles took his station there.

"Hush, Ralph!" said Philip, stealing softly towards him. "Do not alarm my mother: be careful."

Ralph was soon in the garden, and, after him came Alice, who had no difficulty in recognizing her

brother at once. She had seen him frequently in his present attire.

"He's here, he's here!" she cried. "Father, mother, it's Philip, it's Philip!" And she threw herself, weeping and sobbing, into his arms.

Henry Randolph rushed out of the house, and folded his long-lost son to his heart. "Thou art come, my son! God be thanked, thou art come at last, my own dear noble boy!"

Philip thought himself now in Paradise; but, starting from his father's embrace, he rushed into the house, calling upon his mother's name.

She had risen upon the first intelligence, intending to follow her husband into the garden, but agitation prevented her, and she was compelled to sit down again. When Philip entered the room in which the family had been taking their early supper, he found his mother sitting at the table, her cheek resting on her hand, and her face pale as death. She could not rise; her lips quivered convulsively, and she held out her hand, as if entreating assistance. Philip clasped her in his arms. "My mother!" he said, and burst into tears. She made another effort to rise and to speak, but the surprise was too great, and she swooned away upon his shoulder.

When Margaret recovered, the first face she opened her eyes upon was that of Philip, bending over her with fond solicitude.

“My son, my dear son!” she murmured faintly, and then closed her eyes again. Philip withdrew, and did not reappear till she was pronounced better able to bear his presence. When her husband returned, about an hour after, leading their son by the arm, she was sitting up, and could speak to him. Philip had changed his dress, and taken some food; the principal alteration in his appearance, therefore, did not, as at first, affect his mother. He no longer looked the savage; but, in another suit of clothes, and with the additional height of a year and a half’s growth, was as handsome and manly a son as ever fond mother gazed upon.

It was late that night ere any of the family retired to rest; and Margaret could not tire of looking at Philip, and listening to his voice. She saw no change for the worse, and many of his expressions delighted her. The sentiments he uttered were all touching and truthful; and he appeared to be wise and experienced beyond his years. Sorrow and danger and self-denial had greatly improved his character, and given tone and strength to his moral feelings; these indeed were quite in accordance with those of his excellent parents.

“My son,” said his father, after he had seen him in bed, “I wish you refreshing sleep. My heart is filled with thankfulness to see you once more, and to see you what you are. O, Philip, let us not forget this day as long as we both live; let us keep

it as one of thanksgiving to our God. He has chastened you, Philip, for a wise purpose. He loves whom He chastens. Blessed be the Name of the Lord!

“Amen!” said Philip, fervently; and he soon sank into sweet slumbers in the comfortable bed prepared for him, and awoke next morning in the happy consciousness that he was in his own dear home once more.



CHAPTER XXIII.

THE affairs of the Colony went on prosperously, and many of the native tribes renewed their peaceful relations with the English. The Colonists pursued their occupations more freely, and began to extend the line of buildings from the little town along the flat shore of the river; and some even ventured to post themselves in more distant and advantageous situations, where they could cultivate the soil and form plantations. But the Randolphs remained where they were, and, with diligence and economy, soon found themselves in a fair way to retrieve their numerous losses. Henry had many friends, and was not destitute of perseverance. In all his labours, too, he was so assiduously aided by Philip, that his daily employments could hardly be called labours. Every thing appeared so hopeful and agreeable with such a companion, and Philip, on his part, found occupation a most delightful change after his long captivity, to the tediousness of which,

want of occupation had been so trying an aggravation. To him it was no burden to fill up every moment of the day ; and when manual labour ceased, he devoted himself to study, endeavouring to regain what he had lost ; and the Bible, from which he had been so long debarred, now became the prized companion of his retirement.

One secret wish of his heart, which he had unconsciously fostered from earliest childhood, was to visit his native country. But though hope and imagination pictured all that was brilliant, beautiful, and wondrous in that distant land, he saw clearly that present duty called upon him to remain in Virginia, so long as his father should require his assistance. He knew, also, the happiness which his society gave his mother ; how necessary his influence had become to Alice, and he could not determine to give up these for more selfish gratification. Therefore, he never breathed the natural and reasonable desire of his heart to visit England, the land to which his parents were still fondly attached, and whose praises they so often reiterated.

Henry Randolph's heart frequently overflowed with thankful emotion when he considered the exemplary conduct of his son. Every care of life seemed robbed of its bitterness ; his crushed spirits revived under the congenial and refreshing influence of the association now hourly afforded him ; and he had the sweet satisfaction of knowing that Philip

regarded him as his best friend and most agreeable companion. The friendship of father and son was as perfect as aught human could be, based upon the only foundation that could render it endearing, in the holy tenderness of the parent's feelings, and the heart-felt reverence of the child. Philip respected his father as his best and wisest earthly guardian, and listened to his opinions with unwearied interest; and Henry loved his son too truly ever to withhold advice or confidence.

Thus their intercourse was remarkably distinguished by its candour and ease, untinctured, on the parent's side, by sternness or reserve, and quite devoid of conceit or familiarity on the part of the son. Most happy were they in their union, and blessings to one another. No family in the Colony was more respected than the Randolphs; and Sir George Yearly looked upon Philip with great favour, as a youth of rare promise, who would eventually do great service and credit to the Colony and State of Virginia. He paid him marked attention, and soon discovered his cherished wish of visiting the mother country.

"You should send that lad of your's homewards, Master Randolph," he would frequently say; "he merits all the advantages you can give him, and travel would be vastly serviceable."

"True," replied the father; "and he shall go when I can bring myself to part with him."

This was the only subject of reserve between Henry and his son. Philip would not introduce it, from delicacy of feeling and self-denying principle, and his father was incapable of inflicting such a blow upon himself. Time wore on. It must not be supposed that Philip forgot his Indian friends. Far otherwise. Their names were often upon his lips, and he remembered them in his prayers. He longed for Oneyda's promised visit, which, he doubted not, would sooner or later be paid.

The natives had, of late, been very tranquil, and this circumstance led to much suspicion on the part of their English neighbours, who had experienced some cause for apprehension on a former occasion, from a similar state of things, and it was well known that the Indians could adopt this policy when meditating an outbreak. As yet, however, no infraction of late treaties had taken place; and well guarded as they were, the Colonists maintained an appearance of indifference, and felt themselves now sufficiently formidable to quell a savage insurrection. Messages of a friendly nature at length arrived from their former allies, the Dahwyotti, a tribe bordering on the western bank of the Rappahannock; and the intelligence brought by their envoys was at once gratifying and perplexing to the Government at James Town. They had made themselves masters of the famed and dreaded Opocanoff, and offered to deliver him up to the Eng-

lish, if they would guarantee to them the transfer of his lands, and confer his dignities and title upon their own chief. This was an affair requiring very delicate management; and some of the council were of opinion that it would be better to decline any interference in the matter. But Sir George Yearcly could not resist the strong curiosity he felt to see the mysterious and formidable foe, who had so long baffled his vigilance and caused him so much anxiety and difficulty. He resolved to see the Indian king; and it was agreed to receive a deputation of the Dahwyotts; but no promise was given with regard to the chief or his dignities; and, in a few days, a party waited upon the Governor, accompanied by their prisoner. Much interest was excited throughout the little town, and many came to behold the renowned warrior whose name and influence had so often struck terror into the hearts of the inhabitants ever since the death of the good and peaceful Powhowtan; and the court-yard of the Government House was crowded with an unusual number of spectators; but they were unable to distinguish the captive among so many lofty figures, who trod the path with such stately grace, as if each were the sachem of a thousand warriors. The Governor was resolved to receive the party with some show of power and pomp, and was attended by all the principle personages of the colony, with many officers of the garrison in full costume. The soldiers

were drawn up in a strong body before the window of the hall, and the Indians marched through a double file of them, to the apartment where the Representatives were sitting.

The chief of the Dahwyotti entered with an air of unconcealed triumph, as he exultingly pointed towards the only unarmed savage of their number, and uttered a few words which, however, were quite unintelligible to those whom he addressed. He laid his powerful hand upon the arm of his captive, and motioned him forwards. Opecancanoff raised his head quickly, and his flashing eyes betrayed for an instant the sensitiveness of his soul; but their fierceness subsided, and he obeyed the mandate of his captor, advancing with apparent difficulty, and, eyeing the assembly attentively, directed his steps to the spot where Sir George was standing, and bowing low, stood silent and motionless before him.

All regarded him with astonishment. Could this be the dreaded Opecancanoff? The Indian was entirely divested of paint and ornaments, and the torn remnant of his once splendid buffalo robe but ill concealed his shrunk and wasted form. The ravages of illness had evidently wrecked its noble proportions, and its symmetry was changed into deformity. He was very lame, and one arm appeared contracted; upon his chest and shoulders were the broad scars of many a hard-fought combat. The captive and disabled warrior stood before them,

weak and defenceless as a child ; but his countenance expressed none of the ferocity of which he had always been accused : it was calm, but not severe, and still singularly handsome ; yet its melancholy gravity expressed a sense of present degradation, though borne with a dignity of which his misfortunes had not been able to rob him.

“ Can this be Opecancanoff ? ” exclaimed the Governor, in involuntary surprise.

The Indian again raised his eyes with the same expression of wounded feeling as before, but encountering the inquisitive and astonished gaze of the assembly, they soon sank beneath their long lashes, and a deep flush darkened his swarthy countenance. His lips quivered, and he pressed his hand tightly upon his bosom, as if to quell the angry pulsation ; but the struggles of pride soon ceased, and he confronted once more that formidable gaze. Waving his hand majestically towards the Governor, he said, in English, and with an air of dignified composure, “ I am Opecancanoff ! ”

The tone was so musical and melancholy, and the countenance of the fallen chief so prepossessing in its expression of dignified sorrow, that there were few present who did not experience emotions of compassion and admiration. Sir George was touched by the princely bearing of this savage, as he deemed him, and exclaimed, with much warmth,—“ You are most welcome, great chief ; and we are

only sorry to see you thus suffering and disabled. Tell us how you came into such a state as this ; we wish to be generous to a fallen enemy."

This speech was evidently perfectly understood, and another flush passed over the Indian's face, but he made no reply, and stood passively before the assembly, apparently abstracted from every thing around him.

But the Dahwyotti became jealous of this style of interview between their ally and hated foe ; and resented the effect produced upon every one present by the conduct and demeanour of the helpless prisoner. They addressed themselves vehemently to the council, who, however, understood not a word of their discourse ; and, as Mr. Rolfe was absent, it was proposed to send for Philip Randolph, equally skilled in Indian dialects, to come and act as interpreter. The youth soon presented himself ; and intent upon performing the office assigned him, never glanced at the prisoner, but addressed himself to the Dahwyotts. He had scarcely uttered a few sentences, when the hitherto abstracted Ope-cancanoff started with an impulse of surprise so sudden and electric, that Philip hastily turned at the movement, and looked enquiringly at the person who had thus interrupted him. The youth seemed transfixed when the prisoner spoke to him in the well-remembered accents of the West. The whole council and their Wyannow visitors were presently

much amazed to behold the Indian, with a loud cry, open his arms and fold Philip Randolph to his heart; nay, the lofty and dignified Sagamore so far forgot the prejudices and stoical principles of his race, the derision of his enemies, or the presence of the pale face, that his head sank on the shoulder of the youth, and his whole frame appeared convulsed with violent emotion. Philip, greatly affected, bent over him with solicitude, and supported him for some moments, speaking in soothing tones and sharing his agitation. The Indian became calmer: with a great effort he sprang up from the sustaining arm of the youth, and tottered towards the table; but he was soon compelled to lean upon his shoulder, and, though he tried to speak, he could not for some moments command his voice. His enemies laughed in derision as the large tears rolled down his cheeks in quick succession; but he did not turn from them, and remained for a while struggling for composure, while Philip, not less affected, stood by his side wholly engrossed with the melancholy situation of his friend.

“Oneyda, Oneyda! I little thought to meet you thus!”

When the chief beheld the grief of his favourite, his own emotion instantly subsided; and, after speaking to him a few words in his native language, he turned to Sir George and said, in excellent English, with a tone of sadness that sank into every heart:—

“Opecanoff was a great chief once, Philip knows. His name was heard from the forest to the salt river, and the Yengees hated the red Sachem. When Opecanoff was young, Powhowtan loved the pale face, and they were his friends, and they came to his dwelling, and the pipe of peace was smoked between them. Opecanoff could not love the pale face; his heart was red and hot as the sun of the rolling prairie, and the white man laughed at him; he called the eagle of his tribe a dog. They stole the red man's land, and they drove him away from the big river; and they took the knife and the hatchet against the tribes of the west, and they asked not the red man where they might dwell. Opecanoff was a great chief, and he said, the pale faces shall not stay in the land of my fathers. He would not touch their gold; he would not speak to them any more. He lived in his own free forests; he hunted wherever he would; and he sent his young men to drive away the Yengee from the land.” Here his voice faltered, and he looked around him with an air of mingled regret and humility.

“*You* ordered that massacre,” said the Governor, sternly; but his anger was quickly appeased by the Indian, who rejoined, in a mournful tone,

“Opecanoff is changed; he is a blasted tree; the storm has swept him to the ground; he is alone and desolate, and his heart is withered. Yengees! he was your enemy; he loved his own land and his

own people, and he hated the pale face; but he is changed: he would never lift his hatchet any more against the pale faces,—he loves them for Philip's sake. Philip came as a light into the wig-wam of the Indian: it was very dark till he came, and he was wiser than his red father. He taught us what was good: he loved us, we loved him: he was our son." Again he paused, in emotion. "I sent him away to his white father, and my wig-wam was dark again. My child died; and my wife, the flower of the Wyannows, withered in the storm, and I buried them in the same grave. Meahmee loved Philip's God; she went to Him. His voice called to her; she said she could not stay. God's will was wiser than Opecanoff's; he gave them up, and he prayed that he might follow. The Dahwyotti came upon me when I was weak, and they bore me from the grave of my loved ones and brought me to this place. Yengees! you can kill Opecanoff now, but you need not: he is weaker than a child, and he would not harm you if he could. He has found his son; he will go with Philip, and Philip shall teach him of His God, and he will die and go to Meahmee and be at rest. Yengees! Philip said to me often, 'love your enemies;' I do not hate you,—I ask you to love me."

He ceased, in much exhaustion, and a deep silence succeeded to his words, which was at length interrupted by Henry Randolph, who now came forward

and spoke in reply to the pleading looks of Philip, who was too modest to address his petition to the Governor, although he so ardently desired it.

“Your Excellency must be aware that this extraordinary man was the kind and faithful protector of my son in his late captivity. Gratitude and Christian kindness require from us that we should show him the like conduct; and I entreat, as a very great personal obligation, that we may be allowed to receive him, and attend to his wants so long as he is willing to remain with us. I feel very grateful to you, worthy chief, for the friendship you showed to my son when he was a captive amongst your people. If you are willing to make trial of our gratitude, come with me to my dwelling; my wife and children will all welcome our Indian friend.”

Opecanacanoff's countenance brightened at this address, and he held out his hand to Henry Randolph,—the best mark he could give of his willingness and cordiality; but he did not speak, and pointed expressively to the Dahwyott chief, who replied by a taunting sneer and an exclamation of contempt.

Philip could not but contrast the present meek and patient behaviour of Oneyda with his proud domineering manner on former occasions; which, though never displayed towards himself, he had seen manifested to others. Here was a change, indeed: surely a very great work had been going on in that heart, and an important transformation taken place.

The Governor now thought proper to speak ; and requested Philip to inform the Dahwyotti that it was his pleasure the captive should be left in his charge, and that, if they could obtain a fair concession from him of his territories and dignities, the English would not interfere, as it was not their intention to put so defenceless an enemy to death.

The Dahwyott chief then addressed himself to Oneyda in terms of the most haughty and ungenerous character ; but Philip marked with delight that the reply of the latter was conciliating and even humble ; and, though he would not yield to their requirements without some qualification of them, he showed no anxiety to make use of his present advantage in being protected by the English government. He appeared quite indifferent to his own dignity or possessions. " Go, go ! " he said ; " the Dahwyotti know that Oneyda has no name amongst his people ; that his braves were cut down at one stroke of the pale face. Where are the Wyannows ? They are gone from their villages, never to return. Their shout will never be heard on the prairie ; and their children weep for their fathers, for their wig-wams are empty. Oneyda cares not for his name ; he is a feeble child ; he comes to die amongst the Yengees. Why do the Dahwyotti linger ? They may go, and take their own ; Opecanoff will not be there to stay them."

But he was by no means indifferent to the rights

of his brother; and he would not consent that any but Appomax should be called the Sagamore of the West. Upon this point he was immovable; and the Dahwyotts departed, at length satisfied that they had now power enough to acquire the coveted dignity, and that the feeble hand of a youth should not stay them. They had, indeed, nothing to fear from Appomax.

A few days after Oneyda (as we shall still call him) had taken up his abode with the Randolphs, Appomax, wearied and exhausted by long wanderings, made his appearance in James Town. He had left the new village after the seizure of his brother, and undertaken a perilous journey in quest of him. After roaming through the woods and forests vainly, he at length bethought him of the English Settlements. It was not improbable that the treacherous Dahwyotti had given up their detested enemy to the pale faces; and, acting upon this suggestion, he hastened to the river side, and found his way to the point where he had separated from Philip. With great perseverance he contrived to reach James Town, and had just strength enough to ask for Philip. Appomax knew his friend by no other name; and, strange to say, the person he addressed was Ralph Giles, who was leisurely walking from the river side to his master's dwelling.

“So you wants Master Philip, Red-and-Brown. Well, well; I suppose all the Indians in Virginy

will be asking for him, for sure he's friendly enough with that Ouneeda. To think of any of those jack-anapes dinnering and suppering with the mistress and the children; now that's taking things too far to my thinking. But, I suppose, one good turn deserves another. Aye, but I'm glad Master Philip's come back, any way!"

As Ralph thus muttered to himself, apparently unconscious or forgetful of his companion, who still followed, repeating his question, Philip himself came up, with some faggots on his shoulder, and the request of the stranger was instantly brought to the mind of the serving man, who instinctively touched his hat, and said, with a lurking smile of humour, "Well, for sure now, Master Philip, you be grown a great man, for all the Indians come looking after you. Here's another Ouneeda, only in little better condition, that can say nothing but your name, and that seems to be enough, for you come up just to his hand in a moment."

"Ah!" said Philip, looking at the stranger, whom he did not recognise, for nothing could be more unlike Appomax than the worn and torn figure before him. "Can I do anything for you, my friend?"

Appomax saw that he was not remembered, and for a few moments stood before Philip with a swelling heart, silent from disappointment and wounded feeling. But, at length, he found words to say that

he had come to hear tidings of Opecancanoff, Sygamore of the Wyannows, whom the false-hearted Dahwyotti had delivered to the Yengees. No sooner had he said this than Philip, recognising the peculiar tones of his friend, threw down his faggots and embraced him, all soiled and untidy as he was. The meeting was very joyous on both sides, and Philip led home Appomax in triumph, sending Ralph Giles before him to announce the new arrival.

"Another! another!" cried Ralph to Bridget, who was arranging some part of Alice's attire.

"Another what, man?"

"Another Indian, for sure, to be brought home and lodged and fed just like Ouneeda. What do you think of *that*, dame?"

"Well, but thou knowest they be all so kind to Master Philip and little Mistress Alice, I'll never grudge lodging and feeding, not I," replied Bridget. The string was wrenched from her hand; away flew Alice, screaming, "Appomax, Appomax; I know it is!" and, rushing into the room where her mother was then sitting with Oneyda, at the time profitably engaged in following up the instructions of the good Dr. Haverdean, she exclaimed, "Appomax is come, Oneyda; come out, and let us all have a merry meeting."

The chief started from his seat, and for an instant an angry shade passed over his brow.

"He should have staid with the Wyannows. Where are they?"

"He is come to see his lost brother," said Margaret Randolph sweetly, "and I am sure you will give him a kind welcome."

The meeting was entirely without emotion, on the part of the brothers. There could be no doubt that both felt much and tenderly; but they did not permit any manifestation of feeling to escape them, and Oneyda soon resumed his seat, while Appomax stood respectfully, and in silence before him, as if waiting to be questioned; but his brother reserved all enquiries till they were alone, and as much talking was heard in their apartment during the night, it was inferred that they then conversed upon past events together.

Appomax would not leave his brother, who was fast verifying his own words, that he had come to die among the Yengees. He was sinking into the grave by sure steps, and well knew his real condition. Dr. Haverdean visited him daily, and instructed both the brothers. When he considered them sufficiently enlightened, and had received proofs of their sincerity and earnest desire to lead a new life, and to enter into a new state of being, he administered the Holy Sacrament of Baptism to them, and had the satisfaction of witnessing most consistent conduct from them for many weeks afterwards.

Philip was unwearied in his assiduities to the sick

and dying chief. He felt an intense though melancholy interest in observing his spiritual progress, in beholding how gradually with him, but how surely, old things were passing away, and the new man developing the mysterious and holy character of Christ. Oneyda was changed indeed; humanised he had long been, but he was now gentle, easy to be entreated, meek and child-like in spirit, and to the last expressed his anxiety that missionaries should be sent to his people, to teach them the truths which he now valued so highly; thus testifying his sense of the great mercies bestowed upon himself. He died after receiving the Lord's Supper, in which many of the family united, leaving behind him a mourning brother, and a true and constant friend. But Philip could not mourn for Oneyda. He rejoiced in his happiness being made sure. He could only think of the exchange which he had made from darkness to light—from earthly suffering to glory; and, in the privacy of his own spirit, he offered thanksgivings to God for having enabled him, in the least, to have been instrumental in turning one sinner from the error of his way.

The year following the death of Oneyda, Philip went to England, accompanied by Appomax, and both young men had the honour of being presented to King Charles the First. They were graciously received, and the interview made a deep and lasting impression upon them. In after years, when the loud

rumour of civil discord came to vex the peaceful hearts of the Virginian Colonists, none felt more keenly the wrongs and cruelties heaped upon an injured sovereign, or more ardently desired to uphold existing authorities, than the Randolph family.

Appomax never regained his taste for Indian life and manners, though he frequently visited the native tribes, and acted on many important occasions, as interpreter or ambassador. He was also most anxious to spread the Gospel among them, and was blessed with some degree of success. His chief happiness was bound up in Philip, who ever shewed him the most constant friendship.

We may feel sure that Philip Randolph lived a useful and honourable life, as he died much regretted by a large family and numerous friends. He was buried in the shady church-yard of James Town, and a simple monument raised to his memory, bore this significant inscription, which all may do well to ponder :



My Hope.



